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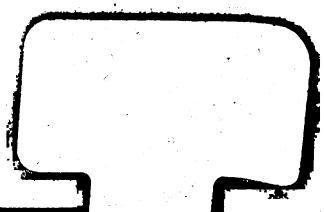

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EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

VOLUME III.

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THE IGUANADON.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME III.—No. 1.

Tom Stedfast.

The New Year.

There are few days in all the year that are pleasanter than the first of January—*New Year's Day*. It is a day when we all salute each other with a cheerful greeting;—when children say to their parents, as they meet in the

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morning, "I wish you a happy new year!" and the parents reply, "A happy new year, my dear children!"

The first of January is, then, a day of kind wishes; of happy hopes; of bright anticipations: it is a day in which we feel at peace with all the world, and, if we have done our duty well during the departed year, we feel peaceful within.

Methinks I hear my young readers say, "Would that all our days might be thus cheerful and agreeable!" Alas! this may not be. It is not our lot to be thus cheerful and happy all the days of our lives. A part of our time must be devoted to study, to labor, to duty. We cannot always be enjoying holidays. And, indeed, it is not best we should. As people do not wish always to be eating cake and sugar-plums, so they do not always desire to be sporting and playing. As the cake and sugar-plums would, by and by, become sickening to the palate, so the play would at last grow tedious. As we should soon desire some good solid meat, so we should also desire some useful and instructive occupation.

But as it is now new year's day, let us make the best of it. I wish you a happy new year, my black-eyed or blue-eyed reader! Nay, I wish you many a happy new year! and, what is more, I promise to do all in my power to make you happy, not only for this ensuing year, but for many seasons to come. And how do you think I propose to do it? That is what I propose to tell you!

In the first place, I am going to tell you, month by month, a lot of stories both useful and amusing. I wish to have a part of your time to myself, and, like my young friend Tom Stedfast, whose portrait I give you at the head of this article, I wish you not only to read my Magazine, but, if you have any little friends who cannot afford to buy it, I wish you to lend it to them, so that they may peruse it.

Tom is a rare fellow! No sooner does he get the Magazine than he sits down by the fire, just as you see him in the picture, and reads it from one end to the other. If there is anything he don't understand, he goes to his father and he explains it. If there are any pretty verses, he learns them by heart; if there is any good advice, he lays it up in his memory; if there is any useful information, he is sure to remember it. Tom resembles a squirrel in the autumn, who is always laying up nuts for the winter season; for the creature knows that he will have need of them, then. So it is with Tom; when he meets with any valuable knowledge—it is like nuts to him—and he lays it up, for he is sure that he will have use for it at some future day. And there is another point in which Tom resembles the squirrel; the latter is as lively and cheerful in gathering his stores for future use, as he is in the spring time, when he has only to frisk and frolic amid the branches of the trees—and Tom is just as cheerful and pleasant about his books and his studies, as he is when playing blind-man's-buff.

Now I should like to have my young readers as much like Tom Stedfast as possible; as studious, as fond of knowledge, and yet as lively and as good humored. And there is another thing in which I should wish all my young friends to resemble Tom; he thinks everything of me! No sooner does he see me stumping and stilting along, than he runs up to me, calling out, "How do you do, Mr. Merry? I'm glad to see you; I hope you are well! How's your wooden leg?"

Beside all this, Tom thinks my Museum is first-rate—and I assure you it is a great comfort to my old heart, when

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I find anybody pleased with my little Magazine. I do not pretend to write such big books as some people; nor do I talk so learnedly as those who go to college and learn the black arts. But what I do know, I love to communicate; and I am never so happy as when I feel that I am gratifying and improving young people. This may seem a simple business, to some people, for an old man; but if it gives me pleasure, surely no one has a right to grumble about it.

There is another thing in Tom Stedfast which I like. If he meets with anything in my Magazine which he does not think right, he sits down and writes me a letter about it. He does not exactly scold me, but he gives me a piece of his mind, and that leads to explanations and a good understanding. So we are the best friends in the world. And now what I intend to do is, to make my little readers as much like Tom Stedfast as possible. In this way I hope I may benefit them not only for the passing year, but for years to come. I wish not only to assist my friends in finding the right path, but I wish to accustom their feet to it, so that they may adopt good habits and continue to pursue it. With these intentions I enter upon the new year, and I hope that the friendship already begun between me and my readers, will increase as we proceed in our journey together.

Wonders of Geology.

THERE are few things more curious, strange, and wonderful than the facts revealed by geology. This science is occupied with the structure of the surface of the earth; it tells us of the rocks, gravel, clay, and soil of which it is composed, and how they are arranged.

In investigating these materials, the geologists have discovered the bones of strange animals, imbedded either in the rocks or the soil, and the remains of vegetables such as do not now exist. These are called fossil remains; the word *fossil* meaning *dug up*. This subject has occupied the attention of many very learned men, and they have at last come to the most astonishing results. A gigantic skeleton has been found in the earth near Buenos Ayres, in South America; it is nearly as large as the elephant, its body being nine feet long and seven feet high. Its feet were enormous, being a yard in length, and more than twelve inches wide. They were terminated by gigantic claws; while its huge tail, which probably served as a means of defence, was larger than that of any other beast, living or extinct.

This animal has been called the *Megatherium: mega*, great, *therion*, wild beast. It was of the sloth species, and seems to have had a very thick skin, like that of the armadillo, set on in plates resembling a coat of armor. There are no such animals in existence now; they belong to a former state of this earth,—to a time before the creation of man.

Discoveries have been made of the remains of many other fossil animals belonging to the ancient earth. One of them is called the *Ichthyosaurus*, or fish lizard. It had the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, and the fins or paddles of a whale. These fins, or paddles were very curious, and consisted of above a hundred small bones, closely united together. This animal used to live principally at the bottoms of rivers, and devour amazing quantities of fish,

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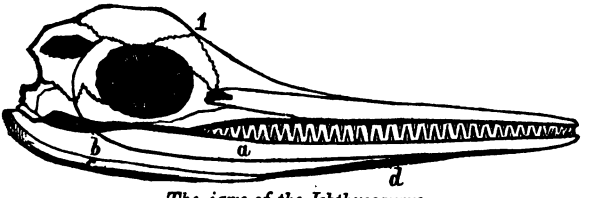
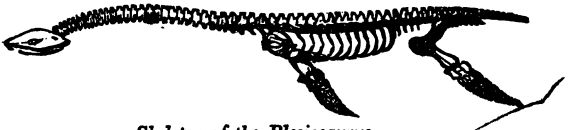
and other water animals, and sometimes its own species; for an ichthyosaurus has been dug out of the cliffs at Lyme Regis, England, with part of a small one in his stomach. This creature was sometimes thirty or forty feet long.



The jaws of the Ichthyosaurus.

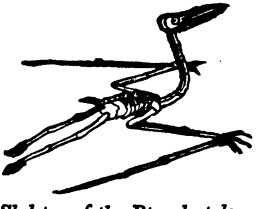
Another of these fossil animals is called the *Plesiosaurus*, a word which means, *like a lizard*. It appears to have formed an intermediate link between the crocodile and the ichthyosaurus. It is remarkable for the great length of its neck, which must have been longer than that of any living animal. In the engraving at the beginning of this number, you will see one of these animals swimming in the water. The following is a view of his skeleton; the creature was about fifteen feet long.



Skeleton of the Plesiosaurus.

But we have not yet mentioned the greatest wonder of fossil animals; this is the *Iguanodon*, whose bones have been found in England. It was a sort of lizard, and its thigh bones were eight inches in diameter. This creature must have been from seventy to a hundred feet long, and one of its thighs must have been as large as the body of an ox. I have given a portrait of this monster, drawn by Mr. Billings, an excellent young artist, whom you will find at No. 10, Court st., Boston. I cannot say that the picture is a very exact likeness; for as the fellow has been dead some thousands of years, we can only be expected to give a family resemblance. We have good reason to believe, however, that it is a tolerably faithful representation, for it is partly copied from a design by the celebrated John Martin, in London, and to be found in a famous book on the wonders of geology, by Mr. Mantel.

There was another curious animal, called the *Pterodactyle*, with gigantic wings. The skull of this animal must have been very large in proportion to the size of the skeleton, the jaws themselves being almost as large as its body.



Skeleton of the Pterodactyle.

They were furnished with sharp, hooked teeth. The orbits of the eyes were very large; hence it is probable

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that it was a nocturnal animal, like the bat, which, at first sight, it very much resembles in the wings, and other particulars.

The word pterodactyle signifies wing-fingered; and, if you observe, you will find that it had a hand of three fingers at the bend of each of its wings, by which, probably, it hung to the branches of trees. Its food seems to have been large dragon-flies, beetles and other insects, the remains of some of which have been found close to the skeleton of the animal. The largest of the pterodactyles were of the size of a raven. One of them is pictured in the cut with the Iguanodon.

Another very curious animal which has been discovered is the *Dinotherium*, being of the enormous length of eighteen feet. It was an herbiferous animal, and inhabited fresh water lakes and rivers, feeding on weeds, aquatic roots, and vegetables. Its lower jaws measured four feet in length, and are terminated by two large tusks, *curving downwards*, like those of the upper jaw of the walrus; by which it appears to have hooked itself to the banks of rivers as it slept in the water. It resembled the tapirs of South America. There appear to have been several kinds of the dinotherium, some not larger than a dog. One of these small ones is represented in the picture with the Iguanodon.

The bones of the creatures we have been describing, were all found in England, France, and Germany, except those of the megatherium, which was found in South America. In the United States, the bones of an animal twice as big as an elephant, called the *Mastodon*, or *Mammoth*, have been dug up in various places, and a nearly perfect skeleton is to be seen at Peale's Museum, in Philadelphia.

Now it must be remembered that the bones we have been speaking of, are found deeply imbedded in the earth, and that no animals of the kind now exist in any part of the world. Beside those we have mentioned, there were many others, as tortoises, elephants, tigers, bears, and rhinoceroses, but of different kinds from those which now exist.

It appears that there were elephants of many sizes, and some of them had woolly hair. The skeleton of one of the larger kinds, was found in Siberia, some years since, partly imbedded in ice, as I have told you in a former number.

The subject of which we are treating increases in interest as we pursue it. Not only does it appear, that, long before man was created, and before the present order of things existed on the earth, strange animals, now unknown, inhabited it, but that they were exceedingly numerous. In certain caves in England, immense quantities of the bones of hyenas, bears, and foxes are found; and the same is the fact in relation to certain caves in Germany.

Along the northern shores of Asia, the traces of elephants and rhinoceroses are so abundant as to show that these regions, now so cold and desolate, were once inhabited by thousands of quadrupeds of the largest kinds. In certain parts of Europe, the hills and valleys appear to be almost composed of the bones of extinct animals; and in all parts of the world, ridges, hills and mountains, are made up of the shells of marine animals, of which no living specimen now dwells on the earth!

Nor is this the only marvel that is revealed by the discoveries of modern geology. Whole tribes of birds and insects, whole races of trees and plants, have existed, and nothing is left of their story save the traces to be found in the soil, or the images depicted in the layers

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of slate. They all existed before man was created, and thousands of years have rolled over the secret, no one suspecting the wonderful truth. Nor does the train of curiosities end here. It appears that the climates of the earth must have been different in those ancient and mysterious days from what they are at present: for in England, ferns, now small plants, grew to the size of trees, and vegetables flourished there of races similar to those which now grow only in the hot regions of the tropics.

As before stated, the northern shores of Siberia, in Asia, at present as cold and desolate as Lapland, and affording sustenance only to the reindeer that feeds on lichens, was once inhabited by thousands and tens of thousands of elephants, and other creatures, which now only dwell in the regions of perpetual summer.

The inferences drawn from all these facts, which are now placed beyond dispute, are not only interesting, but they come upon us like a new revelation. They seem to assure us that this world in which we dwell has existed for millions of years; that at a period, ages upon ages since, there was a state of things totally distinct from the present. Europe was then, probably, a collection of islands. Where England now is, the iguanodon then dwelt, and was, probably, one of the lords of the soil.

This creature was from seventy to a hundred feet long. He dwelt along the rivers and lakes, and had for his companions other animals of strange and uncouth forms. Along the borders of the rivers the ferns grew to the height of trees, and the land was shaded with trees, shrubs, and plants, resembling the gorgeous vegetation of Central America and Central Africa.

This was one age of the world—one of the days in which the process of creation was going on. How long this earth remained in this condition, we cannot say, but probably many thousands of years. After a time, a change came over it. The country of the iguanodon sunk beneath the waters, and after a period, the land arose again, and another age began. Now new races of animals and vegetables appeared.

The waters teemed with nautili, and many species of shell and other fishes, at present extinct; the tropical forests had disappeared, and others took their places. Instead of the iguanodon, and the hideous reptiles that occupied the water and the land before, new races were seen. Along the rivers and marshes were now the hippopotamus, tapir, and rhinoceros; upon the land were browsing herds of deer of enormous size, and groups of elephants and mastodons, of colossal magnitude.

This era also passed away; these mighty animals became entombed in the earth; the vegetable world was changed; swine, horses and oxen were now seen upon the land, and man, the head of creation, spread over the earth, and assumed dominion over the animal tribes.

Such are the mighty results to which the researches of modern geology seem to lead us. They teach us that the six days, spoken of in the book of Genesis, during which the world was created, were probably not six days of twenty-four hours, but six periods of time, each of them containing thousands of years They teach us also that God works by certain laws, and that even in the mighty process of creation, there is a plan, by which he advances in his work from one step to another, and always by a progress of improvement.

So far, indeed, is geology from furnishing evidence against the truth of the Bible, that it offers the most wonderful confirmation of it. No traces of the bones of man are found among

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these remains of former ages, and thus we have the most satisfactory and unexpected evidence that the account given of his creation in the book of Genesis is true. It appears, also, that the present races of animals must have been created at the same time he was, for their bones do not appear among the ancient relics of which we have been speaking.

Linsk and the Aurora Borealis.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER VI.

The respectability of bears.—A hunter's story.—Yakootsk in sight.

WHILE the travellers proceeded on their journey, Linsk, now thoroughly excited by the adventure with the wolves, seemed to have his imagination filled with the scenes of former days. In the course of his observations, he remarked that though he had a great respect for a wolf, he had a positive reverence for a bear.

"Indeed!" said Alexis, "how is it possible to have such a feeling as reverence for a wild beast, and one so savage as a bear? I never heard any good of the creature."

"That may be," said Linsk; "and yet what I say is all right and proper. If you never heard any good of a bear, then I can give you some information. Now there is a country far off to the east of Siberia, called Kamtschatka. It's a terrible cold country, and the snow falls so deep there in winter, as to cover up the houses. The people are then obliged to dig holes under the snow from one house to another, and thus they live, like burrowing animals. till the warm weather comes and melts away their covering.

"Now what would the people do in such a country, if it were not for the bears? Of the warm skins of these creatures they make their beds, cover-

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lets, caps, gloves, mittens, and jackets. Of them they also make collars for their dogs that draw their sledges, and the soles of their shoes when they want to go upon the ice to spear seals; for the hair prevents slipping. The creature's fat is used instead of butter; and when melted it is burnt instead of oil.

"The flesh of the bear is reckoned by these people as too good to be enjoyed alone; so, when any person has caught a bear, he always makes a feast and invites his neighbors. Whew! what jolly times these fellows do have at a bear supper! They say the meat has the flavor of a pig, the juiciness of whale-blubber, the tenderness of the grouse, and the richness of a seal or a walrus. So they consider it as embracing the several perfections of fish, flesh and fowl!

"And this is not all. Of the intestines of the bear, the Kamtschatdales make masks to shield the ladies' faces from the effects of the sun; and as they are rendered quite transparent, they are also used for window-panes, instead of glass. Of the shoulder-blades of this creature, the people make sickles for cutting their grass; and of the skins they make muffs to keep the ladies' fingers warm.

"Beside all this, they send the skins to market, and they bring high prices at St. Petersburgh, for the use of the ladies, and for many other purposes. Such is the value of this creature when dead; when alive he is also of some account. He has a rope put around his neck, and is taught a great many curious tricks. I suppose he might learn to read and go to college, as well as half the fellows that do go there; but of this I cannot speak with certainty, for I never went myself. All I can say is, that a well-taught bear is about the drollest creature that ever I saw. He looks so solemn, and yet is so droll! I can't but think, sometimes, that there 's a sort of human nature about the beast, for there 's often a keen twinkle in his eye, which seems to say, 'I know as much as the best of you: and if I do n't speak, it 's only because I scorn to imitate such a set of creatures as you men are!'

"It is on account of the amusement that bears thus afford, that these Kamtschatdales catch a good many living ones, and send them by ships to market. They also send live bears to St. Petersburgh, London, and Paris, for the perfumers. These people shut them up, and make them very fat, and then kill them for their grease. This is used by the fops and dandies to make their locks grow. I suppose they think that the fat will operate on them as it does on the bear, and give them abundance of hair. I 'm told that in the great cities, now-a-days, a young man is esteemed in proportion as he resembles a bear in this respect. Accordingly bears' grease is the making of a modern dandy, and so there 's a great demand for the creature that affords such a treasure.

"Now, master 'Lexis, I hope you are satisfied that in saying you never heard any good of a bear, you only betrayed ignorance—a thing that is no reproach to one so young as yourself. But, after all I 've said, I havn't half done. You must remember that this creature is not like a sheep, or a reindeer, or a cow, or a goat—always depending upon man for breakfast, dinner and supper. Not he, indeed! He is too independent for that; so he supports himself, instead of taxing these poor Kamtschatdales for his living. Why, they have to work half the year to provide food for their domestic animals the other half; whereas the bear feeds and clothes himself, and when they want his skin, his flesh, or his carcass—why, he is all ready for them!"

"I am satisfied," said Alexis "that

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the bear is a most valuable creature to those people who live in cold, northern countries; for he seems to furnish them with food, dress, and money; but, after all, they have the trouble of hunting him!"

"Trouble!" said Linsk; "why, lad, that 's the best of it all!"

"But is n't it dangerous?" said Alexis.

"Of course it is," replied the old hunter; "but danger is necessary to sport. It is to hunting, like mustard to your meat, or pepper and vinegar to your cabbage. Danger is the spice of all adventure; without this, hunting would be as insipid as ploughing. There *is* danger in hunting the bear; for though he 's a peaceable fellow enough when you let him alone, he 's fierce and furious if you interfere with his business, or come in his way when he 's pinched with hunger.

"I've had some adventures with bears myself, and I think I know the ways of the beast as well as anybody. Sometimes he 'll trot by, only giving you a surly look or a saucy growl. But if you chance to fall upon a she bear, with a parcel of cubs about her, why then look out."

"Did you ever see a bear with cubs, father?" said Nicholas, the elder of Linsk's sons.

"To be sure I have," was the answer.

"Well, what I want to know, father," said the boy, "is, whether they are such creatures as people say. I 've been told that young cubs are as rough as a bramble bush, and that they do n't look like anything at all till the old bear has licked them into shape. Is that true?"

"No, no—it 's all gammon, Nick. Young cubs are the prettiest little things you ever saw. They are as soft and playful as young puppies; and they seem by nature to have a true Christian spirit. It 's as the creature grows old that he grows wicked and savage—and I believe it 's the same with men as with bears.

"I remember that once, when I was a young fellow, I was out with a hunting party in search of sables. Somehow or other I got separated from my companions, and I wandered about for a long time, trying in vain to find them. At last night came on, and there I was, alone! This happened far to the north, in the country of the Samoides. It was mid-winter, and though the weather was clear, it was bitter cold. I walked along upon the snow-crust, and, coming to an open space, I called aloud and discharged my gun. I could hear the echoes repeating my words, and the cracking of my piece, but there was no answer from my friends. It was all around as still as death, and even the bitter blast that made my whole frame tingle, glided by without a whisper or a sigh. There were no people in all the country round about: and, I must confess that such a sense of desertion and desolation came over me, as almost made my heart sink within me.

"I remember it was one of those nights when the '*northern lights*' shone with great brilliancy—a thing that often occurs in those cold countries. At first there was an arch of light in the north, of a pure and dazzling white. By and by, this began to shoot upward, and stream across the heavens, and soon the rays were tinged with other hues. At one time I saw a vast streak, seemingly like a sword of flame, piercing the sky; suddenly this vanished, and a mighty range of castles and towns, some white, some red, and some purple, seemed set along the horizon. In a few seconds these were changed, and now I saw a thing like a ship, with sails of many colors. This, too, disappeared, and then I saw images like giants dancing in the

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sky. By and by their sport was changed for battle, and it seemed as if they were fighting with swords of flame and javelins of light!

I watched this wonderful display for some time, and at first I thought it boded some dreadful harm to me. But after a little reflection, I concluded that such vast wonders of nature, could not be got up on account of a poor young sable-hunter, and so I went on my way. Leaving the open country, I plunged into the forest, and among the thick fir trees began to seek some cave or hollow log, where I might screen myself from the bitter blast.

"While I was poking about, I saw four little black fellows playing like kittens, on the snow-crust, at a short distance. I gazed at them for a moment, and soon discovered that they were young bears. They were each of the size of a cat, and never did I see anything more playful than they were. I stood for some time watching them, and they seemed very much like so many shaggy puppies, all in a frolic.

"Well, I began to think what it was best to do; whether to make an attack, or drive them to their den, and take a night's lodging with them. I was in some doubt how they would receive a stranger, while their mamma was not at home; but I concluded, on the whole, to throw myself upon their hospitality—for I was shivering with cold, and the idea of getting into a warm bed with these clever fellows, was rather inviting just then. So I walked forward and approached the party. They all rose up on their kind legs and uttered a gruff growl, in token of astonishment. Never did I behold such amazement as these creatures displayed. I suppose they had never seen a man before, and they appeared mightily puzzled to make out what sort of a creature I was.

"Having looked at me for some time, the whole pack scampered away, and at a short distance entered a cave. I followed close upon them, and, coming to their retreat, was rejoiced to find that it was a hollow in a rock, the entrance of which was just large enough for me to creep in. In I went, though it was dark as a pocket. I knew that the old bear must be abroad, and as for the young ones, I was willing to trust them; for, as I said before, all young creatures seem to be civil till they have cut their eye teeth and learnt the wicked ways of the world.

"When I got into the cave, I felt round and found that it was about five feet square, with a bed of leaves at the bottom. The young bears had slunk away into the crevices of the rock, but they seemed to offer no resistance. I found the place quite comfortable, and was beginning to think myself very well off, when the idea occurred to me, that madame bear would be coming home before long, and was very likely to consider me an intruder, and to treat me accordingly. These thoughts disturbed me a good deal, but at last I crept out of the cave, and gathered a number of large sticks; I then went in again and stopped up the entrance by wedging the sticks into it as forcibly as I could. Having done this, and laying my gun at my side, I felt about for my young friends. I pretty soon got hold of one of them, and, caressing him a little, pulled him toward me. He soon snugged down at my side, and began to lick my hands. Pretty soon another crept out of his lurking-place, and came to me, and in a short time they were all with me in bed.

"I was soon very warm and comfortable, and after a short space the whole of us were in a sound snooze. How long we slept I cannot tell; but I was awakened by a terrible growl at the mouth of the cave, and a violent twitch-

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ing and jerking of the sticks that I had jammed into the entrance. I was not long in guessing at the true state of the case. The old bear had come back, and her sharp scent had apprized her that an interloper had crept into her bed-room. St. Nicholas! how she did roar, and how the sticks did fly! One after another was pulled away, and in a very short space of time, every stick was pulled out but one. This was the size of my leg, and lay across the door of the cave. I got hold of it and determined that it should keep its place. But the raging beast seized it with her teeth, and jerked it out of my hands in a twinkling. The entrance was now clear, and, dark as it was, I immediately saw the glaring eyeballs of the bear, as she began to squeeze herself into the cave. She paused a moment, and, fixing her gaze on me, uttered the most fearful growl I ever heard in my life. I don't think I shall ever forget it, though it happened when I was a stripling—and that is some thirty years ago.

"Well, it was lucky for me that the hole was very small for such a portly creature; and, mad as she was, she had to scratch and squirm to get into the cave. All this time I was on my knees, gun in hand, and ready to let drive when the time should come. Poking the muzzle of my piece right in between the two balls of fire, whang it went! I was stunned with the sound, and kicked over beside. But I got up directly, and stood ready for what might come next. All was still as death; even the cubs, that were now lurking in the fissures of the rocks, seemed hushed in awful affright.

"As soon as my senses had fully returned, I observed that the fiery eyeballs were not visible, and, feeling about with my gun, I soon discovered that the bear seemed to be lifeless, and wedged into the entrance of the cave. I waited a while to see if life had wholly departed, for I was not disposed to risk my fingers in the mouth even of a dying bear; but, finding that the creature was really dead, I took hold of her ears, and tried to pull her out of the hole. But this was a task beyond my strength. She was of enormous size and weight, and, beside, was so jammed into the rocks as to defy all my efforts to remove the lifeless body.

"'Well,' thought I, 'this is a pretty kettle of fish! Here I am in a cave, as snug as a fly in a bottle, with a bear for a cork! Who ever heard of such a thing before!' What would have been the upshot I cannot say, had not unexpected deliverance been afforded me. While I was tugging and sweating to remove the old bear, I heard something without, as if there were persons near the cave. By and by the creature began to twitch, and at last out she went, at a single jerk. I now crept out myself—and behold, my companions were there!

"I need not tell you that it was a happy meeting. We made a feast of the old bear, and spent some days at the cave, keeping up a pleasant acquaintance with the young cubs. When we departed we took them with us, and they seemed by no means unwilling to go. We had only to carry one, and the rest followed. But look here, my boys! this is the river Lena, and yonder is Yakootsk. Soon we shall be there!"

(*To be continued.*)

A SHOP-KEEPER in New York, the other day, stuck upon his door the following laconic advertisement: "*A boy wanted.*" On going to his shop, the next morning, he beheld a smiling urchin in a basket, with the following pithy label: "*Here it is.*"

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Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XV.

Emigration to Utica.—An expedition.—The salamander hat.—A terrible threat.—A Dutchman's hunt for the embargo on the ships.—Utica long ago.—Interesting story of the Seneca chief.

I HAVE now reached a point when the events of my life became more adventurous. From this time forward, at least for the space of several years, my history is crowded with incidents; and some of them are not only interesting to myself, but I trust their narration may prove so to my readers.

When I was about eighteen years of age, I left Salem for the first time since my arrival in the village. At that period there were a good many people removing from the place where I lived, and the vicinity, to seek a settlement at Utica. That place is now a large city, but at the time I speak of, about five and thirty years ago, it was a small settlement, and surrounded with forests. The soil in that quarter was, however, reputed to be very rich, and crowds of people were flocking to the land of promise.

Among others who had made up their minds to follow the fashion of that day, was a family by the name of Stebbins, consisting of seven persons. In order to convey these, with their furniture, it was necessary to have two wagons, one of which was to be driven by Mat Olmsted, and, at my earnest solicitation, my uncle consented that I should conduct the other.

After a preparation of a week, and having bade farewell to all my friends, Raymond, Bill Keeler, and my kind old uncle, and all the rest, we departed. Those who are ignorant of the state of things at that day, and regard only the present means of travelling, can hardly conceive how great the enterprise was esteemed, in which I was now engaged. It must be remembered that no man had then even dreamed of a rail-road or a steamboat. The great canal, which now connects Albany with Buffalo, was not commenced. The common roads were rough and devious, and instead of leading through numerous towns and villages, as at the present day, many of them were only ill-worked passages through swamps and forests. The distance was about two hundred miles—and though it may now be travelled in twenty hours, it was esteemed, for our loaded wagons, a journey of two weeks. Such is the mighty change which has taken place, in our country, in the brief period of thirty-five years.

I have already said that Mat Olmsted was somewhat of a wag; he was, also, a cheerful, shrewd, industrious fellow, and well suited to such an expedition. He encountered every difficulty with energy, and enlivened the way by his jokes and his pleasant observations.

It was in the autumn when we began our journey, and I remember one evening, as we had stopped at a tavern, and were sitting by a blazing fire, a young fellow came in with a new hat on. It was very glossy, and the youth seemed not a little proud of it. He appeared also to be in excellent humor with himself, and had, withal, a presuming and conceited air. Approaching where Mat was sitting, warming himself by the fire, the young man shoved him a little aside, saying, "Come, old codger, can't you make room for your betters?"

"To be sure I can for such a handsome gentleman as yourself," said Mat, good naturedly; he then added, "That 's a beautiful hat you 've got on, mister; it looks like a real salamander!"

"Well," said the youth, "it 's a pretty good hat, I believe; but whether it 's a salamander, or not, I can't say."

"Let me see it," said Olmsted; and,

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taking it in his hand, he felt of it with his thumb and finger, smelt of it, and smoothed down the fur with his sleeve. "Yes," said he, at length, "I 'll bet that 's a real salamander hat; and if it is you may put it under that forestick, and it won't burn any more than a witch's broomstick."

"Did you say you would bet that it 's a salamander hat?" said the young man.

"To be sure I will," said Mat; "I 'll bet you a mug of flip of it; for if there ever was a salamander hat, that 's one. Now I 'll lay that if you put it under the forestick, it won't singe a hair of it."

"Done!" said the youth, and the two having shaken hands in token of mutual agreement, the youth gave his hat to Olmsted, who thrust it under the forestick. The fire was of the olden fashion, and consisted of almost a cartload of hickory logs, and they were now in full blast. The people in the bar-room, attracted by the singular wager, had gathered round the fire, to see the result of the experiment. In an instant the hat was enveloped by the flames, and in the course of a few seconds it began to bend and writhe, and then curled into a scorched and blackened cinder.

"Hulloo!" said Mat Olmsted, seizing the tongs and poking out the crumpled relic from the bed of coals, at the same time adding, with well-feigned astonishment, "Who ever did see the like of that! it was n't a salamander, arter all! Well, mister, you 've won the bet. Hulloo, landlord, give us a mug of flip."

The force of the joke soon fell upon the conceited young man. He had indeed won the wager—but he had lost his hat! At first he was angry, and seemed disposed to make a personal attack upon the cause of his mortification; but Matthew soon cooled him down. "Don't mind it, my lad," said he; "it will do you good in the long run. You are like a young cockerel, that is tickled with his tall red comb, and having had it pecked off, is ever after a wiser fowl. Take my advice, and if you have a better hat than your neighbors, don't think that it renders you better than they. It 's not the hat, but the head under it, that makes the man. At all events, don't be proud of your hat till you get a real salamander!"

This speech produced a laugh at the expense of the coxcomb, and he soon left the room. He had suffered a severe rebuke, and I could hardly think that my companion had done altogether right; and when I spoke to him afterward, he seemed to think so himself. He, however, excused what he had done, by saying that the fellow was insolent, and he hoped the lesson would be useful to him.

We plodded along upon our journey, meeting with no serious accident, and in the course of five or six days we were approaching Albany. Within the distance of a few miles, Matthew encountered a surly fellow, in a wagon. The path was rather narrow, and the man refused to turn out and give half the road. High words ensued, and, finally, my friend, brandishing his whip, called out aloud, "Turn out, mister; if you don't, I 'll sarve you as I did the man back!"

The wagoner was alarmed at this threat, and turning out, gave half the road. As he was passing by, he had some curiosity to know what the threat portended; so he said, "Well, sir, how did you serve the man back?" "Why," said Matthew, smiling, "I turned out myself!" This was answered by a hearty laugh, and after a few pleasant words between the belligerent parties, they separated, and we pursued our journey.

Albany is now a large and handsome

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city; but at the time I speak of, it contained but about three thousand people, a very large part of whom were Dutch, and who could not speak much English. None of the fine streets and splendid public buildings, which you see there now, were in existence then. The streets were narrow and dirty, and most of the houses were low and irregular, with steep roofs, and of a dingy color. Some were built of tiles, some of rough stones, some of wood, and some of brick. But it was, altogether, one of the most disagreeable looking places I ever saw.

We remained there but a few hours. Proceeding on our journey, we soon reached Schenectady, which we found to be a poor, ill-built, Dutch village, though it is a handsome town now. We stopped here for the night; and, a little while after we arrived, a man with a wagon, his wife and three children, arrived also at the tavern. He was a Dutchman, and seemed to be in very ill-humor. I could hardly understand what he said, but by a little help from Matthew, I was able to make out his story.

You must know that Congress had passed a law forbidding any ships to go to sea; and this was called an embargo. The reason of it was, that England had treated this country very ill; and so, to punish her, this embargo was laid on the ships, to prevent people from carrying flour and other things to her, which she wanted very much; for many of her people were then engaged in war, and they could not raise as much grain as they needed.

Well, the old Dutchman had heard a great deal about the embargo on the ships; for the two parties, the *democrats* and *federalists*, were divided in opinion about it, and accordingly it was the subject of constant discussion. I remember that wherever we went, all the people seemed to be talking about the embargo. The democrats praised it as the salvation of the country, and the federalists denounced it as the country's ruin. Among these divided opinions, the Dutchman was unable to make up his mind about it, accordingly, he hit upon an admirable method to ascertain the truth, and satisfy his doubts. He tackled his best horses to the family wagon, and, taking his wife and three children, travelled to Albany *to see the embargo on the ships!*

Well, he drove down to the water's edge, and there were the vessels, sure enough; but where was the embargo? He inquired first of one man, and then of another, "Vare is de embargo? I vish to see de embargo vat is on de ships!" What he expected to see I cannot tell; but he had heard so much said about it, and it was esteemed, by one party at least, the cause of such multiplied evils, that he, no doubt, supposed the embargo must be something that could be seen and felt. But all his inquiries were vain. One person laughed at him, another snubbed him as an old fool, and others treated him as a maniac. At last he set out to return, and when he arrived at the tavern in Schenectady, he was not only bewildered in his mind, but he was sorely vexed in spirit. His conclusion was, that the embargo was a political bugbear, and that no such creature actually existed!

We set out early the next morning, and by dint of plodding steadily on through mud and mire, we at last reached the town of Utica, having been fourteen days in performing the journey from Salem. We found the place to contain about a thousand people, all the houses being of wood, and most of them built of logs, in the fashion of the log cabin. The town, however, had a bustling and thriving appearance, notwithstanding that the stumps of the forest were still standing in the streets.

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I noticed a great many Indians about the town, and soon learned that they consisted of the famous tribes called the Six Nations. Some of these are still left in the state of New York, but they have dwindled down to a very small number. But at the time I speak of, they consisted of several thousands, and were still a formidable race. They were at peace with the White people, and seemed to see their hunting grounds turned into meadows and wheat fields, with a kind of sullen and despairing submission.

One of the first settlers in this vicinity was Judge W., who established himself at Whitestown—about four miles from Utica. This took place nearly a dozen years before my visit. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy of four years old. You will recollect that the country around was an unbroken forest, and that this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W. saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure good-will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Seneca tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at the distance of half a dozen miles, had not yet been to see him; nor could he, by any means, ascertain the views and feelings of the sachem, in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was, that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment the sachem came. Judge W. received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter, and the little boy. The interview that followed was deeply interesting. Upon its result, the judge conceived that his security might depend, and he was, therefore, exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed to him his desire to settle in the country; to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians; and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said, "Brother, you ask much, and you promise much. What pledge can you give me of your good faith?"

"The honor of a man that never knew deception," was the reply.

"The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is but wind when spoken to the Indian," said the sachem.

"I have put my life into your hands," said the judge; is not this an evidence of my good intentions? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and I will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief; "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence; if you will trust him he will trust you. But I must have a pledge. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam; I will bring him back in three days with my answer!"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a keener pang than went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprung from her seat, and rushing to the boy, who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration; she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him close to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W. He knew

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that the success of their enterprise, the very lives of his family, depended upon the decision of the moment. "Stay, stay, my daughter!" said he. "Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more dear to you than to me. I would not risk the hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as beneath our roof and in your arms."

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment; she then slowly returned, placed the boy on the knee of the chief, and, kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose, took the boy in his arms and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the three ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling upon its mother for help! But the time wore away—and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass! The morning waned away; noon arrived; and the afternoon was now far advanced; yet the sachem came not. There was gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent, as if despair was settling coldly around her heart. Judge W. walked to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest toward the sachem's abode.

At last, as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the forest around, the eagle feathers of the chieftain were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly, and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins; a fine beaver skin was over his shoulders, and eagles' feathers were stuck into his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honors, that he seemed two inches taller than before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute, she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

"The white man has conquered!" said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted the Indian; he will repay you with confidence and friendship." He was as good as his word; and Judge W. lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

Repentance:

A GERMAN PARABLE.

A CERTAIN farmer reared with his own hands a row of noble fruit trees. To his great joy they produced their first fruit, and he was anxious to know what kind it was.

And the son of his neighbor, a bad boy, came into the garden, and enticed the young son of the farmer, and they went and robbed all the trees of their fruit before it was fully ripe.

When the owner of the garden came and saw the bare trees, he was very much grieved, and cried, Alas! why has this been done? Some wicked boys have destroyed my joy!

This language touched the heart of the farmer's son, and he went to his companion, and said, Ah! my father is grieved at the deed we have committed. I have no longer any peace in my mind. My father will love me no more, but chastise me in his anger, as I deserve.

But the other answered, You fool, your father knows nothing about it, and will never hear of it. You must carefully conceal it from him, and be on your guard.

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And when Henry, for this was the name of the boy, came home, and saw the smiling countenance of his father, he could not return his smile; for he thought, how can I appear cheerful in the presence of him whom I have deceived? I cannot look at myself. It seems as if there were a dark shade in my heart.

Now the father approached his children, and handed every one some of the fruit of autumn, Henry as well as the others. And the children jumped about delighted, and ate. But Henry concealed his face, and wept bitterly.

Then the father began, saying, My son, why do you weep?

And Henry answered, Oh! I am not worthy to be called your son. I can no longer bear to appear to you otherwise than what I am, and know myself to be. Dear father, manifest no more kindness to me in future, but chastise me, that I may dare approach you again, and cease to be my own tormentor. Let me severely atone for my offence, for behold, I robbed the young trees!

Then the father extended his hand, pressed him to his heart, and said, I forgive you, my child! God grant that this may be the last, as well as the first time, that you will have any action to conceal. Then I will not be sorry for the trees.

Santaro leading the Araucanians to battle.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XII.

Chili continued.—The Araucanians attack the Spaniards.—Valdivia, the Spanish general, enters the territory of the Republic.—Founds cities.—Is defeated and slain.—The Spaniards are driven from the country.—Santaro slain.

In the preceding chapter, I have given an account of the customs and manners of that nation in Chili called Araucanians. The country inhabited by this brave nation is one of the finest in South America. It lies on the sea-coast, and is calculated to be 186 miles in length, and its breadth from the sea to the Andes is over 300 miles.

But it is not the size of territory, or

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its fertility, or beautiful climate which excites our interest; it is the character and the deeds of a free and noble-spirited people, fighting for their homes and country. I shall briefly recount their wars with the Spaniards, from the time of the first battle in 1550, till the time when the Spaniards were completely driven from the Araucanian territory, in 1692.

The first battle was fought in the country of the Pemones, a nation occupying the north bank of the Biobio, a river which separates the Araucanian territory from the other nations of Chili. The Araucanians, finding the Spaniards had conquered all that part of Chili which had been subjected to Peru, and were advancing towards their province, did not wait to be invaded, but boldly marched to seek the white men.

Valdivia commanded the Spanish forces; he had been in many battles in Europe as well as America, but he declared that he had never before been in such imminent danger. The Araucanians rushed on, without heeding the musketry, and fell at once upon the front and flanks of the Spanish army.

The victory was long doubtful; and though the Araucanians lost their chief, and finally withdrew from the field, the Spaniards were in no condition to follow them.

Not in the least discouraged, the brave Indians collected another army, and chose a new toqui, named Lincoyan. This commander was a great man in size, and had the show of being brave, but he was not so; and during the time he held the office of toqui, no battle of consequence was fought with the Spaniards.

Valdivia soon improved these advantages. He advanced into the Araucanian country, and founded a city on the shores of the Canten, a river that divides the republic into two nearly equal parts. It was a beautiful place, and abounded with every convenience of life. The Spaniards felt highly gratified with their success. Valdivia called the name of their new city Imperial, and he prepared to divide the country among his followers, as Pizarro had divided Peru. Valdivia gave to Villagran, his lieutenant-general, the province of *Maquegua*, called by the Araucanians the key of their country, with thirty thousand inhabitants. The other officers had also large shares.

Valdivia received reinforcements from Peru, and he continued to advance, and, in a short time, founded a second city, which he named from himself, Valdivia; and then a third, which he called the City of the Frontiers. He also built a number of fortresses, and so skilfully disposed his forces that he thought the people were completely subdued. He did not gain all these advantages without great exertions. He was often engaged in battles with the Indians, but the toqui was a timid and inefficient commander, and the spirit of the brave Araucanians seemed to have forsaken them.

However, men who have been accustomed to freedom, are not easily reduced to that despair which makes them peaceable slaves. The Araucanians at length roused themselves, and appointed a new toqui. There was an old man, named Colocolo, who had long lived in retirement, but his country's wrongs and danger impelled him to action. He traversed the provinces, and exhorted the people to choose a new toqui. They assembled, and, after a stormy debate, they requested Colocolo to name the toqui. He appointed *Caupolicon*, ulmen of Tucupel.

He was a man of lofty stature, uncommon bodily strength, and the majesty of his countenance, though he had lost one eye, was surpassing. The

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qualities of his mind were as superior as his personal appearance. He was a serious, patient, sagacious, and valiant man, and the nation applauded the choice of Colocolo.

Having assumed the axe, the badge of his authority, Caupolicon appointed his officers, and soon marched with a large army to drive the Spaniards from the country. He took and destroyed the fortress of Arauco, and invested that of Tucupel. Valdivia, hearing of this, assembled his troops and marched against the Indians. He had about two hundred Spaniards and five thousand Indian auxiliaries, Promancians and Peruvians, under his command. Caupolicon had about ten thousand troops.

The two armies met on the third of December, 1553. The fight was desperate and bloody. The Spaniards had cannon and musketry—but the brave Araucanians were on their own soil, and they resolved to conquer or die. As fast as one line was destroyed, fresh troops poured in to supply the places of the slain. Three times they retired beyond the reach of the musketry, and then, with renewed vigor, returned to the attack.

At length, after the loss of a great number of their men, they were thrown into disorder, and began to give way. At this momentous crisis, a young Araucanian, named Santaro, of sixteen years of age, grasping a lance, rushed forward, crying out, "Follow me, my countrymen! victory courts our arms!" The Araucanians, ashamed at being surpassed by a boy, turned with such fury upon their enemies, that at the first shock they put them to rout, cutting in pieces the Spaniards and their Indian allies, so that of the whole army only two of the latter escaped. Valdivia was taken prisoner. Both Caupolicon and Santaro intended to spare his life, and treat him kindly, but while they were deliberating on the matter, an old ulmen, of great authority in the country, who was enraged at the perfidy and cruelty the Spaniards had practised on the Indians, seized a club, and, at one blow, killed the unfortunate prisoner. He justified the deed by saying that the *Christian*, if he should escape, would mock at them, and laugh at his oaths and promises of quitting Chili.

The Araucanians held a feast and made great rejoicings, as well they might, on account of their victory. After these were over, Caupolicon took the young Santaro by the hand, presented him to the national assembly, and, after praising him for his bravery and patriotism in the highest terms, he appointed the youth lieutenant-general extraordinary, with the privilege of commanding in chief another army, which was to be raised to protect the frontiers from the Spaniards. This was a great trust to be committed to a youth of sixteen.

The Spaniards were overwhelmed with their misfortunes, and, dreading the approach of the Indians, they abandoned all the places and fortified posts, except the cities of Imperial and Valdivia, which had been established in the Araucanian country. Caupolicon immediately besieged these two places, committing to Santaro the duty of defending the frontier.

In the meantime the two soldiers who escaped from the battle, fled to the Spanish cities established in the Promancian territory, and roused them to attempt another expedition. Francis Villegran was appointed commander, to succeed Valdivia, and an army of Spaniards and their Indian allies soon began their march for Arauco.

Villegran crossed the Biobio without opposition, but immediately on entering the passes of the mountains he was at-

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tacked by the Indian army under Santaro. Villegran had six pieces of cannon, and a strong body of horse, and he thought, by the aid of them, he could force the passage. He directed an incessant fire of cannon and musketry to be kept up; the mountain was covered with smoke, and resounded with the thunder of the artillery and the whistling of bullets. Santaro, in the midst of this confusion, firmly maintained his post; but finding that the cannon was sweeping down his ranks, he directed one of his bravest captains to go with his company, and seize the guns. "Execute my order," said the young Santaro, "or never again come into my presence!"

The brave Indian and his followers rushed with such violence upon the corps of artillery, that the Spanish soldiers were all either killed or captured, and the cannon brought off in triumph to Santaro. In fine, the Araucanians gained a complete victory. Of the Europeans and their Indian allies, three thousand were left dead upon the field, and Villegran himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. The city of Conception fell into the hands of Santaro, who, after securing all the booty, burned the houses and razed the citadel to its foundation.

These successes stimulated the young chief, Santaro, to carry the war into the enemy's country. Collecting an army of six hundred men, he marched to the attack of Santiago, a city which the Spaniards had founded in the Promancian territory, more than three hundred miles from the Araucanians. Santaro reached Santiago, and in several battles against the Spaniards was victorious; but, at length, betrayed by a spy, he was slain in a skirmish with the troops of Villegran; and his men, refusing to surrender to those who had slain their beloved general, fought, like the Spartans, till every Araucanian perished! The Spaniards were so elated with their victory, that they held public rejoicings for three days at Santiago.

But the memory of Santaro did not perish with his life. He was long deeply lamented by his countrymen, and his name is still celebrated in the heroic songs of his country, and his actions proposed as the most glorious model for the imitation of their youth. Nor did the Spaniards withhold their tribute of praise to the brave young patriot. They called him the Chilian Hannibal.

"It is not just," said a celebrated Spanish writer, "to depreciate the merit of the American Santaro, that wonderful young warrior, whom, had he been ours, we should have elevated to the rank of a hero."

But the history of battles and sieges, all having the same object,—on the part of the Spaniards that of conquest, on the part of the Araucanians the preservation of their liberties and independence,—will not be profitable to detail. Suffice it to say, that from the fall of Santaro in 1556, till peace was finally established between the Spaniards and Araucanians in 1773, a series of battles, stratagems, and sieges, are recorded, which, on the part of the Araucanians, were sustained with a perseverance and power, such as no other of the Indian nations in America have ever displayed. Nor were their victories stained with cruelty or revenge.

The Spaniards obtained many triumphs over the haughty *freemen;* and I regret to say that they did not use their advantages in the merciful spirit of Christianity. Probably, if they had done so, they might have maintained their authority. But the Spaniards went to America to gain riches; they indulged their avaricious propensities till every kind and generous feeling of humanity seems to have been extin-

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guished in their hearts. An excessive desire to be rich, if cherished and acted upon as the chief purpose of life, is the most degrading passion indulged by civilized man; it hardens the heart, and deadens or destroys every generous emotion, till the cold, cruel, selfish individual would hardly regret to see his species annihilated, if by that means he might be profited. The cannibal, who feeds on human flesh, is hardly more to be abhorred, than the civilized man who, on human woes, feeds his appetite for riches!

But the Spaniards gained nothing from the Araucanians. After a contest of nearly one hundred and fifty years, and at the cost of more blood and treasure than all their other possessions in South America had demanded, the Spaniards were glad to relinquish all claim to the territory of these *freemen*, only stipulating that the Indians should not make incursions into that part of Chili which lies between the southern confines of Peru and the river Biobio. The Spanish government was even obliged to allow the Araucanians to keep a minister, or public representative, in the city of St. Jago.

The spirit and character of this brave Indian people made a deep impression upon their invaders. Don Ercilla, a young Spaniard of illustrious family, who accompanied Don Garcia in his Chilian expedition, wrote an epic poem on the events of the war,—the "Araucana,"—which is esteemed one of the best poems in the Spanish language. Ercilla was an eye-witness of many of the scenes he describes, and the following lines show his abhorrence of the mercenary spirit which governed his own countrymen.

"O, thirst of gold! disease without a cure!
What toils thy persevering slaves endure!
Thou subtle vice, whose long, tenacious spell
The noblest energies of mind can quell!
Thy deadly charms the human soul unbind
From heaven, and let her drive before the wind."

The Araucanians are still a free and independent people; and Christians, whose charitable plans embrace the whole heathen world as their mission-ground, may probably find in this nation the best opportunity of planting the Protestant faith which South America now offers.

Story of Philip Brusque.

CHAPTER IX.

Rejoicings.—Remorse and contrition.—A pirate's story.—Francois restored to his parents.

We left our colonists of Fredonia at the moment that the struggle was over which resulted in the death of Rogere. The scenes which immediately followed are full of interest, but we can only give them a passing notice.

The defeated party sullenly retired to their quarters at the outcast's cave; and those at the tents were left to rejoice over their deliverance. Their present joy was equal to the anxiety and despair which had brooded over them before. The mothers clasped their children again and again to their bosoms, in the fulness of their hearts; and the little creatures, catching the sympathy of the occasion, returned the caresses with laughter and exultation. The men shook hands in congratulation, and the women mingled tears and smiles and thanksgivings, in the outburst of their rejoicing.

During these displays of feeling, Brusque and Emilie had withdrawn from the bustle, and, walking a part, held discourse together. "Forgive me, Emilie," said Brusque, "I pray you forgive me for my foolish jealousy respecting the man you were wont to meet by moonlight, at the foot of the rocks. I

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now know that it was your brother, and I also know that we all owe our deliverance and present safety to you and him. I can easily guess his story. When the ship was blown up, he had departed, and thus saved his life."

"Yes," said Emilie; "but do you know that this weighs upon his spirit like a millstone? He says, that he had voluntarily joined the pirates, and for him to be the instrument of blowing up their ship, and sending them into eternity, while he provided for his own safety, was at once treacherous and dastardly."

"But we must look at the motive," said Brusque. "He found that his father, his mother, his sister, were in the hands of those desperate men: it was to save them from insult and death that he took the fearful step. It was by this means alone that he could provide escape for those to whom he was bound by the closest of human ties."

"I have suggested these thoughts to him," replied Emilie; "and thus far he might be reconciled to himself; but that he saved his own life is what haunts him; he thinks it mean and cowardly. He is so far affected by this consideration, that he has resolved never to indulge in the pleasures of society, but to dwell apart in the cave, where you know I have been accustomed to meet him. Even now he has departed; and I fear that nothing can persuade him to leave his dreary abode, and attach himself to our community."

"This is sheer madness," said Brusque. "Let us go to your father, and get his commands for François to come to the tents. He will not refuse to obey his parent; and when we get him here, we can, perhaps, reason him out of his determination."

Brusque and Emilie went to the tent of M. Bonfils, and, opening the folds of the canvass, were about to enter, when, seeing the aged man and his wife on their knees, they paused and listened. They were side by side. The wife was bent over a chest, upon which her face rested, clasped in her hands; the husband,—with his hands uplifted, his white and dishevelled hair lying upon his shoulders, his countenance turned to heaven,—was pouring out a fervent thanksgiving for the deliverance of themselves and their friends from the awful peril that had threatened them. It was a thanksgiving, not for themselves alone, but for their children, their friends and companions. The voice of the old man trembled, yet its tones were clear, peaceful, confiding. He spoke as if in the very ear of his God, who yet was his benefactor and his friend. As he alluded to François, his voice faltered, the tears gushed down his cheeks, and the sobs of the mother were audible.

The suppliant paused for a moment for his voice seemed choked; but soon recovering, he went on. Although François was a man, the aged father seemed to think of him as yet a boy—his wayward, erring boy—his only son. He pleaded for him as a parent only could plead for a child. Emilie and Brusque were melted into tears; and sighs, which they could not suppress, broke from their bosoms. At length the prayer was finished, and the young couple, presenting themselves to M. Bonfils, told him their errand. "Go, my children," said he, "go and tell François to come to me. Tell him that I have much to say to him." The mother joined her wishes to this request, and the lovers departed for the cave where François had before made his abode.

As they approached the place, they saw the object of their search, sitting upon a projecting rock that hung over the sea. He did not perceive them at first, and they paused a moment to look at him. He was gazing over the water,

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which was lighted by the full moon, and he seemed to catch something of the holy tranquillity which marked the scene. Not a wave, not a ripple, was visible upon the placid face of the deep. There was a slight undulation, and the tide seemed to play with the image of the moon, yet so smooth and mirror-like was its surface as to leave that image unbroken.

After a little time, the two companions approached their moody friend, who instantly rose and began to descend the rocks toward his retreat; but Brusque called to him, and, climbing up the cliff, he soon joined them. They then stated their errand, and begged François to return with them. "Come," said Brusque, "your father wishes, nay, commands you to return!"

"His wish is more than his command," said François. "I know not how it is, but it seems to me that my nature is changed: I fear not, I regard not power—nay, I have a feeling within which spurns it; but my heart is like a woman's if a wish is uttered. I will go with you, though it may be to hear my father's curse. I have briefly told him my story. I have told him that I have been a pirate, and that I have basely betrayed my companions: but I will go with you, as my father wishes it."

"Nay, dear François!" said Emilie, throwing her arms around his neck, "do not feel thus. Could you have heard what we have just heard, you would not speak or feel as you do."

"And what have you heard?" was the reply. Emilie then told him of the scene they had witnessed in the tent, and the fervent prayer which had been uttered in his behalf. "Dear, dear sister!" said François, throwing his powerful arm around her waist, and clasping her light form to his rugged bosom,—"you are indeed an angel of light! Did my father pray for me? Will he forgive me? Will he forgive such a wretch as I am? Will my mother forgive me? Shall I, can I, be once more the object of their regard, their affection, their confidence?"

"Oh, my brother!" said Emilie, "doubt it not—doubt it not. They will forgive you indeed; and Heaven will forgive you. We shall all be happy in your restoration to us; and however much you may have erred, we shall feel that your present repentance, and the good deeds you have done this night, in saving this little community, your father, your mother, your sister, from insult and butchery, is at once atonement and compensation."

"Oh, speak not, Emilie, of compensation—speak not of what I have done as atonement. I cannot think of myself but as an object of reproach; I have no account of good deeds to offer as an offset to my crimes. One thing only can I plead as excuse or apology, and that is, that I was misled by evil company, and enlisted in the expedition of that horrid ship while I was in a state of intoxication. This, I know, is a poor plea—to offer one crime as an excuse for another; yet it is all I can give in extenuation of my guilt."

"How was it, brother? Tell us the story," said Emilie.

"Well," said François. "You know that I sailed from Havre, for the West Indies. Our vessel lay for some time at St. Domingo, and I was often ashore. Here I fell in with the captain of the pirate vessel. He was a man of talents, and of various accomplishments. We used often to meet at a tavern, and he took particular pains to insinuate himself into my confidence. We at last became friends, and then he hinted to me his design of fitting out a vessel to cruise for plunder upon the high seas. I rejected the proposal with indignation. My companion sneered at my scruples,

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and attempted to reason me into his views. 'Look at the state of the world,' said he, 'and you will remark that all are doing what I propose to do. At Paris they are cutting each other's throats, just to see which shall have the largest share of the spoils of society—wealth, pleasure, and power. England is sending her ships forth on every ocean: and what are they better than pirates? They have, indeed, the commission of the king—but still it is a commission to burn, slay, and plunder all who do not bow to the mistress of the seas. And why shall not we play our part in the great game of life, as well as these potentates and powers? Why should we not be men—instead of women?

"'Look at the state of this island—St. Domingo. Already is it heaving and swelling with the tempest of coming revolution. I know secrets worth knowing. Ere a month has rolled away, this place will be deluged in blood. The vast wealth of Port au Prince is now secretly being carried on board the ships, to take flight, with its owners, for places of safety from the coming storm. Let us be on the sea, with a light craft, and we will cut and carve, among them, as we please!'

"Such were the inducements held out to me by the arch-pirate: but it was all in vain, while my mind was clear. I shrunk from the proposal with horror. But now a new scheme was played off. I was led, on one occasion, to drink more deeply than my wont; and being already nearly intoxicated, I was plied with more liquor. My reason was soon lost—but my passions were inflamed. It is the nature of drunkenness to kill all that is good in a man, and leave in full force all that is evil. Under this seduction, I yielded my assent, and was hastened on board the pirate ship, which lay at a little distance from the harbor. Care was taken that my intoxication should be continued; and when I was again sober, our canvass was spread, and our vessel dancing over the waves. There was no retreat; and, finding myself in the gulf, I sought to support my relenting and revolting bosom by drink. At last I partially drowned my remorse; and but for meeting with Brusque on the island, I had been a pirate still."

By the time this story was done, the party had reached the hut. They entered, and being kindly received by the aged parents, they sat down. After sitting in silence for a few moments, François arose, went to his father, and kneeling before him, asked for his forgiveness. He was yet a young man—but his stature was almost gigantic. His hair was black as jet, and hung in long-neglected ringlets over his shoulders. His countenance was pale as death; but still his thick, black eyebrows, his bushy beard, and his manly features, gave him an aspect at once commanding and striking. When erect and animated, he was an object to arrest the attention and fix the gaze of every beholder. In general, his aspect was stern, but now it was so marked with humiliation and contrition, as to be exceedingly touching. The aged parent laid his hand upon his head, and looking to heaven, said, in a tone of deep pathos, "Father, forgive him!" He could say no more—his heart was too full.

We need not dwell upon the scene. It is sufficient to say, that from that day, François lived with his parents. His character was thoroughly changed: the haughty and passionate bearing, which had characterized him before, had given place to humility and gentleness; and the features that once befitted the pirate, might now have been chosen to set forth the image of a saint. Such is the influence of the soul, in giving character and expression to the features.

(*To be continued.*)

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Solon writing laws for Athens.

Solon, the Grecian Lawgiver.

Of all the nations of antiquity, the Greeks were, in some respects, the most interesting. Though they inhabited one country, they were divided into different states, somewhat as the United States are. Among the principal states, were Athens and Sparta. The people, government, and laws of these were very different. The Athenians cultivated literature, such as poetry and history; but the Spartans despised these things. The Athenians were devoted to science and philosophy; the Spartans had no relish for them. The Athenians encouraged the arts—as music, sculpture, painting, and architecture; the Spartans held such things in contempt. The Athenians were gay, fickle, and fond of pleasure; the Spartans were severe, determined, and devoted to war.

It is not easy to account for such differences of character in the people of two states, living but a few miles apart. Probably it was owing in part to original differences in the people who settled the two countries, and in part to the difference of the laws.

Sparta had a famous lawgiver, named Lycurgus. He drew up a system, or code of laws, and then called the people together. He told them he was going away, and asked them if they would keep his laws till he should return. This they solemnly promised to do: so Lycurgus went away, and starved himself to death. His object was to make the Spartans keep his laws forever. His body was burned, by his direction, and his ashes thrown into the sea, so that the Spartans could not bring his body back, and thus have an excuse for setting aside his laws. He died about 2700 years ago.

Solon was the greatest lawgiver of Athens. Many of his laws were wise and good, and some of them have even descended to our day, and are incorporated in our own codes. But the people of Athens were changeable; and, soon after Solon's death, the supreme power

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was usurped by an ambitious citizen, named Pisistratus, and the government thus became, for a time, a sort of despotism. Solon died about 2400 years ago.

How to settle a Dispute without Pistols.

"*The first thing*," says the philosophic wag, in his recipe for cooking a turbot, "*is to catch a turbot.*" Before you enter upon a discussion, settle it clearly in your mind, what it is you propose to discuss. How many vain disputes, how many angry controversies would be prevented, if the parties would start with a definition,—if, before beginning to cook a turbot, they would catch a turbot.

Some few years since, an American gentleman, who did not understand the French language, being in Paris, wished to go to Bourdeaux. Accordingly he went down to the diligence office, and making such inquiries as he was able, paid his fare, entered the diligence, and set off, as he supposed, for Bourdeaux. Four days and four nights he travelled very patiently, not dreaming that he was in the wrong coach.

At last he reached the termination of his journey, and having taken a long night's repose, he dressed himself carefully, selected his letters of introduction, and, calling the waiter, showed him the inscriptions of these letters, and intimated that he wished to go to the persons to whom they were addressed. The man stared in the traveller's face, and uttered a good deal of incomprehensible French. The American talked English, but all to no purpose. At last the waiter left the traveller in despair, and called his master. *He* was as much puzzled as the servant, and finally, as the only resort, sent out for an Englishman living in the town, to come and see an American gentleman, who was out of his head.

The Englishman came, and the American stated his grievance. "Here," said he, showing his letters, "are some letters of introduction to several gentlemen in this city, and I want these stupid people to take me to them: but they only gaze in my face, shrug their shoulders, and cry 'sacre-r-r-r,' like a watchman's rattle."

The Englishman stared at the American, as if he, too, thought him out of his head. At last he said to him, "Sir, these letters are addressed to a gentleman in Bourdeaux: where do you suppose you are?"

"In Bourdeaux, to be sure," said the American.

"Not so," said the Englishman: "you are in the city of Lyons, 700 miles from Bourdeaux." The simple explanation of the whole scene was, that the traveller had entered the wrong coach, and instead of proceeding to Bourdeaux, had gone 400 miles in the opposite direction. This story shows the importance of looking well to the outset of a journey—or, if you please, to the commencement of a discourse, or a dispute. In the one case, be sure to enter the right coach—in the other, start with a definition.

If, unluckily, you should by any chance get into a dispute, the best way is to stop short, and ask your antagonist to enter into a consideration of what the point of debate is. This is apt to have a cooling effect upon both parties, and to result in a clear understanding of the real question.

A few years since, I happened to be travelling in a stage coach, where, among half a dozen passengers, there were a Frenchman and an Englishman. There seemed to be a sort of cat-and-dog feeling between them; for if one opened his lips to speak, the other was sure to fly at the observation with the teeth and

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claws of dispute. As we were driving along, the Englishman spoke of a sheep he had seen in some foreign land, with a tail so long as to drag upon the ground. Thereupon, the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, curled up his lip, lifted his eyebrows, and took a pinch of snuff.

"What do you mean by that?" said the Englishman, not a little nettled at the contemptuous air of his rival.

"Vat do I mean?" said the latter; "I means dat a sheap has not got von tail at all."

"A sheep has n't got a tail, ha?" said the Englishman.

"No, not von bit," said the Frenchman.

"Well, this comes of eating frogs," said the John Bull. "What can you expect of a man who eats frogs? You say a sheep has n't got a tail. I tell you, mounseer, a sheep *has* got a tail."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the other, with a polite bow, yet with a very sneering expression; "you say de sheap has von tail: I say de sheap has no tail, not von bit."

By this time the parties were greatly excited, and I cannot say what might have happened, had not one of the passengers asked the Frenchman what he meant by a "*sheap?*"

"Vat I mean by *sheap?* vy I means von big larsh ting, with sails and ruddair, that go upon de sea."

"Oh ho!" said the Englishman, "you mean a *ship*."

"Oui, monsieur," was the reply; "I mean von *sheap*, that has de captain and de sailors, and goes on de vater."

"Very well," said the Englishman: "I meant a *sheep*, a creature with four legs, and covered with wool."

"Ah, you mean von *sheap* vit de vool!" said the other. "Oh, oui, monsieur; de sheap vit de vool has de tail. Oui, oui."

This incident taught me a lesson, and I give it gratis to my readers;—*if they ever get into a controversy, let them consider whether one of the parties does not mean a ship, and the other a sheep.*

The Painter and his Master.

A YOUNG painter had just finished an excellent picture, the best that he had made. His master himself found no fault with it. But the young artist was so charmed, that he looked at this specimen of his art incessantly, and neglected his studies; for he now thought himself perfect.

One morning, as he went to rejoice anew over his picture, he discovered that his master had completely defaced it. Angry and weeping, he ran to him and inquired the reason of this cruel act.

The master answered, "It is the work of serious deliberation. The picture was good, as a proof of your advancement, but it was at the same time your ruin."

"How so?" inquired the young artist.

"Beloved," answered the master, "you loved no longer the art in your painting, but merely yourself. Believe me, it was not a finished production, even if it appeared so to us; it was only a first effort. Take the pencil then, and see what you can do again. Let not the sacrifice grieve you. The great must be in you, before you can bring it on canvass."

Courageously, and full of confidence in himself and his master, he seized the pencil and finished his magnificent work, the *offering of Iphigenia!*—for the name of the artist was *Timanthes*.

"WHERE are you driving the pig, Paddy?" "To Limerick, your honor." "Limerick! this is the Cork road." "Hush, speak low, I 'm only pretending; if it knew I was wanting it to go to Cork, it would take the Limerick road."

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The Turkey and Rattlesnake:

A FABLE.

On a fine day in summer, a wild turkey was walking along over one of the prairies of the far West. As the sun shone upon his glossy neck, he cast his eye downward, and seemed lost in admiration of his own beauty.

While engaged in this way, he heard something hissing in the grass; and soon a rattlesnake issued from the spot, and, coiling himself up, placed himself before the turkey. The latter grew very red in the face, spread his tail and wings to their utmost extent, and, having strutted back and forth several times, approached the snake, and spoke as follows:

"You impudent serpent! Was it you that I heard laughing at me in the bushes? How dare you laugh at me, the handsomest cock-turkey of the whole prairie? Have I not the reddest wattles, and the largest comb, the blackest wing, and the glossiest neck of any bird that is seen on the plain? Did not my grandfather swallow an alligator alive, and could I not take down such a little, insignificant thing as you, without winking?"

"Don't put yourself in a passion," said the serpent in reply, at the same time swelling up, his flesh writhing, and the colors of his skin growing very bright. "Don't put yourself in a passion; I know you're a coward, like the whole of your race, and you are as vain as you are timid."

Upon this, the turkey seemed bursting with rage; his throat was so choked, that he could not speak distinctly, but he gobbled the louder. He also strutted round in a circle, grating the ends of his wings upon the ground. At length he came bristling up toward the serpent, who, being mortally offended, coiled himself into a ball, and springing toward the turkey, struck him in the neck with his fangs, and inflicted a fatal wound. The latter in return gave the serpent a deep scratch in his side, and both fell dead upon the ground.

A wise ant, that dwelt in a little hillock near by, and saw the whole affray, crawled to the spot, and made the following sage observations: "It would seem that this vast prairie were wide enough for the creatures that dwell upon it to live together in peace; but, alas! their angry passions lead to strife, and strife ends in death. Nor is this all. As the poison of the serpent taints these carcasses, so an evil name always follows those who 'die as the fool dieth.'"

Flowers.

"Sweet flowers, sweet flowers, baptized with dew,
By the rosy-hand of morn;
Daisies red and violets blue,
In the spring-time newly born.
Beautiful flowers, each ruddy lip
Inviteth the humming bee,
And I, like them, would nectar sip,—
Then, prithee, come talk to me.

"Tell me, oh, tell me, lovely flowers,
Why do ye bloom so fair?"
"To lighten, my love, the dreary hours,
And sweeten the cup of care."
"But why do ye fade, oh, gentle flowers?"
"By cold winds cruelly slain,
That we may spring up in brighter hours,
And blossom and smile again.

"So thou, in thy youth, my little child,
Will spring up in golden bloom,
But soon will the storm or the tempest wild,
Smite thee down to the dreary tomb;
But thou shalt arise in beauty fair,—
To a happier clime make wing,
And blossom in heaven's eternal air,
Like flowers in a brighter spring!"

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Dividing the cake on twelfth-night.

Christmas.

CHRISTMAS is an interesting festival, held in commemoration of Christ's birth, which is supposed to have taken place on the 25th of December, the day on which Christmas is celebrated.

Those who belong to the Romish or English church, pay great attention to Christmas: on that day they hold religious meetings, and have their most interesting services. On the occasion, the churches are decorated with evergreens, and have a handsome appearance.

In this country the people, generally, do not pay great attention to Christmas; but in all European countries it is noticed by a variety of customs, some of which are pleasing and interesting. In England, though the Christmas customs have many of them ceased, there are others which are kept up and observed with much interest. It is there a time for making presents, particularly to friends, and it seldom happens that any boy or girl does not receive some gratifying mark of regard in this way.

Christmas is a time when hospitality and kind feelings are cherished and displayed. The rich then remember the poor, and there are few indeed, on that day, that have not the means of making a feast, though in many cases it may be a humble one.

Among the superstitious notions of the olden time, was this: they used to believe that St. Nicholas, familiarly called *Santaclaus*, used to come down chimney on Christmas eve, the night before Christmas, and put nuts, cakes, sugarplums, and pieces of money, into the stockings of such people as would hang them up for the purpose. Now it really did often happen, that when the stocking was hung up, in the morning it was found stuffed with such things as children take delight in! I have seen this actually done: and in New York, where Santaclaus is supposed to be at home, it is still practised. But the secret of the matter is this: the parents and friends, when children are snug in bed, and fast asleep, slip into the room, and fill their stockings with such things as

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please the young sleepers. In the morning, when they get up, they find their treasures, and give old Santaclaus all the credit of the pleasant trick.

There are other very agreeable customs connected with Christmas, but I suppose my readers know as much about them as I do. I will, however, say a few words about twelfth-day, which occurs on the twelfth day after Christmas; being the last of the Christmas holidays, it is kept up with great glee in England.

In certain parts of Devonshire, the farmer, attended by his workmen, with a large pitcher of cider, goes to the apple orchard on the eve of twelfth-day, and there, standing round one of the best bearing trees, they drink the following toast three times:—

"Here's to thee, old apple-tree,
Hence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow,
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full,
And my pockets full too! huzza!"

This done, they return to the house, the doors of which they are sure to find bolted by the women. Be the weather what it may, these are inexorable to all entreaties to open them, till some one has named what is on the spit—which is generally some nice little thing, difficult to be guessed. This is the reward of him who first names it. The doors are then thrown open, and the fortunate guesser receives the tit-bit. Some are so superstitious as to believe that if they neglect this custom, the trees will bear no apples the coming year.

Another custom among these people, is to go after supper into the orchard, with a milk-pan full of cider, which has roasted apples pressed into it. Out of this each person in the company takes an earthen cup full, and standing under each of the more fruitful apple-trees, he addresses it thus:—

"Health to thee, good apple-tree,
Well to bear pockets full, hats full,
Pecks full, bushel bags full,"—

and then, drinking up part of the contents, he throws the rest, with the fragments of the roasted apples, at the tree. At each cup the company set up a shout.

Parley pinned to the woman.

On twelfth-day, in London, from morning till night, every pastry-cook in the city is busy, dressing out his windows with cakes of every size and

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description. These are ornamented with figures of castles, kings, trees, churches, milk-maids, and a countless variety of figures of snow-white confectionary, painted with brilliant colors. At evening the windows are brilliantly illuminated with rows of lamps and wax candles inside; while the outside is crowded with admiring spectators. Among these, are numbers of boys, who take great delight in pinning people together by their coat-tails, and nailing them to the window frames. Sometimes eight or ten persons find themselves united together in this way; and such is the dexterity of the trick, that a piece of the garment is always sacrificed in the struggle for freedom.

Perhaps you have heard that old Peter Parley, when he was once in London, as he was gazing into a shop-window, seeing the twelfth-night cakes, got his coat-tail pinned to the gown of a woman, which made no small degree of fun.

Within doors there is also a frolic going on at this time. A large cake is cut up among a party of young people, who draw for the slices, and are chosen king and queen of the evening. They then draw for characters, thus making a great deal of sport.

Puzzles.

My first and last are man's beginning;
My ninth, 'leventh, twelfth, a school-boy's task;
My fifth, tenth, sixth, a welcome winning,
If maids consent when lovers ask.
My second, third and fourth, to do,
Is but the lot of human creatures;
Seven, eight, nine, ten—if books are true—
Bore once a goddess' form and features;
My first half—save a single letter—
Denotes a jolly, one-legged fellow;
My other half—perchance the better—
Doth mean a thing with covers yellow.

Such is my riddle—can you guess it?
If so, pray write us, and confess it.
And if you think you 'd like to try it,
Why, send a dollar—and you 'll buy it.

A FRIEND has sent us the following. Will any of our readers tell us the secret?

I am a name of 28 letters.
My 1st, 15th, 28th, 23d, 11th, 9th, and 5th, is a town in the East Indies.
My 3d, 2d, 6th, 25th, 13th, 26th, 9th, and 9th, is what some persons hate to see.
My 4th, 24th, and 13th is a vehicle much in use.
My 22d, 5th, and 7th, is a domestic animal.
My 14th, 17th, and 10th, is a kind of grain.
My 13th, 12th, 9th, and 11th, is a nickname.
My 16th, 18th, 8th, and 6th, is a great blessing.
My 19th, 21st, and 7th, is much to be pitied.
My 14th, 27th, 20th, and 2d, is a beautiful flower.
My 4th, 21st, 25th, 7th, 27th, and 6th, is a great article of commerce.

C. B. F.

Varieties.

ONCE on a time, a Dutchman and a Frenchman were travelling in Pennsylvania, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith's shop, and no one being in, they proceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rapped and called out, "Is de smitty wittin?" "Shtand pack," says Hans; "let me shpeak. Ish der plack-smit's shop in der house?"

WHY are lovers' sighs like long stockings? Because they are *heigh ho's*.

WHY is a child seated down to perform a long sum, like a thermometer at zero? Give it up?—Because it is down to cipher.

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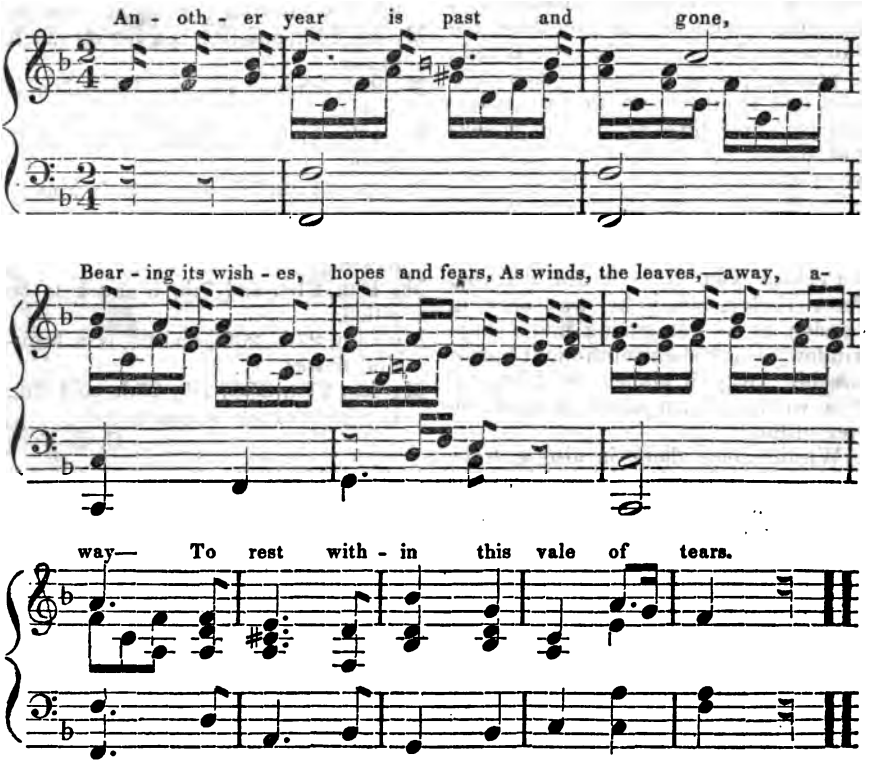
HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM;
THE LATTER BY GEO. J. WEBB.

An - oth - er year is past and gone,
Bear - ing its wish - es, hopes and fears, As winds, the leaves,—away, a-
way— To rest with - in this vale of tears.

Another year upon us breaks,
Bringing its budding cares and joys—
And, like a flowery lawn, invites
Us on to pluck its blooming toys.

Yet as the circling seasons pass,
Chasing each other in their flight—
Oh let us not forget that each
Doth on the heart its record write!

And let us all remember well,
That record we must bear above;
Oh may it in the judgment hour
Shine with the heavenly lines of love!

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME III.—No. 2.

Anecdote of a Traveller.

THE following amusing anecdote is told of Buckhardt, a famous traveller in Africa:—

Buckhardt sailed from England early in 1809, and arrived at Malta in safety. Here he equipped himself in the style of an Oriental, assuming the character of an Indian Mahommedan merchant, and sailed for Acre, whence he hoped to be able to reach Tripoli, in Syria, or Latakia. After being twice duped by the captains of the little trading vessels with whom he engaged a passage, by their telling him, when he was fairly embarked, that they were not going to the place which they had represented, he reached the coast of Syria, at Suedieh. Having bargained with the muleteers for the transport of himself and his baggage to Aleppo, he was beginning to load the mules, when he received a message from the aga, or Turkish governor of the place, requesting to see him. Our traveller found this dignitary smoking his pipe in a miserable room, and pulling off his slipper, he sat down before him. After having partaken of a cup of coffee, Buckhardt asked his highness what he wanted. The aga answered by making a sign with his thumb and fore-finger, like a person counting money; at the same time inquiring particularly what was

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contained in the chest of which our traveller's baggage was composed. Buckhardt, who had among them several packets for the British consul at Aleppo, told him that he did not know, but that he thought there was a sort of Frank or European drink (beer) and some eatables, which he had brought from Malta for the consul. Not to be thus eluded, the aga sent one of his people to examine the contents. The messenger tasted the beer and found it abominably bitter, and as a sample of the eatables, he carried a potato, which he took out of one of the barrels, to his master. The aga tasted the raw potato, and, instantly spitting it out again, exclaimed loudly against the Franks' stomach, which could bear such food. After this sample he did not care to investigate farther, and exacting a fine of ten piastres he allowed Buckhardt to proceed.

Dr. Cotton and the Sheep.

THERE is an anecdote told of Mr. Cotton, the old minister of Boylston, which may perhaps amuse some of our young readers. This gentleman's house stood upon an eminence, with a garden sloping down in front, filled with fruit-trees. At the foot of the garden was a fence, and, in a straight line with the fence, an old well-curb. Mr. Cotton kept a great number of sheep, as most of our farmers did in olden times; and one day these uneasy creatures took it into their heads to get a taste of their master's fruit. But the minister had another mind about the matter, and sallied out to give the marauders better instructions. The sheep were somewhat alarmed at being detected, and, according to their usual habit, all followed their leader to escape. The well-curb being the lowest part of the barrier which presented itself to the retreating general, over he leaped, and down he went to the very bottom of the well; and after him came several of his followers, till the well was in danger of being choked up with the silly sheep. There was but one way for the good pastor to save his flock; and, like a gallant chieftain, over the curb he also leaped, and boldly faced the flying insurgents, who were rushing on to destruction. We need not add that the *coup-de-main* was effectual, and that the remainder of the herd was in this manner preserved. As for the precipitated general and his comrades, they humbly lifted themselves upon their hind feet, and stretching their paws toward their master, bleated a faint petition for release. "Don't be in haste," quietly replied the good pastor; "wait patiently till I go to the house for a rope—then I will try to save you." He was as good as his word. Descending the well, he fastened the rope around their bodies, and drew them safely out; and I dare say the silly creatures did not soon forget the lesson they had learned at so fearful a risk.

The Robin.

A ROBIN came, in the severity of winter, to the window of an honest farmer, and appeared as though he wished to enter. Then the farmer opened the window and kindly took the confiding little animal into his dwelling. He picked up the crumbs that fell from the table. The children loved and valued the bird. But when spring again appeared and the trees were covered with leaves, the farmer opened his window, and the little stranger flew into a neighboring grove, and built his nest and sang his cheerful song.

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And behold, when winter returned, the robin came again to the dwelling of the farmer, and brought his mate with him. And the farmer, together with his children, rejoiced greatly, when they saw the two little animals, as they looked with their clear, small eyes, confidently round. And the children said, "The birds regard us as though they had something to say."

Then the father answered, "If they could speak they would say, Friendly confidence awakens confidence, and love produces reciprocal affection."

Echo: a Dialogue.

THE following dialogue between Echo and a glutton was written in 1609:—

Glut. Who curbs his appetite's a fool.

Echo. Ah, fool!

Glut. I do not like this abstinence.

Echo. Hence!

Glut. My joy's a feast, my wish is wine.

Echo. Swine!

Glut. Will it hurt me if I eat too much?

Echo. Much!

Glut. Thou mockest me, nymph, I'll not believe it.

Echo. Believe it!

Glut. Dost thou condemn, then, what I do?

Echo. I do.

Glut. Is it that which brings infirmities?

Echo. It is!

Glut. Then, sweetest temperance, I'll love thee!

Echo. I love thee!

Glut. If all be true which thou dost tell, to gluttony I bid farewell.

Echo. Farewell.

The Lion and the Ass.

AN ass was one day travelling with a lion, who wanted the assistance of his bray in frightening the animals he was hunting. The ass felt very proud of his company, and did not like to speak to his old acquaintances.

As they were travelling along in this manner, the ass met an old friend, of his own race, who very civilly bade him a good morning. The ass started back with a stare, and said, "really, you are very impudent—I don't know you!"

"Why not?" replied his friend: "because you are in company with a lion, are you any better than I am—anything more than an ass?"

Those narrow-minded people, who, in prosperity, forget the friends of their humbler days, are about as wise as the ass in the fable.

National Characteristics.

ENGLAND is said, by a French paper, to be a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, a universal country-house. France is a rich farm, tending to turn itself into a manufactory. Germany is an uncultivated field, because they are philosophers and not peasants who till it. Southern Italy is a villa in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial prairie. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenter's yards. Poland is a sandy heath. Russia is an ice-house. Switzerland is an *avalanche*. Greece is a field in a state of nature. Turkey is a field, fallow. India is a gold mine. Egypt is a workshop for apprentices. Africa is a furnace. Algiers is a nursery-ground. Asia is a grove. The Antilles are sugar-refineries. South America is a store. North America is a till, full. Spain is a till, empty.

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Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XVI.

We set out to return.—The woods.—A fierce animal.—A wild adventure.—Repose in the forest.

The horses and waggons with which we had travelled to Utica, belonging to Mr. Stebbins, he concluded to sell them, as he was offered a much greater price for them than he could have obtained at Salem. This arrangement left Mat Omsted and myself to find our way back on foot, for there were no stages, canal-boats, or rail-roads then.

I did not myself dislike the plan, for I was fond of a tramp, especially with so cheerful a companion as Matthew. It had an air of adventure, and so I set off for our return, with as buoyant a feeling as if I had been about to accomplish some great enterprise.

We had each provided ourselves with a bear-skin, which was rolled up and strapped upon the shoulder. Matthew had also obtained a tinder-box, with flint and steel; these precautions being necessary, as it was likely that we might occasionally be obliged to find our lodgings in the forest.

It was a bright morning in the latter part of November, when we departed, and the cheerfulness of the weather found its way to our bosoms. My friend, though not a talkative man, made an occasional sally of wit, and wore a smile upon his face. I was so light of heart as hardly to feel the ground upon which I trod. We marched rapidly on, and in a few hours were several miles from the town, and winding along the devious road that led through the tall forest.

Although the leaves were stripped from the trees, and the flowers were sleeping in their tombs—though the birds had fled, and their happy minstrelsy was heard no more, still there were signs of cheerfulness around us. The little woodpeckers were creeping up and down the hoary oaks, seeking for the worms that had taken winter quarters in the bark; the partridges were calling their mates by flapping their wings upon some rotten log, thus producing a sound like the roll of a distant drum; the black and gray squirrels, in vast numbers, were holding their revel upon the walnut and chestnut trees, occasionally chasing each other, like birds, among the branches. Small flocks of wild turkeys frequently crossed our path; and now and then a deer bounded before us, gazed backward for a moment, and then, with his tail and antlered head erect, plunged into the wood. We frequently saw racoons amidst the trees, moving about with a kind of gallop, or sitting upon their haunches like monkeys, and using their paws as if they were hands. Sometimes, as we approached them, they sprang up the trees, and having gained a secure elevation, would look down upon us,—their sharp black features assuming almost a smile of derision, and seeming to say, "If you want me, mister, come and get me!"

We marched on, amused by a multitude of little incidents, and as evening approached, had proceeded about five and twenty miles. It was our expectation to spend this night in the woods, and we were beginning to think of seeking a place for repose, when we heard a cry in the distance, like that of a child in distress. We listened for a moment, and then both of us plunged into the forest to seek the cause of this lamentation, and offer relief, if it should be needed. It grew more and more distinct as we proceeded, until at last, when we had reached the spot, beneath a lofty hemlock, whence the sounds seem-

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ed to issue, it suddenly ceased. We looked around in every direction, and were not a little astonished that no human being was there. The space beneath the tree was open; not a bush or shrub was near to obstruct our sight, or afford concealment to any object that might have been the occasion of the thrilling cries we had heard.

While Matthew and myself stood looking at each other in amazement, I heard a slight rustling in the boughs of the hemlock, over our heads. I turned my eyes instantly in that direction, and met the gaze of the fiercest looking animal I had ever beheld. It was of the size of a large dog, with the figure of a cat, and was crouching as if to spring upon its prey. I had not time for reflection, for it leaped like an arrow from the bow, making me the object of its aim. Down came the formidable beast, its jaws expanded, its legs stretched out, and its claws displayed, ready to grapple me as it fell.

By instinct, rather than reason, I bent forward, and the creature passed over my head, striking directly against the foot of a sapling that stood in the way. My friend had seen the whole manœuvre, and was ready, with his uplifted cane, to give him battle. Though stunned, the creature turned upon me, but he received from Matthew a rap over the skull that made him reel. At the same time my friend caught hold of his long tail, and drew him back, for he was at the instant about to fix his fangs upon me. Thus insulted, the enraged brute turned upon his enemy behind; but Mat held on to the tail with one hand, and pummelled him with the other. At the same time, in order to secure his advantage and keep off the teeth and claws of the monster, he gave him a whirling motion. So, round and round they went, the cudgel flying like a flail, and the beast leaping, scratching, and howling, till the woods echoed with the sound. There was an odd mixture of sublimity and fun in the affair, that even then, in the moment of peril, I could not fail to feel. Mat's hat had flown off, his hair streamed in the wind, and his glaring eyeballs watching every twist and turn of his enemy; his cane went rapidly up and down; and all the while he was twitched and jerked about in a circle, by the struggles of the beast.

This passed in the space of a few seconds, and I had hardly time to recover my self-possession, before Matthew and the monster were both getting out of breath. I thought it was now time for me to join in the fight, and, approaching the beast, I laid my cane, with the full weight of both hands, over his head. It was a lucky blow, for he instantly staggered and fell upon the ground. Matthew let go his hold, and there lay the beast prostrate before us!

"Better late than never!" said Matthew, puffing like a porpoise. "Better late than never. Whew! I'm as hot as a flap-jack on a griddle,—whew! The unmannerly beast!—whew! So! this is the way of the woods, is it?—whew! You pretend to be a child in distress—whew! and then you expect to make a supper of us!—whew! The infarnal hyppecrite!—whew!"

"Well, what sort of a beast do you call it?" said I.

"Why," said my friend, "it's a catamount, or a wild-cat, or a panther—the varmint! It's just like all other scamps; it's got a long parcel of names; in one place it goes by one name, and in another place it goes by another. But it's the most rebellious critter that ever I met with! He came plaguy nigh givin' your hair a combing."

"That he did," said I; "and if you hadn't been here to comb his, I should have had a hard time of it."

"Like as not—like as not," was the

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reply. "But, arter all," said Matthew, looking at the panther, now lying outstretched upon the ground, and bearing all the marks of great agility and power, "arter all, it's a pity that such a fine fellow hadn't better manners. It's one of God's critters, and I expect that he loved life as well as his betters. He's a noble brute—though I can't commend his tricks upon travellers. Poor beast! I'm sorry for you; howsomdever, accidents will happen: it's all luck and chance; it might have been Bob, or it might have been me. Well, it can't be helped—what's done is done."

Matthew having settled the matter in this speech, we left the place, and at a little distance, beneath the partial shelter of a rock, we struck up a fire and made preparations for our repose, for it was already night.

PETER PARLEY'S NEW STORIES.

No. 1.

The Two Seekers.

I PROMISED, in my last number, to give my readers some of the genuine stories found among old Parley's papers. Here is one of them, and I shall follow it with others.

R. MERRY.

THERE were once two boys, Philip and Frederick, who were brothers. Philip was a cheerful, pleasant, good-natured fellow; he had always a bright smile on his face, and it made everybody feel an emotion of happiness

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just to look at him. It was like a strip of sunshine, peeping into a dark room—it made all light and pleasant around.

Beside this, Philip had a kind heart; indeed, his face was but a sort of picture of his bosom. But the quality for which he was remarkable, was a disposition to see good things, only, in his friends and companions. He appeared to have no eye for bad qualities. If he noticed the faults, errors, or vices of others, he seldom spoke of them. He never came to his parents and teachers, exaggerating the naughty things that his playmates had done. On the contrary, when he spoke of his friends, it was generally to tell some pleasant thing they had said or done. Even when he felt bound to notice another's fault, he did it only from a sense of duty, and always with reluctance, and in mild and palliating terms.

Now Frederick was quite the reverse of all this. He loved dearly to tell tales. Every day he came home from school, giving an account of something wrong that had been done by his playmates, or brothers and sisters. He never told any good of them, but took delight only in displaying their faults. He did not tell his parents or teacher these things from a sense of duty, but from love of scandal—from a love of telling unpleasant tales. And, what was the worst part of it all, was this: Frederick's love of talebearing grew upon him, by indulgence, till he would stretch the truth, and make that which was innocent in one of his little friends, appear to be wicked. He seemed to have no eye for pleasant and good things—he only noticed bad ones: nay, more, he fancied that he saw wickedness, when nothing of the kind existed. This evil propensity grew upon him by degrees; for you know that if one gets into a bad practice, and keeps on in it, it becomes at last a habit which we cannot easily resist. A bad habit is like an unbroke horse, which will not mind the bit or bridle, and so is very apt to run away with his rider.

It was just so with Frederick: he had got into the habit of looking out for faults, and telling of faults, and now he could see nothing else, and talk of nothing else.

Now the mother of these two boys was a good and wise woman. She noticed the traits of character we have described, in her sons, and while she was pleased with one, she was pained and offended on account of the other. She often talked with Frederick, told him of his fault, and besought him to imitate his amiable brother: but as I have said, Frederick had indulged his love of telling tales, till it had become a habit, and this habit every day ran away with him. At last the mother hit upon a thing that cured Frederick of his vice—and what do you think it was?

I will tell you, if you will just keep out of the way of my great toe. I have got a touch of the gout, boys, and you must be careful. Tom, Jerry, Peter!—don't be so careless! Keep clear of my great toe, I beg of you!

Now I do not believe that any of you can guess what it was that cured master Frederick. It was not a pill, or a poultice; no, it was a story—and as I think it a good one, I will tell it to you.

"There were once two boys," said the mother, "who went forth into the fields. One was named Horace, and the other was named Clarence. The former was fond of anything that was beautiful—of flowers, of sweet odors, of pleasant landscapes. The other loved things that were hideous or hateful—as serpents, and lizards—and his favorite haunts were slimy swamps and dingy thickets.

"One day the two boys returned from their rambles; Horace bringing a beautiful and fragrant blossom in his hand,

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and Clarence bringing a serpent. They rushed up to their mother, each anxious to show the prize he had won. Clarence was so forward, that he placed the serpent near his mother's hand; whereupon the reptile put forth his forked tongue, and then he fixed his fangs in her flesh.

"In a moment a pain darted through the mother's frame, and her arm began to swell up. She was in great distress, and sent for the physician. When he came, he manifested great alarm, for he said the serpent was an adder, and its bite was fatal, unless he could find a rare flower, for this alone could heal the wound. While he said this, he noticed the blossom which Horace held in his hand. He seized upon it with joy, saying—'This, this is the very plant I desired!' He applied it to the wound, and it was healed in an instant.

"But this was not the whole of the story. While these things were taking place, the adder turned upon the hand of Clarence, and inflicted a wound upon it. He screamed aloud, for the pain was very acute. The physician instantly saw what had happened, and applying the healing flower to the poor boy's wound, the pain ceased, as if by enchantment, and he, too, was instantly healed."

Such was the story which the mother told to her two sons. She then asked Frederick if he understood the meaning of the tale. The boy hung his head, and made no answer. The mother then went on as follows:—

"My dear Frederick—the story means that he who goes forth with a love of the beautiful, the pleasant, the agreeable, is sure to find it: and that he who goes forth to find that which is evil, is also sure to find what he seeks. It means that the former will bring peace and happiness to his mother, his home, his friends; and that the latter will bring home evil—evil to sting his mother, and evil that will turn and sting himself. The story means that we can find good, if we seek it, in our friends, and that this good is like a sweet flower, a healing plant, imparting peace and happiness to all around. The story means that we can find or fancy evil, if we seek for it, in our friends; but that, like an adder, this only wounds others, and poisons those who love to seize upon it."

Now this was the way the mother cured her son. Frederick took the story to heart; he laid it up in his memory. When he was tempted to look out for the faults of his companions, and to carry them home, he thought of the adder, and turning away from evil, he looked out for good; and it was not long before he was as successful in finding it as his brother Philip.

Resistance to Pain.

On one occasion, while some missionaries at South Africa were at dinner in their tent, some of the native chiefs and their wives being present, one of them seeing Mr. Read, a missionary, help himself to cayenne pepper, its red color attracted his attention, and he asked for some of it. On getting the cayenne, he instantly threw a quantity of it upon his tongue, but on feeling its pungency, he shut his eyes, clapped his hand upon his mouth, and holding down his head, endeavored manfully to conceal the pain. When he was able to look up, he slyly touched Mr. Read with his foot to intimate that he should say nothing, but give the same dose to the others present. Another chief next got some, who also instantly felt its powers; but, understanding the joke, as soon as he was able to speak, he asked for some for his wife; and thus it went round, to the great diversion of all present.

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Indian children singing.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XIII.

South America continued.—Discovery of Brazil.—Character of its inhabitants.—Their treachery and cannibalism.—Notice of the first emigrants.—Missionaries.—Teaching the children to sing.—Effect of music on the natives.—Present state of the country.—Personal appearance of the Indians.—Manner of living.—Botucudoes.—Description of this tribe.—General description.—Horses, weapons, ornaments.—Religion.—Remarks.

Brazil was discovered in 1500. The first Spaniard who ventured to cross the equinoctial was Vincent Pinzon. He landed at a point on the coast of Brazil, about twenty miles south of Pernambuco. A fleet was soon after sent out from Portugal, in which sailed that fortunate adventurer, Americus Vespucius, who has given his name to the New World.

The Indians of Brazil were real savages, perfidious, cruel, and cannibals, who scarcely appear to have had a noble or generous trait in their characters. The dreadful depravity of these tribes seems to have infused the spirit of the furies into the female heart; and when the women of a nation are rendered ferocious, there is little if any chance that the nation will ever, by their own efforts, become civilized. The following account of the first interview between the Portuguese and the Brazilian Indians is sufficient to show the spirit of the latter.

When the ships arrived on the coast, in latitude 5 deg. S., there was a party of natives discovered on a hill near the shore. Two sailors volunteered to go ashore, and several days passed without their return. At length the Portuguese landed, sent a young man to meet the savages, and returned to their boats. The *women* came forward to meet him, apparently as negociators. They surrounded him and seemed examining him with curiosity and wonder. Presently there came down another woman from the hill, having a stake in her hand, with which she got behind him, and dealt him a blow that brought him to the ground. Immediately the others seized him by the feet, and dragged him

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away, and then the Indian men, rushing to the shore, discharged their arrows at the boats.

The boats finally escaped, but the men had to witness the horrid sight of their poor comrade destroyed by the ruthless savages. The women cut the body in pieces, and held up the mutilated limbs in mockery; then, broiling them over a huge fire, which had been prepared, as it seemed, for that purpose, with loud rejoicings, they devoured them in presence of the Portuguese. The Indians also made signs that they had eaten the two sailors!*

It will not be pleasant or useful to give any more minute accounts of the practice of cannibalism. Suffice it to say, that the tribes inhabiting the southern part of South America, appear to have been in the grossest ignorance and most deplorable state of vice and misery to which human beings can be reduced. They were more like tigers and serpents than men; for they used poisoned arrows, deadly as the "serpent's tooth," in battle; and they tore and devoured their enemies with the voracity of beasts of prey.

The Europeans who first settled in Brazil, had to gain all their possessions by the sword; and few would go voluntarily to such a place; the Portuguese settlers were mostly convicts, banished for their crimes. As might be expected, this class of men, rendered desperate by their situation, and often hardened in crime, were not very merciful to the natives, who showed them no mercy. The bloody conflicts and atrocities on both sides were awful; yet we cannot feel the same sympathy for the cannibal Indian as for the gentle Peruvian, when his country is laid waste by the invader.

It was about fifty years from the time of the first landing of the Portuguese, before a regular government was established, and a governor appointed by the king of Portugal. Then the Jesuits established themselves in Brazil, and began their labor of Christianizing the savages. Several tribes had entered into alliance with the colonists, and these Indians were, by the governor, forbidden to eat human flesh. To conquer this propensity, was the great aim of the Jesuits; but finding they could not reclaim the old ones, they set themselves to instructing the children.

One gentle propensity these Brazilian savages showed, which seems hardly compatible with their cruel and vindictive characters—they were passionately fond of music—so fond, that one Jesuit thought he could succeed in Christianizing them by means of songs.

He taught the children to sing; and when he went on his preaching expeditions, he usually took a number of these little choristers, and when they drew near an inhabited place, one child carried the crucifix before them, and the others followed, singing the litany. The savages, like snakes, were won by the voice of the charmer, and received the Jesuit joyfully.

He set the catechism, creed and ordinary prayers to *sol fa*; and the pleasure of learning to sing was such a temptation, that the little savages frequently ran away from their parents to put themselves under the care of the Jesuits.

The Jesuits labored with the most devoted zeal to convert the natives. Their labors were of great effect; and gradually a change has been wrought, and the cannibal propensities, among those tribes that still remain independent, are no longer indulged.

Many missions, as they are called, that is, villages, where a priest resides, and instructs the Indians in agriculture

* See Southey's History of Brazil.

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and the most essential arts of civilized life, as well as in their catholic duties, were established by the Jesuits, and are still continued. One very unfortunate circumstance has done much to alienate the independent tribes from their white neighbors. It was thought best to make slaves of the savages, in order to civilize them. Walsh thus describes the decree and its effect:—

"The Indians were, as late as 1798, the occupants of the woods, and were generally found resident on the banks of the rivers and streams, which intersected the country. An elderly gentleman, who was secretary to the undertaking, informed me that it was necessary for the commissioners and workmen to go constantly armed, to be protected against their hostility. The Puvis lay on the river Parahiba, and others on the streams which fall into it.

"By a mistaken humanity, however, permission was afterwards given to the Brazilians, to convert their neighbors to Christianity; and for this laudable object, they were allowed to retain them in a state of bondage for ten years, and then dismiss them free, when instructed in the arts of civilized life, and the more important knowledge of Christianity. This permission, as was to be expected, produced the very opposite effects.

"A decree for the purpose was issued so late as the year 1808, by Don John, and it was one of the measures which he thought best to reclaim the aborigines, who had just before committed some ravages. He directed that the Indians who were conquered, should be distributed among the agriculturalists, who should support, clothe, civilize, and instruct them in the principles of our holy religion, but should be allowed to use the services of the same Indians for a certain number of years, in compensation for the expense of their instruction and management.

"This unfortunate permission at once destroyed all intercourse between the natives and the Brazilians. The Indians were everywhere hunted down for the sake of their salvation; wars were excited among the tribes, for the laudable purpose of bringing in each other captives, to be converted to Christianity; and the most sacred objects were prostituted to the base cupidity of man, by even this humane and limited permission of reducing his fellow-creatures to slavery.

"In the distant provinces, particularly on the banks of the Maranhão, it is still practised, and white men set out for the woods, to seek their fortunes; that is, to hunt Indians and return with slaves. The consequence was, that all who could escape, retired to the remotest forests; and there is not one to be now found in a state of nature, in all the wooded region.

"It frequently happened, as we passed along, that dark wreaths of what appeared like smoke, arose from among distant trees on the sides of the mountains, and they seemed to us to be decisive marks of Indian wigwams; but we found them to be nothing more than misty exhalations, which shot up in thin, circumscribed columns, exactly resembling smoke issuing from the aperture of a chimney.

"We met, however, one in the woods with a copper-colored face, high cheek-bones, small dark eyes approaching each other, a vacant, stupid cast of countenance, and long, lank, black hair, hanging on his shoulders. He had on him some approximation to a Portuguese dress, and belonged to one of the aldêas formed in this region; but he had probably once wandered about these woods in a state of nature, where he was now

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going peaceably along on an European road.

"We had passed along through Valença, one of these aldêas of the Indians of the valley of Parahiba, Christianized and taught the arts of civilized life. Another, called the Aldêa da Pedra, is situated on the river, nearer to its mouth, where the people still retain their erratic habits, though apparently conforming to our usages.

"They live in huts, thatched with palm leaves; and when not engaged in hunting and fishing, which is their chief and favorite employment, they gather ipecacuanha, and fell timber. They are docile and pacific, having no cruel propensities, but are disposed to be hospitable to strangers. Their family attachments are not very strong, either for their wives or children, as they readily dispose of both to a traveller for a small compensation."*

One of the most ferocious tribes of Brazil was the Botucudoes,† thought to be the remains of a powerful and most cruel tribe, which the early settlers called Aymores. This tribe disfigured themselves by making a large hole in the under lip, and wearing therein a piece of white wood or some ornament. They also cut large holes in their ears, and stick feathers in the aperture for ornaments. They used to go entirely naked, and, brown as the beasts of the forest, were frightful objects to behold.

"The Brazilian government deserves credit for the manner in which it has managed these Indians. They lived on the Rio Doce, and laid waste every settlement attempted in that beautiful and fertile region. In 1809, a party of Europeans were sent up the river, and they found one hundred and fifty farms in ruins, whose proprietors had either perished or fled. Detachments were accordingly ordered in all directions, to restrain their inroads and to punish their aggressions, and every encouragement was held out, to establish new settlements and civilize them.

"Every village consisting of twelve huts of Indians and ten of Whites, was to be considered a villa, with all its benefits and privileges, and sesmarios or grants of land were made to such as would become cultivators, giving all the privileges and advantages of original donotorios. New roads were then opened to form more easy communication, and considerable effect was produced on these intractable natives. The Puvis, a neighboring tribe, to the number of one thousand, were located in villages, called aldêas; and the arts and industry of civilized life made more progress among them in a few years from this period, than they had before done in so many centuries."*

In personal appearance, the Brazilian Indians were stout and well made; but the tribes differed considerably in height; some races being shorter than the average measure of the red men, or not more than five feet five inches; and other tribes, particularly the Botucudoes, were uncommonly tall. They all went naked, or nearly so, and were excessively filthy, so that their skins were a deeper shade of brown than the Indians of Mexico and Peru; and, compared with the clean and becomingly clothed Araucanian, these Brazilians seemed indeed savages.

Their huts—houses they could scarcely be called—were of the rudest kind. The stems of young trees and poles stuck in the ground, are bent at the top and tied together, and then a covering of cocoa or patioba leaves was laid on. These huts were very flat and low. Near

* See Walsh's Notices of Brazil.

† See Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Voyage to Brazil

* See Walsh's Notices of Brazil.

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each of them was a sort of grate, consisting of four prongs stuck in the ground, on which were laid four sticks, and these were crossed by others laid pretty close, for the purpose of roasting or broiling their game.

Their weapons were bows and arrows, and many of the tribes had the art of poisoning their arrows. This appeared to be almost the only art they had discovered. Nor had they any manufactures; for their uncouth ornaments evinced so little design or industry in their formation, that they are hardly worth naming. The women wore beads made of hard berries, or the teeth of animals, and sometimes bunches of feathers in their ears.

Both sexes occasionally painted their bodies black and their faces red. The men wore round their neck, attached to a strong cord, their most precious jewel, a knife. Before the settlement of Europeans this was made of bone, or stone. They had no canoes nor any notion of navigation; and some historians assert that they could not swim.

Their religious ideas were of the grossest kind. They believed in malignant demons, great and small, and were afraid to pass the night in the forest alone. They held the moon in high veneration, and thought her influence caused the thunder and lightning. They had a tradition of a general deluge; but they had no distinct idea or hope of a future state.

From this dreadful ignorance and degradation, many of the tribes, or the remnants of them rather, are now in some measure redeemed. The labors of missionaries, and the exertions of the government, are still directed to the improvement of the Indian subjects of the emperor of Brazil; and though they are still very ignorant and very indolent, it is greatly to the praise of the Portuguese inhabitants of South America, that they have not made the natives of the country they have conquered, worse than they found them.

The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XV.

Detention at Lipari.—Passage to Naples in a felucca.—Prospect of the Bay of Naples.—Novel sensations on landing in the city.—Strange appearances in the streets.—View of the city from the hill of St. Elmo.—Lively manners of the Neapolitans.

My readers left me at the island of Lipari, to which place I had been driven by a storm, while voyaging from Messina toward Naples. Our vessel was too much shattered by the gale to put to sea again, and I had the prospect of a long stay at this island, which was little agreeable to me. There was not much on the island that excited my curiosity; besides, I was in a hurry to get to Naples, where a thousand interesting and wonderful objects lay open to my observation. Very luckily for me, on the fourth day of my stay at the island, a felucca from Palermo touched there, and I was gratified by the information that she was bound from thence directly to Naples. I immediately struck a bargain for a passage in her.

The felucca was a vessel of about sixty tons, with two masts and lateen sails. We had a good wind, and on the morning of the second day, as I went on deck, I found we were close to the Italian shore, near the Bay of Naples. We steered between the island of Capri and the main land. Capri is a mountainous island, with steep, rocky shores, worn into arches and caverns by the surf. Little villages and country houses spot-

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ted the surface of it in different parts: and a lofty castle frowned over our heads as we sailed under the steep cliff that looks toward the continent. As we proceeded further, the wide bay of Naples opened in all its magnificent beauty upon us, and as we rounded the rocky promontory of Sorrento, Mount Vesuvius burst upon the view, sending forth a column of white smoke from its lofty summit, and lording it over the whole scene.

Hardly anything can surpass the beauty of this celebrated bay. We have no scenery in America of a class to compare with it. The novelty of the objects strikes the beholder no less than their beauty and grandeur. The great volcano rises proudly in a black-looking mass from the inner shore of the bay. The dark and rocky coast on one hand is dotted with white houses all along the water's edge. On the opposite side, the great city of Naples rises in a pile of white walls from the water, with her castles, domes, and turrets. Three or four islands, of the most beautiful forms imaginable, lie about the mouth of the bay, and diversify the prospect in that quarter. Castles and palaces stud the water's edge in every quarter, for here is no tide which leaves the strand bare, and the sea beats only in a gentle surf, which gives additional beauty to the scene along the shore. So enchanting is the whole prospect that it has given rise to a proverbial saying among the Italians, "*See Naples, and then die.*"

There were no large vessels under sail in the bay. A few fishing boats were plying their occupation near the shore, and some small craft were stretching across from Sorrento to the city. All the large shipping lay in the upper part of the bay, behind the mole. Here I found an immense collection of vessels, lying closely in rows, five or six deep, along the shore. There are no wharves. The shore is so bold that vessels may lie close to the land. I was surprised to find this enormous fleet all lying idle. They were stripped of their sails, and mostly bedecked with barnacles and sea-weed, as if they had long been out of occupation. In fact, there is very little commerce carried on by the Neapolitans. Their own ships lie rotting in the bay, while most of their maritime trade is carried on by French and English merchantmen. American vessels hardly ever touch at Naples, on account of the high port-charges.

When I got on shore it seemed to me that I was transported into the midst of Babel. Such a crowd of people, such noise, confusion, bawling, chattering, vociferating, and hurly-burly I never before witnessed in my life. I believe the world does not afford another such a scene as the streets of Naples. Everybody seems to be out of doors, and in constant talk, bustle, hurry and agitation. The streets are crowded with passengers; and the *Toledo*, which is the main street of the city, has all day long a crowd in it as dense, lively, and tumultuous as that of Boston mall on election day. It seemed almost to me that I had never been alive before, such exhilaration and excitement were produced by the novelty of the scene. People do not confine themselves to the side-walks, for there are none in the city; but crowd the whole breadth of the street: and all descriptions and classes of people mix up together, without any regard to the distinction of dress, gentility, or rank. Gentlemen, ladies, beggars, hawkers, pedlers, children, carriages, horsemen, donkeys, and herds of goats, are all jumbled up together in an ever-shifting confusion. It is more picturesque than any scene that was ever exhibited at a theatre. As often as a chaise or carriage comes along, the cry of "*gard! gard!*" causes the throng to open and

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let the vehicle pass. It was the greatest astonishment to me that a hundred people were not run over and killed, the first day that I took my walk through the streets; yet no fatal accident occurred within my observation.

Nothing makes a stronger contrast with our manners than the propensity of these people to keep out of doors. They seem to have no privacy, but do almost everything, in the way of business or amusement, in the streets.

The shopkeeper carries his goods into the street, and spreads them over the ground. The cobbler takes his seat outside the door, thumps his lapstone, and pulls away at his waxed-end, lifting his head at the passer-by, and inquiring, "any shoes to mend?" The confectioner and the baker have their little portable ovens in the street, and offer cakes and comfits piping hot. Cookery of all sorts is going on in the open air, and at every step you may smell the savory steam of the frying-pans, stew-pans, and griddles. The brokers and money-changers sit at their tables, tossing over heaps of silver coin. Old women squat down in the street to darn stockings and patch their gowns: others toddle about with a spindle and distaff, spinning flax. Countrymen, driving their donkeys, loaded with fruit and vegetables, cry their articles for sale: everybody has something to say, and the jargon, clatter and tumult can never be adequately conceived except by an actual witness.

The Toledo is about as wide as Washington street, in Boston; but most of the others are very narrow. The houses are seven, eight, and nine stories high. Generally every story is occupied by a separate family. Those who live in the upper stories do not take the trouble to go down if they wish to buy anything that is passing in the street, but lower a basket from the window. In looking through a street, you may see, in the forenoon, sometimes, fifty or a hundred of these baskets at a time, dangling in the air. The houses are built of a coarse, soft stone, and covered with a white plastering. Many of them are painted to resemble brick, which is a more costly and durable material here than the common building stone.

A steep and lofty hill rises immediately back of the city, on the top of which stands an old castle. I climbed to the top of the hill by a zig-zag road furnished with stone steps. From this spot I had a most enchanting view of the city and bay. Innumerable domes, covered with glazed tiles of variegated color, sparkled in the bright sun; and the blue waters of the bay spread beautifully out beyond, bounded by the majestic pile of Vesuvius, and the romantic shores of Sorrento. But what struck me as the most novel, was the remarkable hum of the city. It was not the ordinary clatter and roar of carriage wheels, but the audible murmur of three hundred thousand human voices, which broke on my ear in a continuous roll, like the moan of the distant ocean. The city is like a great bee-hive where the inhabitants keep up a constant hum.

To describe the amusements, the lively and comical manners of the Neapolitans, which render the streets of the city a perpetual fair and spectacle, night and day, would require a volume. The ordinary manners of the people, when engaged in the common transactions of life, are full of action, grimace, and theatrical flourish. Two fellows, making a bargain, will chatter, bawl, exclaim, sputter, roll up their eyes, shrug their shoulders, flourish their arms, stamp their feet, cut capers, and practise the most extravagant grimaces; you would think they were going to claw each other's eyes out; yet they are only higgling about the value of a sixpence. If

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you ask the price of an article, in the street, you will be told that it is five dollars; but there will be no difficulty in beating it down to half a dollar. They think it not at all disreputable to impose on a stranger, and make him pay ten times the value of a thing. When they are reproached with these transactions, they smile in your face, and ask you how you can expect a poor man to be honest!

The following story is extracted from a little book entitled "Moral Tales, by Robert Merry," and published by John S. Taylor & Co., New York.

Cheerful Cherry;

OR, MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

"Oh dear me," said Frederic; "how the wind does blow! It will take my hat off and throw it into the pond! I wish it wouldn't blow so!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said little Philip, set agoing by the cries and complaints of his elder brother; "Oh dear, naughty wind, blow Philip away!"

"How it does rain!" said Frederic.

"Oh how it rain!" said Philip.

"Oh dear, I'm so wet!" said Frederic.

"Oh! Philip all wet!" said the little boy.

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Geraldine; "don't mind the wind and the rain. Why, Freddy, you should be more of a man. Philip, my dear, it won't hurt you to get a little wet. You are not made of sugar, child! We'll run home as fast as we can, and if you get wet I'll put you on a nice dry apron, and a dry gown, and you will be all right again. Come along! Don't mind the storm, Freddy. Always make the best of it. We'll soon get home!"

Thus cheered by their sister, who was considerably older than themselves, the children scampered towards the house as fast as their little feet could carry them. On the way, Freddy's hat was taken off by the wind, and away it went, hop, skip, jump, across the field. Geraldine, or Cherry, as she was familiarly called by the family, left Philip, and gave chase to the runaway hat. It was a funny race, for the hat really seemed as if it was alive, and having gained its freedom, was determined to take final leave of its proprietor. At one time it rolled along edgewise, like a hoop, and then it leaped from a little eminence, and skimmed away on the wind, like a hawk with expanded wings. At last, it seemed to pause for a moment, and Cherry, who was close upon it, reached out her hand to take it. But just then a puff of wind lifted it high in the air, whirled it round and round, and with a determined sweep, cast it into the edge of the pond.

Cherry still pursued, and nothing daunted by the water, in she went, and seizing the truant hat brought it safely to land. It was dripping with water when she gave it to Frederic, who, greatly distressed at the unaccountable behavior of his hat, stood crying where Cherry had left him. Philip was at his side, and encouraged by the example of his brother was crying at the top of his little lungs.

"Don't cry, Freddy! don't cry, Philip!" said Cherry; "there's no harm done!"

"I say there is," said Frederic; "it's all wet!"

"Oh dear, it's all wet, it's all wet!" said Philip.

"Oh poh!" said Cherry; "that's nothing; *always make the best of it*, Frederic! We'll soon be home now: don't stop to cry about it — come! come! We'll be all safe in a few minutes, and

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then what a laugh we 'll have! We 'll tell mother all about it—how the rain and the wind came, and how Fred's hat ran away, and jumped into the pond, and how I dove in to get it! Come on! come on!"

Thus cheered and encouraged, the children hurried forward, and were shortly safe at home. By the time they arrived there they had been put in good spirits by Cherry, and instead of weeping and wailing about their adventures and mishaps, they laughed about them very heartily, and told the story to their mother with the greatest glee.

"Oh mother," said Frederic; "we have had such a funny time!"

"Oh! mamma, funny time!" said little Philip, determined to have his share in the glory.

"Oh yes," said Frederic; "it rained big drops, and it blew a hurricane."

"Yes," said Philip, impatient to speak; "a hallycane, a great big hallycane, as big as a barn!"

"Yes, mother," continued Frederic; 'and the hurrycane took my hat, and it went whirling along just like a hoop, and then it went a great way up into the air, and then it went right down into the pond, and 't would have drownded if Cherry had not gone into the pond, and got it out."

"Yes, so 't was," said Philip; "Freddy's hat went right into the pond, and was all drownded, and Cherry was all drownded, and the hallycane was all drownded, and the pond was all drownded, and everything was all drownded, and it was all so funny!"

This eloquent speech of little Philip's caused a merry laugh in the party—the mother and Cherry and Frederic all joining in it—and Philip was so cheered by the applause, that, like an orator of the stump, he went on in the same strain, raising his voice, and throwing up his hands, until he was quite out of breath.

Thus the disagreeable adventure of the morning, instead of being a source of sorrow and vexation, was turned into a pleasant channel, and it was a long time remembered as the occasion of agreeable recollections.

Now it will be seen by the reader, that Cherry, through her cheerfulness, by *making the best of it*, drew pleasure and mirth out of circumstances, which, in most cases, would have been sources of trouble and sorrow. Nor was this all: for she taught her little brothers that even misfortunes, met by gaiety of heart and cheerfulness of mind, cease to be misfortunes, and are turned into blessings. And Cherry's example may teach us all that cheerfulness has a power that can transform many of the evils, accidents, and adversities of life into sources of positive pleasure.

If this virtue of cheerfulness, then, have such a wonderful power, why should we not all cultivate it? It is certainly worth more than silver and gold, for these cannot insure happiness: we may still, though we possess riches, be ill-tempered, discontented, malicious, envious, and consequently miserable. But cheerfulness chases out these bad passions from the heart, and leaves it peaceful and happy. Cheerfulness is like sunshine: it clears away clouds and storms and tempests, and brings fair weather over the soul.

This subject is so important, that I propose to tell my young reader something more about Cheerful Cherry; thus hoping to impress her example on the mind, and render the lesson I would teach enduring and effectual.

Cherry's father, whose name was Larkin, removed from his home in the country, and lived in Boston, where he pursued the business of a merchant. Now, when spring comes, we all know that it is a delightful thing for city people to get out into the country, where

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they can see the green fields, gather wild flowers, and hear the birds sing.

Well, two or three years after the storm I have described, once when spring had come, Mr Larkin told his children, on a Friday evening, that it was his intention to take the whole family in a carryall, the next day, to Chelsea Beach, about five miles from Boston. This promise delighted the children very much, for they wanted to go into the country, and above all they wished to go to Chelsea Beach. Frederic was in ecstasies, and Philip, as usual, echoed his older brother's thoughts, words and feelings.

When it came time to retire to bed, the two boys could not go to sleep for a long time, so excited were they by their hopes and wishes and expectations for the morrow. At last they sunk to repose, but they woke as early as the lark, and talked of their enterprise till the time came to be dressed, and go down to breakfast.

What was the disappointment of the family, and especially of Frederic and Philip, to find that the weather was chill, cloudy and rainy, so as entirely to forbid the idea of taking the proposed excursion! Frederic pouted, and Philip cried.

"Oh dear, dear, dear!" said Frederic; "I wish this ugly rain would stop!"

"Oh dear," said Philip; "wish ugly rain go away!"

"Father," said Frederic; "why can't we go to Chelsea Beach?"

"Why, it rains very fast! my son," was the reply.

"Well, I don't mind that! we can go as it is."

"Certainly you wouldn't go in such a storm?"

"Yes I would: I don't care for the storm!"

Such was the reply of Frederic, and nothing could be said by his father or mother, to pacify him or little Philip. They both became sulky, and were sent out of the room. Cherry now came to them, and began to talk in her cheerful way with them.

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"We want to go to Chelsea Beach; father promised to take us there," said Frederic.

"Yes," said Cherry; "he promised to take us, but it was under the idea that it would be pleasant weather. I am as sorry as you are not to go. I wished very much to pick up some shells along the beach; and to see the blue ocean; and to observe the white gulls, skimming and screaming over the water; and to watch the vessels, with white sails, gliding by in the distance. I love the ocean, and every time I see it, it makes my heart beat, as if I had met some dear friend, whom I had not seen for a long time."

"And so do I love the ocean, and wish this dirty rain had kept away," said Frederic, with a very sour face.

"And so do I love the ocean, and the rain is very naughty!" said Philip, in the same temper as his brother; for it is to be observed that one child is very apt to reflect the feelings of another.

"Well, well!" said Cherry; "you may call the rain all the hard names you please: you cannot mend the matter. The rain does not come or go at your bidding. Do you know who makes the rain, Frederic?"

"Yes, God makes it," was the answer.

"Yes, my dear brother," said Cherry; "God makes it rain, and do you think it right to bestow hard words upon that which is God's work? Is it right to grumble or complain on account of what God is doing?"

"I did not think of that!" said Frederic.

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"I know you did not," said his sister; "if you had thought of it, I am sure you would not have spoken so: but we ought always to consider that what God does is right, and instead of grumbling at it, we should feel cheerful and content; knowing that what he does is not only always right, but for the best. Now I wish to show you that in this case, it is for the best that it should rain.

"You know that it is now spring: that is, all the buds of the trees, and flowers, and seeds, are now springing forth. Well, these things all need rain, for it is as necessary that they should have drink, as that little children should. Now God looks down upon the earth, and he sees millions and millions of buds, lifting up their heads, and asking for drink. The sun has been shining very warmly for several days, and all the plants, the grasses of a hundred kinds, the roses, the dandelions, the lilacs, the daphnes, the leaves of the trees—all, all are thirsting for water, and these myriad children of God look up to him and ask him for rain. And God says, 'Let there be rain!' and the rain begins to fall, and the leaves, and grasses, and plants, and shrubs, and trees are rejoicing; when, lo! Frederic Larkin comes forth, and calls out, 'Stop, stop, rain! or I can't go to Chelsea Beach!'"

Here Frederic smiled, and though he felt the absurdity and unreasonableness of his conduct, he was silent, and Cherry went on as follows: "You see, Frederic, how very important it is that we should have rain; for without it the grass and grain would perish, and we should perish too for the want of food. The rain that falls to-day, will probably be the cause of producing food enough for ten thousand people a whole year: and you, just for the sake of going to Chelsea Beach, would prevent all this good; you, for a day's pleasure, would make ten thousand people starve."

"But I didn't think of all this," said Frederic.

"I know you did not," said Cherry; "and I am not complaining of you; I am only telling you these things, so that when the rain comes in the way of your pleasure or your plans, you may see that it is all for the best. If, instead of looking out for causes of discontent, we would always regard the bright side of things, we could never fail of finding something to make us cheerful.

"Now as it regards this matter of the rain, if any one had the power of putting it off, we should never have any rain, and therefore all the living things in the world would starve. You would put it off to-day, because you want to go to Chelsea Beach: somebody else would put it off to-morrow, for then he would want to go there, or somewhere else. The next day some other person would put it off; and so it would be put off and put off, till all plants would perish, and the earth would become a scene of desolation.

"Now God, instead of entrusting so important a matter as rain to us short-sighted human beings, has kept it in his own hands: and now tell me, Frederic, are you not satisfied, nay, happy that he has done so?"

"Yes, I am," said Frederic; "I did not mean to complain of God."

"I know you did not, my dear brother," said Cherry; "and what I am now saying is not designed to rebuke you, but to make you take a right view of this matter; for if you will do this, you will be able, even when your favorite plans are thwarted by the dispensations of Providence, to turn the sources of disappointment into sources of peace and content. When we find our schemes marred, our wishes defeated by the weather, or some other event of Provi-

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dence, we can reflect that it is best that it should be so; it is best, as well for others as ourselves; and this conviction, if it is sincere, will reconcile us to every disappointment."

By such talk as this, Cherry soon put her little brothers in good humor; partly by making them forget the cause of their vexation, and partly by making them feel and see that it is right that God should rule the weather, and that his creatures should cheerfully submit to his doings. Beside all this, they had now acquired some new ideas, and these were a source of diversion. Frederic himself went to the window, and looking across the street, saw there a climbing rose, against the side of the house, just putting forth its rosy buds; and, for the first time in his life, it seemed to him one of the children of God, looking to its heavenly Father for water: and thus it was that the rose acquired a new interest in his eyes; he now saw that it was an object for which even God had cared.

He also reflected upon the vastness of God's works, as compared with those of man; for while God was sending his clouds to quench the thirst of myriads of plants, and provide for millions of animated beings, he was only thinking of himself and his ride to Chelsea Beach.

After Frederic had been standing at the window for some time, Cherry, who had been out of the room, returned, and sitting down, called Frederic to her side, and said that she would tell him a story. He therefore seated himself, and she proceeded as follows:—

"In Europe there is a country called Greece, the people of which, two or three thousand years ago, believed in a deity whom they called Jove. The people fancied that he lived up in a tall mountain, called Olympus, and from this place issued forth his decrees. They believed that he ruled over the earth; that he made the clouds, and bade them go forth to water the earth; that he made the thunder and the lightning, and commanded them to display his power; that he made the sun, and required it to rise upon the world, giving light and heat to its inhabitants. Now I will tell you a sort of fancy story, founded upon these notions of the ancient Greeks. At the foot of mount Olympus, there was a little village, the people of which were always grumbling at the weather. It was always too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold. Even when the weather was appropriate to the season of the year, there were some persons in the village always finding fault with it. If Jove sent a shower of rain, it always produced dissatisfaction and disappointment to some of the people. Some wished to go a fishing, and the rain interfered. Some wished to proceed on a journey, and they were disappointed. Some wished to work in their fields—some to go on excursions of pleasure, and the rain prevented the execution of their several plans.

"Now the murmurs of this people came to the ears of Jove, and he determined to show them their folly. Accordingly he sent them a messenger, called Mercury,—a lively little fellow, with wings at his shoulders and his heels, which enabled him to fly very swiftly, and execute his master's commands with despatch.

"Mercury flew to the village, and told the people that Jove, having heard their complaints, had concluded to resign his government over the weather, and give it up to them; that, accordingly, he had commanded the clouds and the rain, the thunder and the lightning, the sun and the wind, the heat and the cold to obey the inhabitants of the village.

"This annunciation was received by the people of the village with the great-

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est demonstrations of joy. They assembled in the street of the place, and bade Mercury take back their thanks to Jove, their benignant master. Mercury promised to do this; 'but,' said he, 'I have one thing more to communicate: that all may be satisfied, it is Jove's decree that you must be unanimous in your proceedings. The sun will not rise while one individual opposes it: nor will it rain till every one is ready; and in fact, all the business of making the weather must stop, until all are prepared.' The people, considering this as a new evidence of Jove's justice and mercy, shouted aloud in their exultation, and Mercury departed to report the reception of his message to his master.

"It was evening when Mercury went away. The next morning, at the usual hour, the greater part of the people arose, but the sun did not appear as before. It was the time of summer, and the hour of sunrise was four o'clock. But now it was nine, and the sun had not risen. This caused a good deal of confusion in the village; the farmers wished to be at work in their fields; the dairy-women wished to milk their cows; the traveller to set out on his journey; the fisherman to go to his nets; but all were prevented by the total darkness. The fact was that there were some lazy people in the village, and the sun had always risen too early for them; so now they determined to snooze it out; and consequently it was not till twelve o'clock that all could agree to have the sun rise; so that about half the day was lost.

"This was only the beginning of trouble; for when the sun was up, it was difficult to get all to agree when it should set; and thus everything was thrown into confusion. Similar difficulties occurred in regard to everything else. The people could not all agree to have a brisk wind for several months; in consequence of which fevers began to visit the place, and pestilence swept off numbers of the inhabitants. Nor could they agree upon any particular day when all were ready to have it rain; so that at last, when they did agree, the rain was too late, and everything was parched up; and the crops were cut off, and the cattle died, and the people came near starving to death. Nor could they agree upon the degree of heat that was required for vegetation; for many people did not like hot weather, and so it was kept very cold; and this was another reason why famine came upon the land.

"After having tried the experiment for a year, and finding that more than one half the people of the village had perished, and that the rest were very miserable, those that remained signified their wish to communicate with Jove. Accordingly Mercury came to them, and the people desired him to take back to his master the power he had placed in their hands. 'Tell him,' said the people, 'that we are now satisfied that Jove is wiser than we; and that it is in mercy, and not in judgment, that he has ruled over the weather. We wish to restore things to their former condition; for we believe that it is best for man that there should be a providence, whose ways are above our ways, and whose thoughts are higher than our thoughts.'"

"This allegory," continued Cherry, "may teach you, Frederic, what I have before said, that things are better managed as they are, than if confided to men: and instead of grumbling at the ways of providence, we should submit to them in cheerfulness, regarding them as the ways of a Father, who knows the wants of his creatures, and tenderly regards their happiness."

"This is all very well," said Frederic; "and I thank you for it, Cherry; but I am afraid I shall never be like you.

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"Pray how is it, Cherry, that you make yourself so cheerful?"

"By making the best of everything, Fred!"

"But everybody cannot do this," was the reply.

"Yes they can, my dear Frederic; I know they can. I used to be whimsical and capricious, myself—sometimes sweet and sometimes sour; but our good grandmother, who is now dead, used to talk to me, and she taught me better. She once told me a little story, which made a great impression on my mind, and I began to practise on the plan suggested by that story. At first I found it difficult, but after a while it came more easy; and now it is my custom to be cheerful: it is my habit to take pleasant views of things. When any disagreeable event occurs, I repeat the title of the story my grandmother told me—'*Always make the best of it;*' and this puts me in a right frame of mind, and so I do make the best of it. All this is easy to me now, for it is easy to do that which habit has rendered familiar. Our habits are of our own making; so, if a person wishes to render cheerfulness easy, he has only to cultivate the habit of being cheerful."

"It must be a good story that can do such wonderful things," said Frederic; "pray tell it to me, Cherry."

"With all my heart," said Cherry; and so she went on as follows:—

"ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST OF IT;

"A FAIRY TALE.

"In a far-off country a youth set out upon a long journey. One day, as he was travelling along a dusty road, he became very hot, and having proceeded a great distance, he grew fatigued, and at last angry and impatient. 'Confound this dust and heat!' said he; 'I wonder why it must be so hot and dusty to-day, just as I am obliged to travel over this road. Why, it's enough to melt an ox!'

"Thus complaining of the heat and dust, the youth worked himself up into a fury, so that he became hotter than ever, and it seemed as though he would choke from the influence of dust, heat and passion. Just at this moment, a lively little woman, with bright blue eyes and flaxen hair, stepped out from the road-side, and joining the youth unasked, walked along with him. The two soon fell into conversation, and the youth's mind being diverted in some degree from his troubles, he forgot the evils which had disturbed him before. Taking counsel of his companion, he walked a little slower; avoided the deep sand in the path, and chose his way along the turf by the road-side; amused himself with thinking of something beside his toil; and thus he forgot his cares, and mitigated the labors of his journey.

"After a while, the little woman left the youth, and with a lightened heart he proceeded on his journey. He wished very much to get to a certain tavern to lodge for the night; so he travelled late in the evening. At last it grew very dark, and the youth once more became impatient. 'I wonder why it need to be so horrid dark just now!' said he. 'Why, it's black as Egypt!' Thus talking to himself, and working his feelings up to a considerable pitch of discontent, he became careless, and ran against a post by the road-side. In an instant he fell to the ground, and as he was getting up he heard the little woman by his side.

"'Never mind, never mind!' said she; 'it's pretty dark, but still we can see well enough if we are careful and patient. This accident arose from your indulging your passions, which always tend to make us blind.' Saying this, the little lady took the youth's hand, led him into the middle of the path, and di-

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recting him to be of good cheer, left him to proceed on his way.

"The youth had not gone far, when he saw something before him which seemed to be a mighty giant, standing by the road, and stretching its long arms almost across the sky. He looked at it steadily for some time: at one moment it seemed to be a windmill, and then again it seemed to be a giant. He was a good deal perplexed, and though his reason told him that it must be a windmill, for there are no such creatures as giants; still his fears got the better of him, and he stopt short in the road, afraid to proceed any further.

"While he stood here, his teeth beginning to chatter with terror, he heard the voice of the little woman, close in his ear. No sooner did he hear her tones, than his alarm vanished, and shame for his fears came over him. He immediately set forward, and the woman keeping along with him, they soon came close to the place where the occasion of his terror stood. There it was, an honest old windmill, standing perfectly still, and as little like a giant as possible!

"'You see,' said the little woman, 'how we get cheated, when our fancies get led away by our apprehensions.—Fear is always an unsafe guide, especially in the dark; for then it can turn a windmill into a giant, or a bush into a ghost.'

"Having said this, the lively woman departed, and the youth soon reached the town in which he was to lodge. At the inn where he put up, he had a poor bed, and this vexed him very much. While he lay upon it, fretting and keeping himself awake with his murmurs, he heard the little woman's voice, and looking up, there she was before him! 'Lie down,' said she—'lie down!—and instead of magnifying the evils of your condition, consider that thousands are worse off than you. Your bed is small and rather hard, but how many are there that have no bed at all!'

"Doing as he was bid, the youth lay down, and closed his eyes, and was soon buried in sweet repose. The next morning, much refreshed, he arose and proceeded on his way. He travelled steadily until toward evening; being then much fatigued, and finding the road exceedingly rough, he became discouraged. So he sat down by the way-side, and gave himself up to despair. While he sat here, wailing at his fate, the lively woman leaped out from some bushes, and placed herself before him. 'Courage, courage, my friend!'—said she, cheerily; 'you have done a good day's work to-day, and the place of rest, for the night, is near at hand. Then do not give way to despondence! Think not of the evils that you have suffered, or of those that lie before you: dwell rather upon the good things in your condition. Remember how much you have done—and how little remains to do, before sleep will restore strength to your limbs and courage to your heart.'

"Saying this, the bright-eyed lady lifted the youth from the ground, and reanimated him by her voice; he then left her, and proceeded cheerfully on his way. Soon he reached the place where he was to sleep for the night, and here he was soon buried in peaceful dreams.

"The next day the youth proceeded on his journey—and for several days he continued to pursue it, until at last he had nearly reached the point to which he was bound. On every occasion when his courage had failed—when fatigue had oppressed him, or when difficulties had stared him in the face—the little lady, of flaxen hair and bright blue eyes, had come to his aid, and, chasing away his despondence, had given him new courage to proceed. As the youth came in

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sight of the city to which he was travelling, she appeared once more, and addressed him for the last time.

"As he was about to bid her farewell, his heart smote him at the idea of parting with her forever. 'My dear lady,' said he, while he kissed her hand tenderly; 'I owe you much more than my tongue can speak. You have watched over me in this long and tedious journey; you have lightened my burthen, cheered my fatigues, chased away my fears, and given me courage in the place of despondence. But for you, I had long since lain down and died in the path; or had lingered in misery by the way. Would that I could induce you to live with me forever.'

"'That may not, cannot be!' said the lady, as a smile passed over her face; 'that may not be. I am not of flesh and blood, like you: I am a fairy—my form is but a thing of hues like the rainbow, that seems a bridge leading from earth to heaven, and yet is baseless as a dream.'

"'Lovely fairy,' said the youth, kneeling; 'pray tell me your name; and oh, if it be possible, tell me the art by which you have taught me to conquer difficulties, to rise above doubt, to triumph over indolence, murmuring, and despondency!' The fairy replied as follows:—

"'Listen, youth—for I tell you an important secret. My name is Cheerfulness, and all my art lies in a single sentence: *Always make the best of it.*' So saying, the fairy departed, and was seen by the youth no more; but he now perceived the force of the fairy's words, and practising accordingly, he soon possessed the great art of securing happiness, and of making himself agreeable to others."

CAUTION.—As you would air a bed carefully, that has been slept in by one afflicted with an infectious disease, so be very considerate before you place confidence in a lawyer.

The War in Florida.

AT the southeastern extremity of the United States, is a long Peninsula called Florida. This name was given to it by the Spaniards, because it seemed to them a land of flowers. It continued to belong to Spain till about twenty years ago, when it was ceded to the United States.

Florida was occupied by several tribes of Indians, when first discovered. Among them were the Seminoles, a branch of the Creek nation, who dwelt in the northern part of the territory. When the country was ceded to the United States, they held possession of the vast tract which stretches from the Atlantic ocean to the river Apalachicola, save only a space around the town of St. Augustine. It was a fair land, watered with many rivers, inhabited by millions of brilliant birds, and the dwelling-place of vast herds of deer; it was a land of almost perpetual summer, where the orange and the lemon, and the vine, flourished in the open air.

Notwithstanding the beauty of their country, the Seminoles consented to part with the best portion of it. They made an agreement with the white people, to give up all their vast territory, save only the central portion, consisting of pine barrens and deep swamps, covered with a wild vegetation, and the dwelling-place of alligators, serpents, lizards, tortoises, gallanippers, and a variety of similar inhabitants.

When the time came to carry this bargain into effect, Neha Matla, a chief of the tribe, told the Indians that they had been cheated, overreached and deceived by the cunning whites; and he therefore urged them to resist the treaty. But while the Indians were holding their war-council, to deliberate upon the matter, the armed soldiers broke in upon

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OSCEOLA.

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them, deposed the war leaders, and compelled the poor Seminoles to retire from their land of fruits and flowers, to the pine barrens and the swamps. They did this, but they carried the memory of their wrongs written deep in their bosoms.

Not long after they had taken possession of their new territory, the Seminoles made another bargain, by which they engaged to retire from Florida, give up their lands there, and remove to another territory, upon the upper waters of the Arkansas, far to the west. When the time for removal came, the poor Indians still felt reluctant to leave the land of their fathers, and go away to unknown and distant regions! In order to compel them to remove, an officer of the United States called upon them to deliver up their horses and cattle, as they had promised to do, and go to their new home. Upon this, they prepared for resistance. They retired to the deep thickets in the swamps, called *hammocks*, and taking their wives and children and some of their horses and cattle, set their enemies at defiance.

After a time Osceola, or Powel, as he was sometimes called, was chosen as their chief. He was partly of Indian, and partly of white blood—but a man of great courage, skill and energy. When he became the leader, the war assumed a serious aspect.

I cannot now tell the whole story of the struggle that has been maintained by the Seminoles for nearly seven years. They have displayed a degree of courage, patience, perseverance, and patriotism, scarcely equalled in the annals of history—considering the smallness of their number, and the mighty force that has been brought against them.

Osceola was a vagabond child among the Indians, but he became their chief, and maintained the war with vigor for some time. At last he was taken, and being removed to a fort on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, S. C., he died in 1838.

The war has been continued since his death, and both the Indians and the American troops sent against them, have performed wondrous feats of valor. It is supposed that the Indians are now nearly destroyed or worn out, and that the few who remain must soon surrender to their more powerful enemies.

Such is the sad story of the Seminoles. They are savages, but they have shown many traits of character worthy of our respect. We shall soon possess their lands, but they have cost our country many millions of dollars, and far more than they are worth. This piece of history tells us that even an Indian tribe, small though it be, if it bears hatred in its bosom, founded upon acts of oppression, may become the instrument by which that oppression is punished.

Composition.

The following is a letter of an East Indian servant, addressed to a physician who had been attending his master:

To Dr. ——

Most learned Saib—I am instructed by his excellency, the noble saib, to make information that his arm alteration of pain, sensibly diminishing heat of surface. Accounted for by them Blue Balls which your making master digest. My honored master his face already seize collour of custard apple which not desirable. Your honor when will come then, tell bearer who will show the place of the unfortunate Budwood Saib, the prey of the vulture ill-luck.

The meaning of this is as follows:

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Most learned Sir:—I am instructed by his excellency, my noble master, to inform you that the pain in his arm has sensibly decreased. The heat of his skin is accounted for by the blue pills you gave him, which had a very powerful effect. My honored master's face has already become the color of a custard apple—a bad symptom. When your honor comes to visit him, the bearer will point out his residence to you.

The Cereopsis.

Natural Curiosities of New Holland.

New Holland is the largest island in the world, being as extensive as Europe. It is considered a continent by some writers on geography: but its size is not the greatest point of interest. It possesses several birds, quadrupeds, and even vegetable productions, distinct in kind from those of any other part of the world. It produces kangaroos, which are as large as a sheep, and carry their young ones in a natural pocket. They jump seventy-five feet at a bound; and use their tails as a jumping-pole.

It produces black swans, and flying opossums; the superb menura, a bird with a tail shaped like an ancient harp; the platypus, a queer fellow, with a bill like a duck, fur like a beaver, and claws like a woodchuck!

Among other curiosities found in New Holland, is the *cereopsis*, a kind of speckled goose. We give a picture of this bird, which will afford a better idea of its appearance, than words can convey. Who would not like to go to New Holland?

Tolerance.—"In my youth," says Horace Walpole, "I thought of writing a satire upon mankind; but now, in my old age, I think I should write an apology for them."

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Story of Philip Brusque.

CHAPTER X.

Pacification.—Another attempt to adopt some form of government.

The morning that followed the battle of the tents, and the death of Rogere, was fair and bright. The sun, at rising, seemed to burst from the bosom of the briny element, at the same time converting its boundless surface into a mirror of burnished gold. The light clouds that hung in the east, in long horizontal lines, were also of a golden hue, betokening at once the gentleness of the morning breeze, and the fair weather that was to characterize the day. M. Bonfils, as he stepped forth from the tent, and felt the fresh air, and looked abroad, could not but be struck with the beauty of the scene around. "It is indeed a lovely morning—and this is a heavenly climate," said he, half audibly. "Oh, that the human beings upon this lone island, would look forth upon nature, and take a lesson of peace from its teaching!"

As he said these words, he was met by Brusque, and several other persons, who had been deliberating as to what course ought to be pursued. No communication had, as yet, been had with the defeated party at the cave, and the state of feeling there was a matter of entire uncertainty. After a little conversation, M. Bonfils offered himself to go alone to the cave, and propose some amicable adjustment of difficulties. To this, Brusque as well as others objected; urging upon the hoary patriot the danger of placing himself in the power of these violent men, recently defeated, and likely still to be irritated by the death of their leader. But these reasons did not shake the old man's purpose. He replied that he feared no danger; that the Rogere party would probably be more reasonable now than before; that his very helplessness would disarm their vengeance; and that even if they took his life, it was but the remnant of an existence, now near its close, and which he could well afford to risk for the sake of his friends.

Finding him entirely devoted to the adventure, Brusque withdrew his objections, and the aged man departed, taking no weapon of defence; supported, however, by a light bamboo cane, for his step was tottering, and his frame frail, from extreme age. The people saw him take his way up the hill, with anxious and admiring eyes, and there was more than one cheek down which the tears stole, showing that their hearts were touched by the fortitude and devotion of the patriarch.

In a brief space after the old man had gone, Brusque and François, unnoticed by the people, wound their way around the trees, and ascended to a sheltered spot, near the cave, to be in readiness to offer succor, should any rudeness or insult be threatened to M. Bonfils. From this cover, they saw him approach the cave, around which about a dozen men were standing. They were all armed, and appeared to be in expectation of attack, yet ready for desperate defence. There was a determination and daring in their looks, which alarmed both François and Brusque: and it was with a feverish' interest that they saw the old man, tottering indeed, but still with a calm and tranquil aspect, march directly up to the party, take off his hat, and speak to them as if the emotions of fear were unknown to his bosom.

"I have come, my friends," said he, "for I will not call my fellow-men enemies—I have come to speak to you of peace. I have come in the name of those who are your countrymen, in behalf of mothers, sisters, children, to beg

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you to lay down your weapons, to lay aside all thoughts of war; to" ———

"Down with the old fool!" said a rough voice; "let us hear no more of his twaddle." "Nay, nay!" said another; "none but a brute will injure an old man: let's hear him out. It can do us no harm."

This seemed to be acceptable to the party, and M. Bonfils went on.

"I pray you to listen to me for a moment. Look around upon this island; is it not a little paradise? How beautiful are the skies above; how glorious the sun that shines upon it; how soft the breezes that fan its surface; how luxurious the vegetation that clothes its swelling hills and its gentle vales! Was this spot made for peace or war? Is there a heart here that can look around, and not feel that nature whispers a lesson of peace? Does not every bosom whisper peace? Does not common sense teach us peace? What can we gain by strife, but evil? Can it promote our happiness to slay each other like wild beasts? If we are to have war, and blood is to be shed, will the conquering party enjoy their victory, when they are forever to live in sight of the graves of their butchered brethren?

"Oh my friends—my countrymen—take an old man's counsel: no one can be happy, if others are not happy around him. If one of us become a despot, and his will is law, he will still be a wretch, because he will be in the midst of the wretched. Every human bosom reflects the light or the shadow that falls on other bosoms. Man cannot live for himself alone. Let us then be wise and live for each other. Let us enter into a compact to secure each other's peace. Let us adopt a system of government, which shall secure equal rights and equal privileges. This is just, fair, and wise. It is the only course to save the inhabitants of this island from misery and desolation. This is my errand; I came to pray you to throw aside your weapons; I came to beg that what is past may be forgotten. I propose that you reflect upon these things; and that, as soon as may be, you send a deputation to the party at the tents, to acquaint them with your decision."

Saying this, the old man departed.

This mission was not without its effect. The party at the cave took the subject into serious consideration, and though there was a division of opinion, yet the majority concluded that it was best to accede to the offered terms of pacification. They accordingly appointed two of their number, who went to the tent party, and proposed that another attempt should be made to establish some form of government.

This proposition was at once accepted; and a committee, consisting of five persons, was appointed to draw up a constitution. The result will be given in another chapter.

Beds.

Strew then, oh strew,
Our bed of rushes;
Here may we rest,
Till morning blushes!

In the days of Elizabeth, the peasants used logs of wood for pillows. In the time of the Hebrew kingdom, the bed resembled a divan; consisting of a low elevation, running round three sides of a small room, and stuffed with cushions. In the early times, the Romans slept on leaves: afterwards they used hay and straw. Till the close of the thirteenth century, straw was common in the chambers of palaces. Rushes were also sometimes used for beds, as the preceding extract from an old English song shows. To the English belongs the merit of having brought improvements in beds to the present state of perfection.

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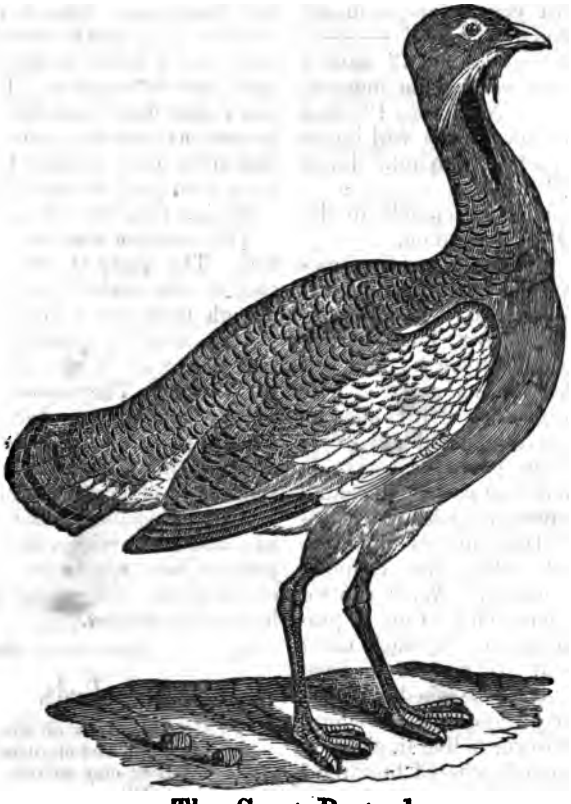

The Great Bustard.

THIS noble bird, being twice as large as a turkey, weighing often thirty pounds, is found in the northern parts of Europe, and even in England. Its food is esteemed as a great delicacy, and therefore it is scarce in countries thickly inhabited by man. It frequents open plains, runs with rapidity, and if pursued, rises upon the wing, and skims over the ground with great swiftness. It lives upon grasses, grain, and the leaves of tender plants. It lays its eggs on the ground, without a nest. The young ones, when pursued, skulk in the grass or leaves, and are thus often taken with the hand. The bustard is sometimes tamed, but even then it is shy, and never seems to place full confidence in man.

AFRICAN RINGS.—Dollars are in great request among the old kings and chiefs of the interior of Africa. They first drill two holes, about the centre, into which they insert a circular piece of lead to slip on to the finger; the surface of the dollar being on the upper part of the hand, like a seal.

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The Tartar.

THROUGHOUT the central parts of Asia are various tribes of Tartars, some of which pursue the vocation of robbers. We give a picture of one of these fellows, mounted on his dromedary, and armed with a good supply of spears.

These Tartar thieves usually roam in small parties over the thinly settled plains and barren lands of Central Asia, making an occasional assault upon the poor villagers, or attacking and plundering the caravans of merchants and travellers that may be met with. They are a fierce and cruel race, and appear to have pursued this course of life, from the earliest period to the present time.

Answers to our Puzzles.

ONE of our correspondents has been so kind as to offer an answer to the puzzle of 28 letters in our last number, as follows:

The first, instead of a French villa,
I find to be the town *Manilla*.
The second, of presaging ill,
Is that detested scroll, *Rent Bill*.
The third a *Cab*, and by my hat,
The fourth is nothing but a *Cat*.
With Yankee privilege, I'll try
To guess the fifth; a grain of *Rye!*
Sixthly, we find that people will
Poor master William, nickname *Bill*.
And seventh, all blessings were in vain,
Should heaven withhold her showers of *Rain*.
The eighth discloses man's worst lot,
A self-degraded, loathsome *Sot*.
The ninth as bright in color glows,
As Sharon's richest, sweetest *Rose*.
The tenth, if I have not forgotten,
Is that important product, *Cotton*.
The whole, that school of information,
Mercantile Library Association.

Another correspondent sends us the following:

MR. EDITOR:—Our little circle gathered about the table to guess out the conundrums in Merry's Museum; and the result of our united investigations I send you.

That Man begins with *M*, no one, indeed, can doubt;
A hard *Sum* is a task, as many school-boys have found out.
A welcome winning sure, is *Yes* to all who favors seek,
And human creatures often *Err*, for they are frail and weak.
The *Muse* is often drawn with beauteous face divine,
And like a goddess do her form, her face, and features shine.

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With Mr. *Merry* we shall soon be pretty well acquainted,
And his *Museum* pleases us, with covers yellow painted.

—

Manilla, a town in East Indies is found,
The *Rent-bill*, to some, maketh sorrow abound.
A *Cab* is a vehicle, greatly in use,
And a *Cat* is of value, where rats are profuse.
The *Rye*, when well ripened, is useful for food,
But *Bill*, for a nickname, I think is not good.
That *Rain* is a blessing, sure no one will doubt,
And a *Sot's* to be pitied, whether in doors, or out.
The *Rose* is a flower admired by all,
And *Cotton*, I think, without commerce, would fall.
Have I found out the puzzle? Surely 't is great vexation,
To make rhyme with *Mercantile Library Association.*

Lancaster, Jan. 5, 1842.

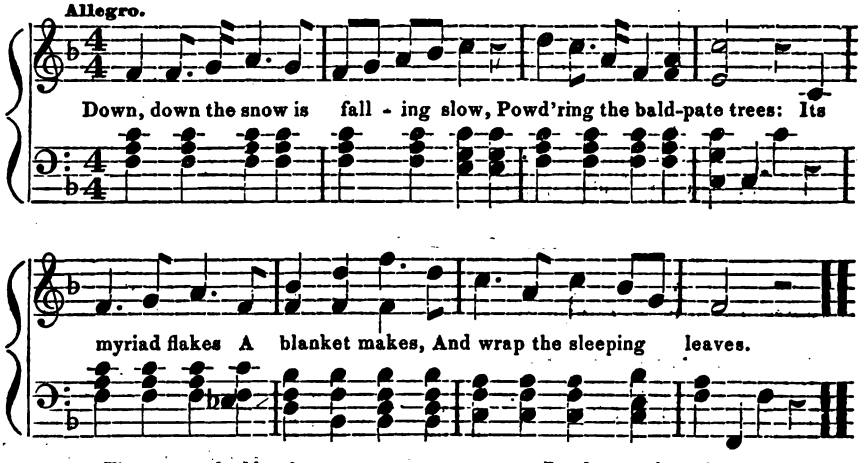
We cannot refuse a place to the following, for it is both short and sweet:

The answers to the puzzles in your magazine, are "*Merry's Museum*," and "*Mercantile Library Association.*" Yours,

A Black-eyed Friend.

THE SNOW-STORM.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.


Allegro.
Down, down the snow is fall - ing slow, Powd'ring the bald-pate trees: Its
myriad flakes A blanket makes, And wrap the sleeping leaves.

Fierce now the blast!
The snow flies fast,
And whirls in many a spray—
Wreath chases wreath,
O'er hill and heath,
Like spirits in their play.

Jack Frost is out,
And drives about—
The white drift for his sled—
Loud roars the gale—
The child turns pale,
And hugs his trundle-bed!

The storm is past,
Gone, gone the blast!
The moon shines fair and bright—
Come, girl and boy,
With shout of joy—
We'll have a slide to-night!

Apology.—We owe an apology to the Rev. A. B. Muzzy for the insertion of several articles in our Museum, on the important subject of *habit*. We copied them from an English magazine, giving credit for them to that source. We are now informed that they are from an excellent work, entitled "*The Moral Teacher*," by the aforesaid gentleman.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME III.—No. 3.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival at Yakoutsk.—Letter from home.—Departure.

NOTHING could be more dreary than the aspect of the country, as our travellers approached the town of Yakoutsk. This was situated on a nearly level plain, which was now covered with snow. There were only a few stunted trees to be seen, and not a dwelling for miles around the town. The river, of which a view was afforded, was frozen over, and the scene bespoke a land of sterility and the stern season of winter.

Yakoutsk contains about 7000 inhabitants, and is built of wood. The houses are low and mean, and the people, for the most part, live in poverty and wretchedness. The climate is so severe, that, so late as June, the frost is not out of the ground; and in September, the Lena, which is a large river, is frozen over. Of course, the fruits yielded by the soil are exceedingly few, and the people have hard work, during the three brief months of summer, to lay up a sufficient store of food, fuel, and clothing, to save them from perishing during the long and bitter winter of nine months.

It was now three months since Alexis had parted from his friends at Tobolsk, and he was separated from them by a space of two thousand miles. He expected to get letters from home, brought

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by the post, and as soon as he and his party had obtained lodgings, he went to the office, where they were to be left. It was with a beating heart that he entered the place, and inquired for his letters. So long a time had elapsed since his departure, and so vast a distance now lay between him and his friends, that he experienced a sickening sense of anxiety. What might not have happened to his aged father, or his dear sister?

These were the thoughts in his mind, as the person at the office handed him a letter, on which he instantly recognised the hand-writing of Kathinka. He thrust it into his bosom, and, with a rapid step, sought his lodgings. Here he broke the seal, and read as follows:

"DEAREST ALEXIS:—It is now two months since you left us, and it seems a year. I have counted the very hours since your departure, and could I have foreseen the weariness, anxiety, and longing that your absence has occasioned, I had never consented to your enterprise. When I think that you will be two thousand miles from Tobolsk when this reaches you, I am really sick at heart. And yet nothing has happened to give us any particular cause of anxiety. Indeed, our condition has rather improved. The governor's lady bought the lace collar which I wrought, and has since taken other articles, and she has paid me well for them. The governor himself has noticed me kindly, though there is something about him I do not like. He smiles when he meets me, and flatters me very much; but still, his dark brow frightens me. However, I must not offend him, for he is not only kind to me, but he has called upon our poor father, and expressed his desire to make his exile as little painful as possible. What all this means I cannot say, but I hope it proceeds from the kindness of his heart.

"Do you remember young Suwarrow, who was at our house, while the Princess Lodoiska was concealed there? He was somehow concerned in aiding her escape; and after her departure, I had never seen him till he came here. He is of Polish birth, but his family is Russian, and he is now an officer of the castle in Tobolsk. He arrived about the time you left us. He soon found us out, and has been to see us frequently. He is a noble fellow, and, though a Russian soldier, seems to possess the heart of a Pole. It is a great comfort to find such a friend, and I think it the more fortunate, that he and father seem to like each other so much. The only thing about it that troubles me, is, that he seems to dislike my going to the governor's house, and is very careful to conceal his visits, so that they may not be known to his commander. What does all this mean?

"You will hardly expect me to tell you any news, for we see little of society, and in fact we are almost as much lost to the world, as if Tobolsk were a prison. The only thing of particular interest that has occurred, is the arrival of several Polish exiles. Some of them are of noble families, and father's heart has been wrung to agony for them. Alas, that the love of one's country should be a crime, for which banishment to this dreary land must atone!

"You will desire to know all about our dear father. He is now happily relieved from the fear of immediate want; the products of my needle, so liberally paid for by the governor's lady, supply us with the few necessities of life. He spends a good deal of time in reading; for Suwarrow has furnished us with book; and occasionally we get the Petersburgh Gazette from the same source. He seems more tranquil, but I see that sorrow is gradually weaving its shadows over his brow. There is a settled sad-

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ness in his face, which sometimes makes me weep. Oh, how changed is his condition! Once in the possession of wealth and power; once so active, so energetic, and, by the springs he set in motion, exerting so great an influence! now, so utterly helpless, isolated, and lost! How is the light of his life put out! Dear Alexis, these things move me to tears. I would that you were here to share, and thus to soften my grief. But I am thankful that there is one often here who understands my feelings. Is it not strange that a Russian should be the depositary of our confidence, and the alleviator of our sorrow? I think father likes Suwarrow more than I do. If you were here, I should care less for him; but what can I do, in my brother's absence, but find consolation in the society of one who seems to have a brother's interest in my happiness?

"I have had a great deal of anxiety for you. Pray write me a long letter, and tell me all about your journey. How have you borne the long and weary march of two thousand miles? Alas, that Alexis Pultova should have come to this! And yet, my brother, it may be good for you: I mean, it may promote your happiness. It may seem strange to you, for it surprises myself, to find a real pleasure in my toil. I once thought that labor was a curse, but I now find it a blessing. It is associated in my mind with the comfort and independence of our father; there is something soothing and consoling to think that I, poor I, can be so useful. Do not think me conceited, but really, Lex, I feel quite important! And you may find a similar compensation for your exertions and privations. Only think, now, if you should bring home a quantity of fine furs, and enable father to live a little more according to his wont; what a pleasure that would be! It appears to me that, if I were a young man, I should be very proud to be able to do something clever. The consciousness of being able to compel fortune to come at one's bidding, is reserved for your sex. We girls can only admire such things in men; we may not possess the feeling itself. Still, I now feel a certain degree of confidence in myself, which is a source of much cheerfulness to my heart.

"I have now written my sheet nearly full, yet I have not told you a hundredth part of what I think and feel. Oh that I could see you, dear, dear Alexis! I never loved you so well as now, in your absence. I am not content with this cold way of speaking to you. I want to pour out my soul with the lips to your own ear, and in your real presence. Yet I must not be impatient. I would not recall you, for I believe you are in the path of duty. Let the confidence that an arm more powerful, protects you, nerve your heart for your hardy enterprise. Write me a long letter. I shall write again in four months, so that on your return to Yakoutsk, after your hunting excursion upon the banks of the Lena, you will get news from us once more. Father sends his blessing, and a thousand kind prayers and wishes for your safety. Suwarrow wishes to be kindly mentioned to you. Farewell! farewell! KATHINKA."

We need hardly say that this tender epistle drew many tears from Alexis. For a time he was almost overcome with a yearning for home, but this feeling subsided, and he was able to direct his attention to other matters. The streets of Yakoutsk presented many objects of curiosity. There were parties of Kamtschadales, in the town, muffled in skins, and drawn on sledges by dogs; and there were Samoiedes—short copper-colored fellows, dressed in sealskins, and drawn by reindeer. These,

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and hunters and trappers of many other tribes, were to be seen in the streets, all of them seeking a market for their furs. And there were merchants here to buy them from Russia, and Tartary, and Japan, and other countries. Nothing could be more curious than the contrasts furnished by these different people.

Linsk had been here before, and understood the manners and business of the place. He was a good judge of furs, and having some spare cash, he bought a few skins, remarkable for their fineness, knowing that he could make a large profit on them on his return to Tobolsk. These he deposited, for safe-keeping, in the hands of a merchant.

After a few days, having made provision for their wants, the hunters left Yakoutsk, and taking a northern course along the banks of the Lena, pursued their way to the hunting-ground, where they hoped to gather a rich harvest of sable-skins.

It was now mid-winter, and it is hardly possible to conceive of anything more dreary than the country through which they passed. It was a rolling plain, covered deep with snow, over which the wind was driving in its swift and unbroken career. Not a house or hut was visible for leagues; there was no path; and the travellers were obliged to guide themselves, as they proceeded on the hard snow-crust, like the voyager upon the sea, by the heavenly bodies, or occasional landmarks.

Pursuing their weary and lonely way—seeming, in the vast expanse, like insects creeping slowly on—they reached at night a small uninhabited hut, situated in a wooded ravine, and designed for the shelter of travellers.

Here the party made preparations for rest, and soon fell asleep. Early the next morning, Linsk went forth, leaving Alexis and his sons to their repose; his object being to see if he could not find some game, for he was now becoming eager to enter upon business. Scarcely had he proceeded two hundred yards when a bear sprung suddenly from a thicket of fur trees, and rearing on his hind legs, was about clasping the old hunter in his arms! But Linsk was like a weasel—always on the watch. Quick as thought, he seized the bear by the throat, and drawing his dirk, plunged it into his bowels. He fell with a fearful growl to the earth, and Linsk, drawing back, levelled his rifle at his head, and letting go the ball, killed him in an instant.

Fruits of Industry.—Franklin, the greatest philosopher and statesman of America, was once a printer's boy. Simpson, the great mathematician, and author of many learned works, was at first a poor weaver. Herschel, one of the most eminent of astronomers, rose from the low station of a fifer boy in the army. These examples show us the happy effects of industry and perseverance.

Dr. Watts.—It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeased with the propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his threat into execution, the child burst into tears, and on his knees said,—

"Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

Sensibility.—A lady, who made pretensions to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices. "How," said she, "can you be so barbarous as to put little lambs to death?" "Why not, madam," said the butcher, "you would not eat them alive, would you?"

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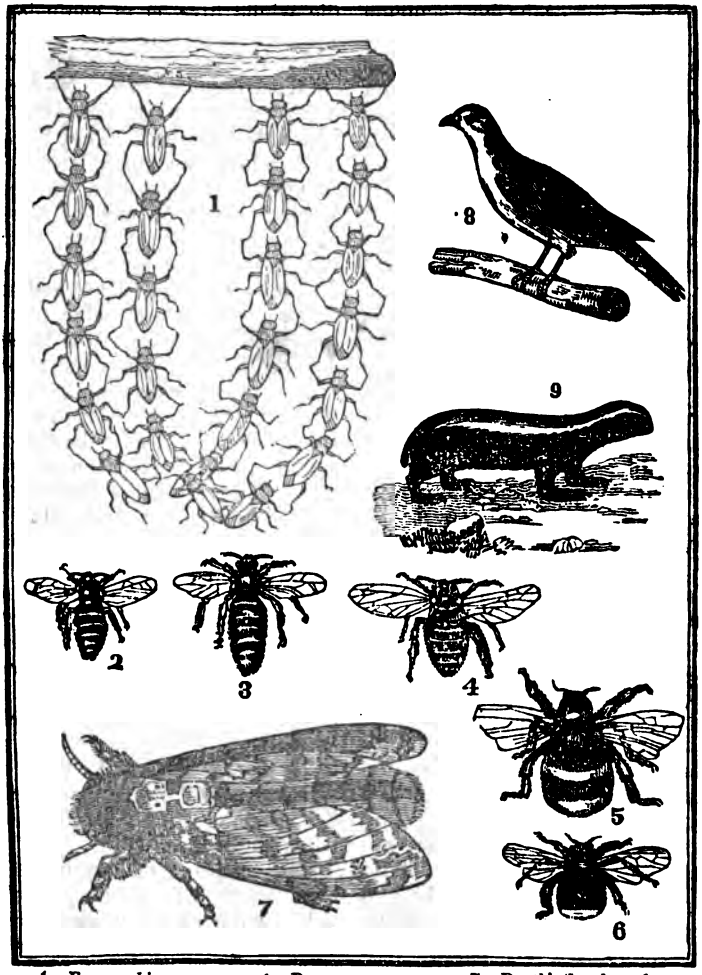

1. *Bees making wax.*
2. *Working bee.*
3. *Queen bee.*
4. *Drone.*
5. *Humble bee.*
6. *Mason bee.*
7. *Death's-head moth.*
8. *Honey guide.*
9. *Honey ratel.*

Bees.

THERE are several kinds of bees; the most interesting species of which is the honey bee. Small and insignificant as this little creature might appear to be, it is one of the most wonderful animals in the world. Many of them live in a wild state and make their hives in hollow trees. In America, and other countries, there are persons who devote themselves to finding these hives for the sake

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of the honey. One of the most common methods adopted is to place some bee-bread, in order to tempt the bees, on a flat board or tile, and draw a circle round it with white paint. The bee always settles upon the edge of anything flat, so she must travel through the paint to reach the bee-bread. When she flies away, the white on her body enables the observer to trace her flight, and her course is marked down with a pocket compass. The same thing is done at another spot, some distance from the first, and by comparing the direction of the two lines, the situation of the nest is easily found, as it must be at the point, where, if continued, the lines would meet. In Africa, the bee hunter is aided by a little bird called the honey guide. In the same country the honey ratel will sit and hold one of his paws before his eyes, about the time of sunset, in order to get a distinct view of the objects of his pursuit; and when he sees any bees flying, he knows that at that hour they are returning home, and so he follows them.

The domestic bees afford a good opportunity for studying the habits of this wonderful race of insects. Three kinds of bees are discovered in the hive; the drone, the queen bee, and working bee. The drones are the fathers of the young bees, and live an idle life. They are larger than the rest, and make a louder hum in flying. The queen is the mother of the young bees, and governs the hive. The subjects are much attached to her.

If she dies, the whole community is thrown into the greatest agitation, and those which first find out what is the matter, run about the hive in a furious manner, touching every companion they meet with their little horns or feelers, which are called antennæ. These in their turn run about in the same manner, and inform others of the sad event, till the whole hive is in confusion. This agitation lasts four or five hours, after which the bees begin to take measures for repairing their loss. Nothing can be more extraordinary than the way in which they proceed. They build several cells, which are much larger than the common ones, and of a different form. Having removed one of the worker worms into each of these, they feed it with a particular kind of food, and in a few days it grows larger, and at length comes out a queen. One of these becomes the sovereign of the hive.

If the bees lose their queen, and there are no worms or young to supply her place, they leave off working, and die in a few days. But if in the midst of their agitation their lost queen should be restored, they are quiet immediately, for they instantly remember and distinguish her from all others. If a new queen were to be placed in the hive too soon after the loss of the other, no attention would be paid her, and she would be starved or smothered in the crowd. But when four and twenty hours have passed, and the first grief is over, a stranger queen is well received and reigns immediately. The bees crowd about her, touch her by turns with their antennæ, give her honey, range themselves round her in a circle, and follow her as a guard when she moves.

The offspring of one queen alone is too numerous for a hive to hold. She will sometimes lay in one season sixty or seventy thousand eggs; so it would never do to have more than one queen. Some of the eggs turn to queens, some to drones, and the largest portion to workers. The swarms that leave the hive are each led by a queen. The drones do not collect honey, or help to build the cells. People, who like them lead an idle life, are sometimes called drones. The drones are turned out of the hive before winter, that they may

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not eat the honey that the industrious workers have collected.

A swarm of bees, on entering a new hive, immediately want cells to store their honey in, and to bring up their young. These cells cannot be made without wax, which is obtained, not from flowers, as is supposed, but from the body of the bees. This forms best while they are quiet; and in order to obtain it, they hang themselves in clusters, clinging to each other's legs. Having remained in this situation for twenty-four hours, they scrape it off, and form it into cells, the tongue being used as a sort of trowel. Their industry, skill and contrivance in doing this are admirable.

Bees have many enemies beside man, the honey guide and the honey ratel. Wasps and hornets attack them while in search of flowers, and moths steal into the hive, where they sometimes do great mischief. At night, sentinels are set to watch, and by moonlight you may see them pacing to and fro, turning in every direction. If an enemy approach, the sentinels utter a loud hum, and other bees rush to their aid. If the moth gets in, and escapes being stung to death, it lays its eggs, which produce grubs, that sometimes oblige the bees to quit the hive. The death's-head moth, which is very large, sometimes gets in and produces a sound, which renders the bees motionless, and then it steals their honey.

The humble bee is a clumsy looking creature, with which most people are acquainted. It builds its nest in hay-fields, of moss. The way in which the bees collect this material is curious. One bee settles on a tuft of moss, with its head turned from the place where the nest is to be. It then tears off little bits with its teeth and fore legs, and passes them to the middle pair, and then to its hind legs, when it holds out the bunch of moss as far as it can, to another bee who is placed behind. This bee receives it, and in the same way passes it to the next, and so on till it reaches the nest. This is lined with coarse wax, and contains a few combs, clumsily made.

The humble bee is tormented by a kind of mite, which sometimes is found upon them in great numbers. They have recourse to a most amusing contrivance to get rid of them. A humble bee thus tormented will go to an ant-hill, and then kick and scratch till the ants come out to see what is the matter. Before they drive their noisy visiter away, the ants seize upon these mites and carry them off as a prize, and the bee, as soon as it is set free from its enemies, flies away contented!

Henry IV., King of France.—This monarch always made his children call him papa and father, and not the usual ceremonious title of "sir," or, "your majesty." He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day, as he was going on all-four's, with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador entered his apartment suddenly, and surprised him in that attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, have you any children?" "Yes, sire," replied he. "Very well then," said the king, "I shall finish my race round my chamber."

Women.—Fontenelle being asked by a lord in waiting, at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

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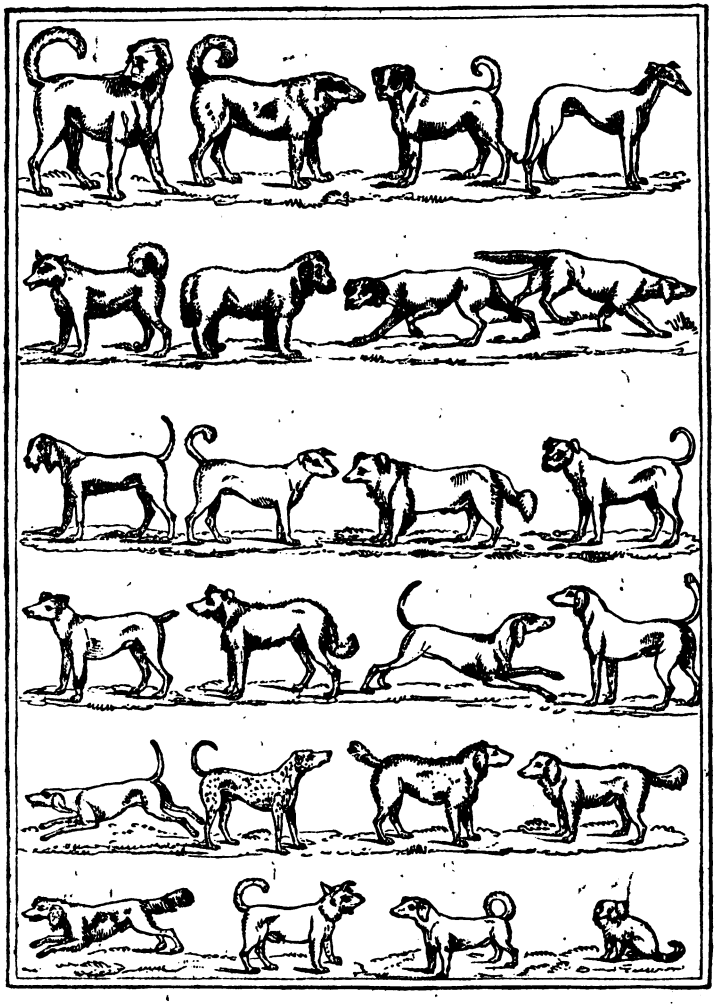

The several varieties of Dogs.

THE above engraving represents the most remarkable kinds of dogs. The following is a description of them, beginning at the left hand of the top row.

1. Irish Greyhound,—the largest species.

2. Newfoundland, web-footed, fond of the water, and remarkable for his sagacity.

3. Mastiff, a favorite as a guard.

4. Greyhound, the fleetest of all dogs.

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5. Esquimaux, used to draw the sledges of the Esquimaux.

6. Large, rough water dog, used in hunting ducks.

7. Spanish pointer, a favorite with sportsmen.

8. Setter, a fine sporting dog.

9. Old English greyhound, now very scarce.

10. Bandog, a rare species, resembling the mastiff.

11. Shepherd's dog, used in Europe for tending sheep.

12. Bull-dog, the fiercest of all dogs.

13. Cur-dog, active and sagacious.

14. Lurcher, used for killing hares and rabbits.

15. Fox-hound, used for pursuing foxes.

16. Harrier, strong and active.

17. Beagle, used in pursuing hares.

18. Dalmatian, used as an attendant upon a coach.

19. Large water spaniel, docile and affectionate.

20. Small water spaniel, resembles the former.

21. Springer, used for hunting woodcocks.

22. Terrier, active and strong, used for destroying rats and mice.

23. Turnspit, formerly used in England for turning a spit.

24. Comforter, kept as a lap-dog.

Anecdote of the Indians.

Mr. Catlin, who is a portrait painter, has been a great deal with the Indians in the far west, in order to paint likenesses of the chiefs and others. He has met with many curious adventures, and these he has told in a book, which is just published. The following story is from this work:

"The sensation I produced amongst the Minatarees, while on the Upper Missouri, by taking from amongst my painting apparatus an old number of the New York Commercial Advertiser, edited by my kind and tried friend, Col. Stone, was extraordinary. The Minatarees thought that I was mad, when they saw me, for hours together, with my eyes fixed upon its pages. They had different and various conjectures about it—the most current of which was, that I was looking at it to cure my sore eyes, and they called it the 'medicine-cloth for sore eyes.' I, at length, put an end to this and several equally ignorant conjectures, by reading passages in it, which were interpreted to them, and the object of the paper fully explained; after which it was looked upon as a much greater mystery than before, and several liberal offers were made me for it, which I was obliged to refuse, having already received a beautifully garnished robe for it from the hands of a young son of Esculapius, who told me that if he could employ a good interpreter to explain everything in it, he could travel about amongst the Minatarees, and Mandans, and Sioux, and exhibit it after I was gone, getting rich with presents, and adding greatly to the list of his medicines, as it would make him a great medicine-man. I left with the poor fellow his painted robe and the newspaper; and just before I departed I saw him unfold it to show some of his friends, when he took from around it some eight or ten folds of birch bark and deer skins, all of which were carefully enclosed in a sack made of the skin of a pole-cat, and undoubtedly destined to become, and to be called, his mystery or medicine bag."

No disputing about Tastes.—The hedgehog will eat Spanish flies, which will kill a dog, and a commom hog feasts upon rattlesnakes.

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Indians of America.

CHAPTER XIV.

South America continued.—Recapitulations.—Indians of the Pampas.—Manner of living.—Employment, war.—Weapons.—Manner of fighting.—What effect the use of fire-arms would produce.—Reflections.—Abipones.—Manners.—Occupation, and exercises.—Employments of the females.—Polygamy, and its effects.—Missionaries.—Intemperance of the Indians.—Number of Indians in South America.—Reflections.

I HAVE, in the preceding chapters, given a sketch of the history, manners, &c., of the chief Indian nations in South America, which have been subjected to European power. The influence of the invaders has operated on all the tribes, even on those who still retain their wild liberty and savage customs; but in the interior of that vast country, and amid its rocky fastnesses the red man is yet uncontrolled, and seems uncontrollable.

The most marked and extraordinary difference of character and customs among these wild tribes is exhibited by the Indians of the Pampas, or great plain east of the Cordillera, and the tribe of Abipones, residing in Paraguay. These Indians always appear on horseback, and their habits being influenced by this Cossack mode of life, are worth a separate description.

The Pampas* Indians are a handsome race, but wild and fierce as mountain eagles. They may be said to pass their lives on horseback. They wear no clothing, not even a covering on the head, either in the freezing winter or hot summer.

They live together in tribes, each of which is governed by a cacique, but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good, there they are to be found, until it is consumed by their horses, and then they instantly remove to a verdant spot. They have neither bread, fruit, nor vegetables, but they subsist entirely on the flesh of their mares, which they never ride; and the only luxury in which they indulge, is that of washing their hair in mare's blood.

Their whole occupation is war; this they consider the natural and most noble employment of men; and they declare that the proudest attitude of the human figure is when, bending over his horse, a man is riding at his enemy.

Their principal weapon is the spear. It is about eighteen feet long, and they use it with great dexterity. When they assemble, either to attack their enemies or to invade the country of the Christians, they collect large troops of horses and mares, and then, uttering the wild shriek of war, they start at a gallop. As soon as the horses they ride are tired, they vault upon the bare backs of fresh ones, keeping the best until they see their enemies. The whole country affords pasture for their horses, and they kill the mares for their own provisions. The ground is their bed, and to that only have they been accustomed, so that they find no inconvenience in their long marches of thousands of miles. These Indians, with their red lances, at present are but little heeded; but, to quote Captain Head, "as soon as fire-arms shall be put into the hands of these brave, naked men, they will be elevated in the political scale as suddenly as though they had fallen from the moon." It may not suit the politics of the whites to calculate upon such an event as the union of the Araucanian and the Pampas Indians—but who can venture to say that the hour may not be decreed, when these men, mounted upon the descendants of the very horses which were brought over the Atlantic to oppress their forefathers, shall rush with irresistible fury on their invaders, till the descend-

* See Head's Journey over the Pampas and the Andes.

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ants of the Europeans are, in their turn, trampled under foot, and in agony and torture, in vain are asking mercy from the savage Indians?

It was the rude, wild and despised tribes of the old world, that, rushing from their mountains and forests, broke in pieces the mighty fabric of Roman power, and overturned and destroyed all their systems of civilized policy, and the refinements of luxurious taste.

It is only by the introduction of true Christianity, that any permanent improvement in the character of these Indians can be hoped; and the Araucanians are the nation which, if rightly instructed in the truths of the Bible, seem most likely to become the missionaries and teachers of the red race.

The Abipones,* resident in Paraguay, are also a nation of horsemen, but in many habits, are more like the Araucanians than the Pampas Indians. They wear clothing, and are very industrious in manufacturing cloth, and utensils of various kinds.

They are a very healthy race, and long-lived. They are temperate in eating, and the women never drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. They are also very modest in their behavior: the girls spend all their time with their mothers in domestic employments, and the young men, engrossed with the exercise of arms and horses, never attempt any acts of gallantry, though they are cheerful and fond of conversation.

Riding, hunting, and swimming are their daily employments. They climb trees to gather honey, make spears, bows and arrows, weave ropes of leather, dress saddles, practise everything, in short, fatiguing to the hands or feet. In the intermission of these employments, they race their horses for a sword, which is given to him who reaches the goal first.

The women, debarred from the sports and equestrian contests of the men, are occupied day and night with the management of domestic affairs. They are however very active on horseback. They must needs be, as all their journeyings are made in this manner. They carry all their household utensils, goods and chattels packed on the horses they ride, and frequently stow their little children in bags of skins, among the pots and pans; and there they ride very easily.

The Abipones, like most of the American savages, practised polygamy. But here, and also among the Araucanians, it is chiefly confined to the richest men among the tribe, the others not being able to support more than one wife. But the Abipones were guilty of another horrid crime, which was never practised in Araucania,—the mothers frequently destroyed their new-born infants. This awful sin was in consequence of polygamy being allowed: the mother was fearful that, if she devoted herself to taking care of her infant, her husband would marry another wife in the meantime. Here we see how wickedness increases itself, and thus causes sin to abound more and more.

Since the instruction of the missionaries, however, there has been a great change in the conduct of the Abipones. They have been taught that there was a divine law against this cruelty, though their nation did not punish it, and they now seldom put their infants to death. And it was wonderful to see the change wrought in the course of a few years, after polygamy, divorce, and infanticide had been, by Christian discipline, abolished. The nation seemed filled with happy little children; for religion makes earth, as well as heaven, a place where innocence may live in peace. But there

* See a history of this people, by Martin Dobrizhoffer,—eighteen years a missionary in the country.

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is still a great reformation needed in this tribe. The men are intemperate; even those who profess to be Christians, and have been baptized, will join in their drunken frolics. True, neither the women nor the youth drink any intoxicating draught and the missionary,* from whose works we select, says, that if they did, the whole Abipone nation would soon come to destruction.

Their chief liquor is a kind of mead, made from honey and the *alforba*, a berry which abounds in the woods during four months of the year, from December to April. During these months a married man of the nation used seldom to be sober; but there is a change for the better. Yet, the missionary says that it is easier to eradicate any other vice from the minds of the Indians, than this of intemperance. They will sooner live content with one wife, abstain from slaughter and rapine, give up their ancient superstitions, or employ themselves in agriculture and other labors, notwithstanding their indolence. But it must be done; and if white Christians, or those who bear the name, would all practise temperance, as well as teach it, the red men might be made temperate.

There are, according to Humboldt, nearly six millions of Indians in South America. We think there is reason to believe that they have, on the whole, decreased in that country since its discovery by Europeans. In the south they have mingled with the European settlers, which in North America has never been found practicable. The religious orders have also founded missions, which, though doubtless encroaching on the liberties of the natives, have generally been favorable to the increase of population. As the preachers advance into the interior, the planters invade their territory; the whites and the castes of mixed breed, settle among the Indians; the missions become Spanish villages, and finally the old inhabitants lose their original manners and language. In this way, civilization advances from the coasts towards the centre of the continent.*

Such was the aspect of affairs while these provinces were under the Spanish government; since they became independent, the Indians, in most of the states, are allowed the full benefit of the free institutions established. As education becomes more diffused, and religion, divested of its superstitions, becomes more pure and peaceful; we may confidently hope, that the red man will partake of the blessings of civilization and Christianity, and, in South America at least, enjoy those moral and intellectual advantages which shall elevate him to an equality with his white brethren.

Absence of Mind.—Sir Isaac Newton, one evening in winter, feeling it extremely cold, drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a fire had been recently kindled. By degrees, the fire being completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rung his bell with unusual violence. John was not at hand; he at last made his appearance, by the time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" exclaimed Sir Isaac, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and placid philosopher, "remove the grate, before I am burned to death." "Please your honor, might you not rather *draw back your chair?*" said John, a little waggishly. "Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

* Martin Dobrizhoffer.

* Humboldt.

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The Wisdom of God.

The wisdom of the Creator is shown by the relation which the structure of animals bears to their mode of life.

The instances of this kind are numerous. There is a curious resemblance between the stomach of a hen and a corn-mill; the crop answering to the hopper, and the gizzard to the stones which crush the corn. But the most interesting point of resemblance is this: to prevent too much corn from going into the stones at once, a receiver is placed between them and the hopper, so that it may be dribbled out just as fast as is required. The same process takes place in the hen, for though the crop may be filled, its food only enters the gizzard gradually, and as fast as that is able to digest it.

Another instance of obvious fitness and adaptation of one part to another, is furnished in birds of prey. Owls, hawks, eagles, &c., by their talons and beaks, are qualified to seize and devour other birds and quadrupeds; and accordingly the gastric juice in the stomach of these birds will act upon or digest flesh, but it will not digest seeds or grasses, or vegetables of any kind. On the other hand, the mouth of the ox and sheep is suited to the cropping of herbage; and accordingly we find the gastric juices of their stomachs will digest vegetable food, and not flesh!

There is another instance of fitness in a provision of nature, which marks the intelligence of the Creator, and that is, that the eyes of all animals are placed in front, in the direction in which the legs move, and the hands work; and therefore where they are most useful. How awkward would it be for us if our eyes were in the back of the head! How comparatively useless would the eyes of quadrupeds be, if placed behind!

Nature is full of such instances as these, all setting forth the intelligence and wisdom of the Creator; and not only displaying the marks of a designing and intelligent Mind, but intelligence in contriving and power in executing, which know no bounds. No obstacle seems to be presented that is not surmounted, and no contrivance to accomplish an object seems to be adopted, that is not, all things considered, the best that could be devised.

Another fertile and interesting source of evidence of the wisdom of God is found in the contrivances resorted to by the Creator to compensate his creatures for certain defects in their organization. Thus the short neck of the elephant is compensated by the admirable device of a proboscis, one of the most complicated and ingenious, but successful expedients of nature.

The bat has a clumsy foot and leg, but to compensate for this, he is supplied with a hook on his wing, by which he suspends himself to a beam, or to the sides of rocks, and in this way he usually obtains his sleep. The crane, the heron, the bittern are destined to live upon fish, yet they cannot swim. To make up for this deficiency they are provided with long legs for wading, or long bills for groping, and sometimes with both.

The common parrot would have an inconvenience in the very hooked shape of its upper jaw, or mandible, if like that of other birds it was stationary, for in this case it could hardly open its mouth to take its food. But this hook being wanted by the parrot to climb and suspend itself with, to remedy the evil above mentioned, this upper mandible is capable of being elevated or depressed at pleasure.

There is a grub called the glowworm, that gives out a phosphoric light in the darkness. Why is this? That her mate may find her; for while she is a

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worm he is a fly; while she is on the earth he is in the air. They would not be likely to meet therefore, if some extraordinary means of uniting them was not resorted to; but this, Nature has foreseen and provided for.

The spider's web is a compensating contrivance, of a very ingenious character. This creature is made to feed on flies; yet how was it to catch them, for it had no wings? This might seem to be a case of dificulty, but the web is a net, and the spider is not only taught how to weave it, but his body furnishes the thread! How ingenious, how wonderful, how multiplied, are the resources of the God of Nature!

In many species of insects, the eye is fixed, and cannot be turned in its socket. To supply this great defect, the eye is a multiplying glass, with a lens looking in every direction, and showing every object that may be near. Thus, what seemed at first a privation, by this curious and interesting expedient is made to be an advantage, as an eye thus constructed, seems better adapted to the wants of these creatures than any other. The common fly is said to have four thousand lenses in each eye, and the butterfly thirty thousand!

The neck of the chameleon is stiff, and cannot be turned; how then is he to look about himself? It would puzzle most of us to contrive a remedy for this difficulty; but Nature seems never at a loss. The eye-ball stands out so far that more than half of it projects from the head; and the muscles operate so curiously that the pupil can be turned in any direction. Thus the chameleon, who cannot bend his neck, can do with facility what is difficult for most other animals—he can look backwards even without turning his body!

The Canary Bird.

A SMALL girl, named Caroline, had a most lovely canary bird. The little creature sung from morning till night, and was very beautiful. Its color was yellow, with a black head. And Caroline gave him seed and cabbage to eat, and occasionally a small piece of sugar, and every day fresh, clean water to drink.

But suddenly the bird began to be mournful, and one morning, when Caroline brought him his water, he lay dead in the cage.

And she raised a loud lamentation over the favorite animal, and wept bitterly. But the mother of the girl went and purchased another, which was more beautiful than the first in color, and just as lovely in its song, and put it in the cage.

But the child wept louder than ever when she saw the new bird.

And the mother was greatly astonished, and said, "My dear child, why are you still weeping and sorrowful? Your tears will not call the dead bird into life; and here you have one which is not inferior to the other!"

Then the child said, "O, dear mother, I treated my bird unkindly, and did not do all for it that I could and should have done."

"Dear Lina, you have always taken care of it diligently!"

"O, no," replied the child, "a short time before its death, the bird being very sick, you gave me a piece of sugar as medicine for it; but I did not give to him the piece of sugar, but ate it myself." Thus spake the girl, with a sorrowful heart.

The mother did not smile at this complaint, for she understood and revered the holy voice of conscience in the heart of the child.

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The Paper Nautilus.

This little animal is to be found, chiefly, in the Mediterranean sea. Its shell is very thin and brittle, from which circumstance it is called the paper nautilus. It is mentioned by Pliny and some other ancient writers, and it is supposed that the art of navigation owed its origin to the expert management of this little sailor. Eight arms it raises for sails, while six hang over the side of the shell, and are used for oars. While sailing upon the water this animal has the appearance of a little vessel. On the approach of danger, which it is quick to perceive, the little mariner absorbs a quantity of water, and sinks into the depths of the sea. It is seldom taken when sailing.

There is another species of nautilus, which has a thick shell, in which there are several chambers.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XVII.

I cannot easily make my readers, who have always lived in cities or towns, understand the pleasure of sleeping in the woods, with no roof but the sky. Perhaps most persons would think this a hardship, and so it would be, if we had to do it always: but by way of adventure now and then, and particularly when one is about seventeen, with such a clever fellow as Mat Olmsted for a companion and a guide, the thing is quite delightful.

The affair with the panther had excited my fancy, and filled my bosom with a deep sense of my own importance. It seemed to me that the famous exploits of Hercules, in Greece, which are told by the old poets, were, after all,

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such things as I could myself achieve, if the opportunity only should offer.

Occupied with these thoughts, I assisted Mat in collecting some fagots for our night fire—but every moment kept looking around, expecting to see some wild animal peeping his face between the trunks of the gray old oaks. In one instance I mistook a stump for a bear's head, and in another I thought a bush at a little distance, was some huge monster, crouching as if to spring upon us.

The night stole on apace, and soon we were surrounded with darkness, which was rendered deeper by the fire we had kindled. The scene was now, even more wild than before: the trees that stood around, had the aspect of giants, lifting their arms to the sky;—and their limbs often assumed the appearance of serpents, or demons, goggling at us from the midnight darkness. Around us was a seeming tent, curtained with blackness, through which not a ray of light could penetrate.

I amused myself for a long time, in looking at these objects, and I remarked that they assumed different aspects at different times—a thing which taught me a useful lesson, and which I will give, gratis, to my young readers. It is this, that fancy, when indulged, has the power to change objects to suit its own wayward humor. Whoever wishes to be guided right, ought, therefore, to beware how he takes fancy for a guide.

When our fire had been burning for about half an hour, Matthew having unbuckled his pack, took out some dried deer's flesh, upon which we made a hearty supper: we then began to talk about one thing and another, and, finally, I spoke of the Indians, expressing my curiosity to know more about them. Upon this, Mat said he would tell an Indian story, and accordingly, he proceeded nearly as follows:

These six nations, you must know, were not originally confined to this small tract of country, but they were spread far and wide over the land. Nor were they always united, but in former days they waged fierce wars with one another. It was the custom among all the tribes to put captives to death, by burning them, inflicting at the same time the most fearful tortures upon the victims. Sometimes, however, they adopted the captive, if he showed extraordinary fortitude, into the tribe, and gave him all the privileges of the brotherhood.

An instance of this sort occurred with the Senecas. They had been at war with the Chippewas, who lived to the north. Two small bands of these rival tribes met, and every one of the Chippewas was slain, save only a young chief named Hourka. He was taken, and carried to the village of the victorious Senecas. Expecting nothing but torture and death, he awaited his fate, without a question, or a murmur. In a day or two, he saw the preparations making for his sacrifice: a circular heap of dried fagots was erected, and near it a stake was driven in the ground.

To this he was tied, and the fagots were set on fire. The scorching blaze soon flashed near his limbs, but he shrunk not. An Indian then took a sharp piece of stone, and cut a gash in Hourka's side, and inserted in it a blazing knot of pine. This burned down to the flesh, but still the sufferer showed no signs of distress. The people of the tribe, came around him, and jeered at him, calling him coward, and every other offensive name: but they extorted not from him an impatient word. The boys and the women seemed to be foremost in taunting him; they caught up blazing pieces of the fagots, and thrust them against his naked flesh; but yet, he stood unmoved, and his face was serene

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showing, however, a slight look of disdain. There was something in his air which seemed to say, "I despise all your arts—I am an Indian chief, and beyond your power."

Now it chanced that a daughter of an old chief of the Senecas, was there, and her heart was touched with the courage and manly beauty of the youthful Chippewa; so she determined to save his life if she could: and knowing that a crazy person is thought by the Indians to be inspired, she immediately pretended to be insane. She took a large fragment of the burning fagot in her hand, and circling around Hourka, screamed in the most fearful manner. She ran among the woman and boys, scattering the fire on all sides, and at the same time exclaiming, "Set the captive free, —it is the will of Manitto, the Great Spirit!"

This manoeuvre of the Indian maiden was so sudden, and her manner was so striking, that the Indians around were taken by a momentary impulse, and rushing to the captive, sundered the strings of bark that tied him to the stake, and, having set him at liberty, greeted him as a brother. From this time, Hourka became a member of the tribe into which he was thus adopted, and none treated him otherwise than as a chief, in whose veins the blood of the Senecas was flowing, save only a huge chief, called Abomico.

This Indian was of gigantic size, and proportionate power. He had taken more scalps in fight, than any other young chief, and was, therefore, the proudest of all the Senecas. He was looked upon by the girls of the tribe, very much as a young man is among us, who is worth a hundred thousand dollars. When, therefore, he said to Meena—the daughter of the chief who saved the life of Hourka—that he wanted her for his wife, he was greatly amazed to find that she did not fancy him. He went away wondering that he could be refused, but determining to try again. Now the long, dangling soap-locks, and filthy patches of beard, worn by our modern dandies, who desire to dazzle the eyes of silly girls—were not in vogue among the Senecas: but foppery is a thing known among savages as well as civilized people.

Accordingly, Abomico, when he had determined to push his suit with Meena, covered himself entirely over with a thick coat of bear's grease; he then painted one side of his face yellow, the other blue; his arms he painted red; on his breast he drew the figure of a snake; on one leg he painted a skunk; on the other a bear. Around his neck he hung a necklace of bears' claws, and on his arm he bore forty bloody scalps, which he had taken from the heads of enemies slain in battle; at his back was a quiver of arrows, and in his left hand was a bow. In his hair was stuck a bunch of eagles' feathers; from his right ear swung the skin of a racoon; in his right hand he bore the wing of a crow.

Thus attired, Abomico marched toward the tent, where Meena dwelt with her father. Never was a beau of one of our cities, new from the hands of the tailor, more delighted with his appearance, than was this Indian dandy, as he drew near to the tent, and waited at the door for the maiden to appear. "If she can resist my charms now,"—thought Abomico,—"she must be bewitched indeed!"

Meena soon appeared—and the chief spoke to her again, begging her to become his wife. "Come!" said he—"go with me, and be the singing-bird in my nest. I am a great warrior. I have slain forty brave men in battle. I have feasted on the flesh, and drunk the warm blood, of my enemies. I have the

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strongest arm, the truest hand, the swiftest foot, the keenest eye, of any chief in the mighty tribe of the Senecas."

"It is not true!" said Meena.

"Not true?" said the chief, in great anger and astonishment. "Who dares to match himself with Abomico? Who can vie with him in the race? Who can shoot with him at the mark? Who can leap with him at the bar?"

"Hourka!" said Meena.

"It is a lie," said Abomico; though I must say, that he meant no offence—because, among the Indians, such a speech was not a discourtesy.

"Nay—nay," said Meena—"I speak the truth; you have come to ask me to be your wife. Hourka has made the same request. You shall both try your power in the race and the leap, and at the bow. He who shall be the master in the trial, may claim Meena for his slave."

This proposition was gladly accepted, and Hourka being informed of it, a time for the trial was appointed. The people of the village soon heard what was going on; and, as the Indians are always fond of shows and holidays, they rejoiced to hear of the promised sport.

The day of the trial arrived. In a grassy lawn, the sport was to be held; and here the throng assembled. It was decreed by the chiefs that the first trial should be with the bow. A large leaf was spread out upon a forked branch of a tree, and this was set in the ground, at the distance of about fifty yards. Abomico shot first, and his arrow pierced the leaf, within half an inch of the centre. Hourka followed, and his arrow flew wide from the mark, not even touching the leaf. He seemed indeed careless, and reckless. But, as he turned his eye upon Meena, he saw a shade of sorrow come over her face.

In an instant the manner of the young chief changed. He said to himself,—"I have been mistaken: I thought the maiden slighted me and preferred my rival: but now I know that she loves me, and I can now beat Abomico."

There were to be three trials of the bow. In the two which followed the first, which we have described, Hourka had the advantage and was pronounced the victor. And now came the leap. A pole was set horizontally upon stakes, to the height of about five feet, and Hourka, running a little distance, cleared it easily. Abomico followed, and he also leaped over it with facility. It was then raised about a foot, and Hourka, bounding like a deer of the wood, sprang over the pole, amid the admiring shouts of the multitude. Abomico made a great effort, and he too went over, but his foot grazed the piece of wood, and the victory here again was awarded to Hourka.

The face of the haughty Abomico, now grew dark as the thunder-cloud. He could bear to be rejected by Meena; but to be thus vanquished before the whole tribe, and that too by one who had not the real blood of a Seneca, was more than his pride could bear. He was, therefore, plotting some scheme of revenge, when the race was marked out by the chiefs. It was decreed that they should run side by side to a broad river which was near; that they should swim across; ascend on the opposite bank to a place above a lofty cataract in the river, and recrossing the river there, return to the point of their departure.

The place occupied by the spectators, was so elevated as to command a fine view of the entire race-ground; and the interest was intense, as the two chiefs departed, bounding along, side by side, like two coursers. The race was long nearly equal. They came to the river, and at the same moment both plunged into the water. They swam across, and at the same moment clambered up the

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rocky bank on the other shore. Side by side they ran, straining every muscle. They ascended to the spot above the roaring cataract, and plunged into the river; then drew near the place where the water broke over the rocks in a mighty sheet, making the earth tremble with the shock of their fall. Still the brave swimmers heeded not the swift current that drew them toward the precipice. Onward they pressed, cutting the element like ducks, and still side by side.

Intense was the interest of the spectators, as they witnessed the strife. But what was their amazement, when they saw Abomico rise above the wave, grapple Hourka and drag him directly toward the edge of the cataract. There was a shout of horror, through the tribe, and then a deathlike silence. The struggle of the two rivals was fearful, but in a short space, clinging to each other, they rolled over the precipice, and disappeared among the mass of foam, far and deep below!

Killed, by falling on the rocks, and gashed by many a ghastly wound, the huge form of Abomico was soon seen drifting down the stream; while Hourka swam to the shore, and claimed his willing bride, amid the applauses of men, women and children.

The Zodiac.

THE Zodiac consists of a broad belt in the heavens, among which the sun appears to make his annual circuit. The stars are arranged in groups, and the ancients, who were fond of astronomy, called these groups or constellations, by

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particular names. One group they called ursa major, or great bear; one they called orion; another, the crown; another, the dog; another Hercules, &c.

In the month of March, the sun is said to enter aries, that is the group or constellation called aries, or the ram; in April it enters taurus, or the bull; in May, gemini, the twins; in June, cancer, the crab; in July, leo, the lion; in August, virgo, the virgin; in September, libra, the scales; in October, scorpio, the scorpion; in November, sagittarius, the archer; in December, capricorn, the goat; in January, aquarius, the water bearer; in February, pisces, the fishes.

The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XVI.

The grotto of Pausilippo.—A dying man.—The Lazzaroni.—Weather at Naples.—The grotta del cane.—Inhuman sport.—Subterranean fires.—A Funeral.—Characteristics of the Neapolitans.

I HAD heard a great deal of the grotto of Pausilippo, which is a great tunnel through a mountain at one end of the city, and I took a walk toward that quarter, for the purpose of visiting it.

This is certainly one of the most surprising works of art in the world, considering its age. It was executed two or three thousand years ago, and is probably the most permanent artificial work on the face of the earth. Even the Egyptian pyramids will not last so long as this. To have some idea of it, you must understand that Naples is separated from the towns on the northern coast by the hill of Pausilippo, which is a ridge of solid rock.

Through this rock an immense tunnel is cut, three quarters of a mile long, and nearly a hundred feet high. It is broad enough for two carriages to pass, and lighted by lamps. Several air-holes, at proper distances, serve to ventilate it and keep the air pure. A great deal of travel is constantly passing through it: and during the heat of summer, the grotto, has a most refreshing coolness. The rumbling of the carriages is echoed from the rocky vault overhead in a very remarkable manner. Altogether, the place struck me with surprise and astonishment; and when I thought of our railroad tunnels, which we boast of as modern inventions, I could not help repeating the observation of king Solomon, that "there is no new thing under the sun."

While I sat at supper in the evening, I was startled by hearing a bell tinkling violently under my window. I ran to the balcony and found the whole street in a blaze of light. A religious procession was going down the street bearing lighted tapers. I was told that it was a priest going to administer extreme unction to a dying man.

At the sound of the bell, which was carried by one of the procession, all the neighbors ran to the windows and balconies with lamps and candles, and fell upon their knees; for this is the custom on such occasions. In an instant the whole street was in a blaze of light, and the prospect of this illumination, with the long procession of persons dressed in white, chanting a mournful dirge, and the crowds in the balconies in solemn and devout attitudes, struck me very forcibly. As the procession passed by each house, the spectators crossed themselves and uttered a prayer for the soul of the dying man. So sudden are the transitions of these people from the gayety and merriment of their daily occupations to the solemnity of their religious observances.

Everybody who has been at Naples,

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has something to say about the *Lazzaroni*, which is the name given to the idle fellows and ragamuffins of this city. Many people imagine them to be a distinct race of men, like the gipseys in other parts of Europe; but this is an error. Every city in Europe has its proportion of lazy and ragged fellows: but in Naples their number is so great that they have obtained this peculiar name. By some, their numbers are stated at twenty thousand. I will not vouch for the full number, but they exist in swarms. Nowhere else did I ever see such comical raggedness as among these people. The scarecrows, which Yankee farmers set in their cornfields to frighten away the birds, are genteel figures compared to these fellows. One has half a pair of trowsers; another half a jacket, and no trowsers at all; another wears the leg of an old stocking for a cap; another has a ragged pair of breeches the wrong side upwards for a shirt. As to the patches and tatters, they surpass all power of language to describe. How they get their living, one is puzzled to guess, for they seem to spend all the day basking in the sun; and in spite of their rags and dirt, they appear to be as happy as lords. They are constantly in good humor, singing, chattering, grimacing, and cutting capers from morning to night. In fact, notwithstanding their want of almost all those things which we call necessaries of life, they appear to be troubled with very little suffering. Their rags and nakedness give them little concern, for the climate is so mild that they hardly feel the want of a covering. Their food is chiefly macaroni, which is very cheap here: two or three cents worth will suffice a man for a day. Their manner of eating it makes a stranger laugh; they hold it up in long strings, at arm's length, and swallow it by the yard at a time. As for their homes, the most of them have none: they sleep in the open air, on the steps of the churches, and wherever they can find a convenient spot to lie.

It was about the middle of March, which is the most disagreeable month of the whole year in this country; yet I found the weather very mild and pleasant. Light showers of rain happened almost every day; but these lasted commonly but a few minutes and were succeeded by warm sun-shine. I could discern the Appenines at a distance, covered with snow, while the hills around the city were decked with green olive trees. Oranges and lemons were plenty and very cheap: three or four for a cent.

I set out on a walk to visit the famous *grotta del cane*, or "dog's cavern," which is only a few miles from Naples. The road lay through the grotto of Pausilippo, and I could not avoid again admiring this wonderful cavern, the work of men who lived in what we have supposed to be an age of barbarism. At the further end I emerged into the open air and found a region of fields and vineyards, separated by walls of clay. Little children ran along by my side, tumbling head over heels, clacking their chops, making queer noises and antic gestures by way of begging for coppers. All along the road were poplar trees, to which the vines were trained, but they were not in leaf. After a walk of three or four miles I came to lake Agnaro, a piece of water about the size of Fresh Pond in Cambridge. On the shore of this lake is the *grotta del cane*. It is a rocky cavern which enters horizontally a little above the water, and emits from its mouth a sulphureous steam or vapor, which will kill a dog if he is put into the cavern. People who live in the neighborhood keep dogs for the purpose of exhibiting this phenomenon to strangers. The dogs know the fatal proper-

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ties of this cave, and refuse to go in. While I was there, some of these fellows came to me and offered to exhibit the experiment; but I declined, not wishing to see an animal treated with cruelty for mere curiosity. They assured me that the dog need not be killed—that they would only keep him in the cave long enough to throw him into a swoon, and then bring him to life again by plunging him into the water. I told them this was as bad as killing him outright: for the animal could suffer no more by actually dying. They were very unwilling to lose their expected fee, and answered me that there was no suffering in the case, but, on the contrary, the dogs were very fond of the sport! I laughed at this impudent falsehood, and refused to have anything to do with the exhibition.

A few minutes after, a party of visiters arrived who had no such humane scruples: they were resolved to see the experiment tried. Accordingly, a dog was brought forward; and I now had a chance to see how much truth there was in the assertion that these animals were fond of being choked to death. The poor dog no sooner perceived his visiters than he became as perfectly aware of what was going forward as if he had heard and understood every syllable that had been said. It showed the utmost unwillingness to proceed towards the cavern, but his master seized him by the neck and dragged him with main force along till he reached the mouth of the cave, into which he thrust him howling and making the most piteous cries. In a few minutes he fell upon the ground motionless, and lay without any signs of life. The spectators declared that they had seen enough to satisfy them; on which the fellow took the dog up by the ears and plunged him into the lake. After two or three dips, the poor animal began to agitate his limbs and at length came to himself and ran scampering off. These inhuman exhibitions ought not to be encouraged by travellers.

Every part of the neighborhood of the city abounds with evidence of the existence of volcanic fire, under ground. As I walked along the road I found the smoke issuing from holes and clefts in the ground: and on placing my hands in these fissures, I found them so hot that one might roast eggs in them. Yet people build houses and pass their lives upon these spots, without troubling themselves with the reflection that they live on a thin crust of soil hanging over a yawning gulf of fire! In my walk homeward I passed by a hill, about the size of Bunker Hill, which some time ago rose up suddenly, in a single night, from a level plain. It is now all overgrown with weeds and bushes. If it were not for Mount Vesuvius, which affords a breathing-place for these subterranean fires, it is highly probable that the whole face of the country would be rent into fragments by earthquakes and volcanic explosions. Vesuvius may be called the *safety valve* of the country.

On my way home, I was stopped on the road by an immense crowd. It was a funeral. A long train of monks and priests attended the hearse, each one clad in a dress which resembled a loose white sheet thrown over the head and falling down to the feet, with little round holes cut for the eyes. They looked like a congregation of spectres from the other world. The corpse was that of an army officer. He lay not in a coffin, but exposed in full uniform upon a crimson pall edged with gold. Everything accompanying the hearse was pompous, showy and dazzling.

This indeed is the characteristic of the people; almost everything in their manners and mode of life is calculated to strike the senses and produce effect by dazzling and external display. No-

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thing can surpass the splendor of their religious processions, the rich and imposing decoration of their churches, and the pomp and parade and showy display which attend the solemnization of all their public festivals. The population of these countries are exceedingly sensitive to the effect of all these exhibitions, and their lively and acute feelings bring them under the influence of whatever is addressed strongly to their outward senses. They are little guided by sound reason and sober reflection, but are at the mercy of all the impulses that arise from a keen sensibility and an excitable imagination.

Story of Philip Brusque.

CHAPTER XI.

The meeting.—Discussion.—A government adopted.—Conclusion for the present.

THE time for the meeting of the people to take measures for the establishment of a government for the island of Fredonia, was fixed for the day which followed the events narrated in the last chapter. This meeting was looked forward to with intense interest, by all parties. The men, who knew that there could be no peace or safety in society, without government, regarded the event as likely to decide whether the inhabitants of the island were to be happy or miserable.

The women, who were perhaps not apt to reflect upon these things, had also learned from their experience that a government, establishing and enforcing laws, was indispensable to the quiet and security of society: they saw that their own lives, their freedom, their homes, were not secure, without the protection of law. Even the children had found that government was necessary, and these as well as the women, were now rejoicing at the prospect of having this great blessing bestowed upon the little community of Fredonia.

The day for the meeting arrived, and the men of the island assembled, agreeably to the appointment. First came the men of the tent party, and then, those from the Outcast's cave. The latter were greeted by a shout of welcome, and mingling with the rest, a kind shaking of hands took place between those, who so lately were arrayed against each other in deadly conflict.

After a short time, Mr. Bonfils, being the oldest man of the company, called the assembly to order, and he being chosen chairman, went on to state the objects of the assembly, in the following words:

"My dear friends; it has been the will of Providence to cast us together upon this lonely, but beautiful island. It would seem that so small a community, regulated by mutual respect and mutual good will, might dwell together in peace and amity, without the restraints of law, or the requisitions of government. But history has told us, that in all lands, and in all ages, peace, order, justice, are only to be secured by established laws, and the means of carrying them into effect. There must be government, even in a family; there must be some power to check error, to punish crime, to command obedience to the rule of right. Where there is no government, there the violent, the unjust, the selfish, have sway, and become tyrants over the rest of the community. Our own unhappy experience teaches us this.

"Now we have met together, with a knowledge, a conviction of these truths. We know, we feel, we see that law is necessary, and that there must be a government to enforce it. Without this, there is no peace, no security, no quiet fireside, no happy home, no pleasant

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society. Without this, all is fear, anxiety, and anarchy.

"Let us then enter upon the duties of this occasion, with a proper sense of the obligation that rests upon us; of the serious duty which is imposed on every man present. We are about to decide questions which are of vital interest, not only to each actor in this scene, but to these wives and sisters and children, whom we see gathered at a little distance, watching our proceedings, as if their very lives were at stake."

This speech was followed by a burst of applause; but soon a man by the name of Maurice arose—one who had been a leading supporter of Rogere—and addressed the assembly as follows:

"Mr. Chairman; it is well known that I am one of the persons who have followed the opinions of that leader who lost his life in the battle of the tents. I followed him from a conviction that his views were right. The fact is, that I have seen so much selfishness in the officers of the law, that I have learned to despise the law itself. Perhaps, however, I have been wrong. I wish to ask two questions—the first is this: *Is not liberty a good thing?* You will answer that it is. It is admitted, all the world over, that liberty is one of the greatest enjoyments of life. My second question then is—*Why restrain liberty by laws?* Every law is a cord put around the limbs of liberty. If you pass a law that I shall not steal, it is restraint of my freedom; it limits my liberty; it takes away a part of that, which all agree is one of the greatest benefits of life. And thus, as you proceed to pass one law after another, do you not at last bind every member of society by such a multiplied web of restraints, as to make him the slave of law? And is not a member of a society where you have a system of laws, like a fly in the hands of the spider, wound round and round by a bondage that he cannot burst, and which only renders him a slave of that power which has thus entangled him?"

When Maurice had done, Brusque arose, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Chairman; I am happy that Mr. Maurice has thus stated a difficulty which has arisen in my own mind: he has stated it fairly, and it ought to be fairly answered. Liberty is certainly a good thing; without it, man cannot enjoy the highest happiness of which he is capable. All useless restraints of liberty are therefore wrong; all unnecessary restraints of liberty are wrong. But the true state of the case is this: we can enjoy no liberty, but by submitting to certain restraints. It is true that every law is an abridgment of liberty; but it is better to have some abridgment of it, than to lose it all.

"I wish to possess my life in safety; accordingly I submit to a law which forbids murder: I wish to possess my property in security; and therefore I submit to a law which forbids theft and violence: I wish to possess my house without intrusion; I therefore submit to a law which forbids one man to trespass upon the premises of another: I wish to go and come, without hindrance, and without fear; I therefore submit to a law which forbids highway robbery, and all interference with a man's pursuit of his lawful business.

"Now, if we reflect a little, we shall readily see that by submitting to certain restraints, we do actually increase the amount of practical, available, useful liberty. By submitting to laws, therefore, we get more freedom than we lose. That this is the fact, may be easily tested by observation. Go to any civilized country, where there is a settled government and a complete system of laws, and you will find, in general, that a man enjoys his house, his home, his lands, his time, his thoughts, his pro-

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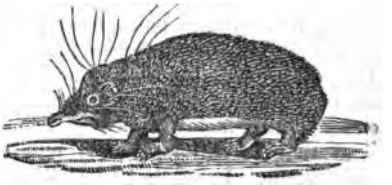
perty, without fear: whereas, if you go to a savage land, where there is no government and no law, there you will find your life, property, and liberty, exposed every moment to destruction. Who, then, can fail to see that the very laws which abridge liberty in some respects, actually increase the amount of liberty enjoyed by the community."

Maurice professed himself satisfied with this solution of his difficulties; and the meeting proceeded to appoint a committee, to go out and prepare some plan, to be submitted to the meeting. This committee returned, and after a short space, brought in a resolution, that Mr. Bonfils be for one year placed at the head of the little community, with absolute power; and that, at the end of that period, such plan of government as the people might decree, should be established.

This resolution was adopted unanimously. The men threw up their hats in joy, and the air rang with acclamations. The women and children heard the cheerful sounds, and ran toward the men, who met them half way. It was a scene of unmixed joy. Brusque and Emilie met, and the tears of satisfaction fell down their cheeks. François went to his aged mother, and even her dimmed eye was lighted with pleasure at the joyful issue of the meeting.

We must now take leave of the island of Fredonia—at least for a time—and whether we ever return to it, must depend upon the wishes of our young readers. If they are anxious to see how the people flourished under the reign of their aged old chief, and how they proceeded in after years, perchance we may lift the curtain and show them the scene that lies behind it. But I hope that our readers have learnt, that not only men and women, but children, have an interest in government, and therefore that it is a thing they should try to understand.



The Tanrec.

This creature resembles the hedgehog, but is larger than that animal, and is destitute of a tail. It does not roll itself into a ball, for defence, like the former animal. It passes three of the warmest months of the year in a state of torpor, differing in this respect from other animals, which become torpid from extreme cold. Its legs are very short, and it moves very slowly. It is fond of the water, and loves to wallow in the mud. It moves about only by night. There are three species, all found in the island of Madagascar.

Letter from a Correspondent.

Little Readers of the Museum:

I sometimes read Mr. Robert Merry's Museum, and I like it very much, as I presume all his little "blue-eyed and black-eyed readers" do. He talks very much like good old Peter Parley. I should think he had heard him tell many a story while he rested his wooden leg on a chair, with a parcel of little laughing girls and boys around him. Oh, how many times I have longed to see him, and crawl up in his lap and hear his stories! But Mr. Merry says he is dead, and I never can see him. I am very—very sorry, for I hoped I should sometime visit him, for I loved him very much, and I guess he would have loved me some, for I like old people, and always mean to treat them

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with respect. How cruel it was for others to write books and pretend that Peter Parley wrote them!—for it seems that this shortened his life. I am glad, however, that Mr. Merry has his writings, for I think he loves his little friends so well that he will frequently publish some of them. I said that I loved Peter Parley, and I guess you will not think it strange that I should, when I tell you what a useful little book he once published, and how much pleasure I took in reading it. He wrote a great many interesting pieces which I read and studied, and they did me much good, I think. I hope that the little readers of the Museum will learn a good deal from what they read.

Peter Parley wrote a piece which told us how to make pens. I read it over, and over again, and, finally, I thought I would see if I could not make one. So I went to my little desk and took out a quill, got my aunt's knife and laid the book before me and tried to do just as Peter Parley told me I must. I succeeded very well, and my friends were quite pleased. This encouraged me very much, and soon I made them so well that my teachers made me no more pens. By-and-by my little associates got me to make and mend theirs, and I loved the business very much.

Well, a few years since, I went to a beautiful village to attend school, where a splendid academy stands, around which, are large green trees, under whose shade my little readers would love to sit. There I staid two or three years. Often did I walk out with the teachers, whom I loved, to botanize, or ramble, with nimble step, over the beautiful hills of that sweet place, and listen to the constant murmur of its waterfalls, or gather the delicate flowers that grew so plentifully there. But to my story. My teachers saw that I made my own pens, and occasionally, when they were busy, would bring me one to make for them. The students soon found it out, and I had plenty of business. One day the principal of the school came to me and offered to compensate me by giving me my tuition one term, which was six dollars, if I would make and mend pens. I did not accept the money of course, though I cheerfully and gladly performed the small service.

So you see, Peter Parley's instruction has done me a great deal of good, for how many persons there are who cannot make a good pen, because they never learned how.

My little readers, I am now almost twenty years old, but I still remember many other things which I read in Peter Parley's books when I was a little girl. Mr. Robert Merry talks and writes just like him, almost, and I hope you will love to read and study attentively Merry's Museum, for it is a good little work, and a pleasant one. Be assured, my young friends, you can learn a great deal from it, if you read it carefully. I should like to say much more to you, but I cannot now. I have been sitting by the fire, in a rocking-chair, writing this on a large book, with a pussy under it for a desk, but she has just jumped from my lap, and refuses to be made a table of any longer. So farewell.

Your young friend,

LAURA.

Springfield, Jan. 6, 1842

COOKERY BOOK.—"Has that cookery book any pictures?" said Miss C. to a bookseller. "No, miss, none," was the answer. "Why," exclaimed the witty young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner, if they give us no *plates?*"

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Names of different kinds of Type.

Great Primer . . . **I will now tell you something**

English . . . . about printing. It may be useful to

Pica . . . . . spend a few lines in giving you an idea of

Small Pica . . . the names which are applied to the different sorts

Long Primer . . . of type employed in the printing of books. This I shall

Bourgeois . . . . do by putting against each line of the present paragraph the

Brevier . . . . . name of the type in which it is printed. I shall not attempt to

Minion . . . . . explain the origin of these odd terms, but content myself with giving

Nonpareil . . . . you a notion of the proportion which one type bears to another; so as to enable

Pearl . . . . . you, when you become author, to give instructions to your printer as to the type you wish him to use.

Condensed . . . And by way of enlarging your vocabulary of types, I will

Full-face . . . . add a few examples of fancy letters, adapted to the title-

Antique . . . . PAGES OF BOOKS, SHOW BILLS OF VARIOUS

Gothic Condensed . KINDS, BUSINESS CARDS, VISITING CARDS, AND MANY OTHER

Black . . . . . purposes. If you will go to Mr. Dickinson's printing-office,

Script . . . . . *No. 52 Washington Street, Boston, you will see a*

Extended . . . . GREAT VARIETY

Gothic . . . . . OF FANCY TYPE; AND YOU WILL

Gothic Outline . . ALSO SEE HOW THEY ARE SET

Tuscan Shade . . UP, AND HOW THEY ARE

Full-face (Capitals) PRINTED, WITH WHAT HE CALLS A

Phantom . . . . **ROTARY PRESS.**

Condensed (Capitals) YOU WILL ALSO SEE PRESSES WORKED BY STEAM, AND EN-

Full-face Italic . . ***gaged in printing books, newspapers,***

Extra Condensed . PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, AND MANY

Shaded . . . OTHER THINGS. IF YOU WILL GO TO NO. 66 CONGRESS STREET,

Ornamented . . . YOU WILL FIND WHERE

Title Letter . . . MERRY'S MUSEUM

French Shade . . IS STEREOTYPED.

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PETER PARLEY'S NEW STORIES.

No. II.

About the Three Sisters.

THERE were once three little girls, who went to see a balloon. When they got to the place, they saw that it was a great bag of silk, with a netting put over it, and to this netting, a little car was attached.

There were a great many people around the place, anxious to see the balloon rise and sail away in the air. There were several persons very busy in filling the balloon with what is called *hydrogen gas*, which is a kind of air, and so light that it rises upward and carries the balloon with it.

Pretty soon there was considerable gas in the balloon, and it then began to ascend a little; in a short time it rose more, and, after a few minutes, it seemed in such a hurry to get away that several men were obliged to take hold of the net-work, and restrain it till all was ready.

Now a man by the name of Lauriat, who had made the balloon, was going up with it. When all was prepared, he got into the little car, holding in his lap a cat fastened in a cage, with a thing like an umbrella, attached to it. In a few moments Mr. Lauriat called out, "all right!" —and the men let go of the net-work, and up went the balloon, and up went Mr. Lauriat in the little car hanging beneath it!

It was a beautiful sight, and the people were so delighted, that the air rang with acclamations. The three little girls, whom we shall call History, Poetry, and Romance, were as much pleased as anybody, and shouted, with their little voices, as loud as they could. What made it all more pleasant, was that the people could see Mr. Lauriat, who waved a little flag, as he ascended; and though it was almost frightful to see a man so high in the air, yet he appeared quite at his ease and very much gratified.

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When the balloon had risen to a great height, so as to look only about as large as my wig, Mr. Lauriat let the cat and the cage fall; but the thing like an umbrella, called a *parachute*, kept it from coming down very swiftly. It was a beautiful sight to see! At first the cage and parachute were hardly visible, but they grew more and more distinct, and at last they came nearer and nearer, and finally dropped down upon a distant hill. Some boys ran to the place, and behold, puss was in the cage, a good deal frightened, but as safe as ever. There are very few cats that have had such a ride as this!

At last the balloon looked no bigger than a fly, and then it entered a cloud and was seen no more. The company separated and went to their homes, all talking of the balloon, and Mr. Lauriat, and puss, and the parachute. Our three little girls also returned to their homes, and, rushing to their mother, they were each so anxious to tell the story, that neither could be understood. At last their mother said to them, "My dear children, I must hear you, one at a time. Let us all sit down, and History, who is the oldest, shall tell the story first. Then Poetry shall tell it, and then Romance shall tell it."

To this they all agreed, and History began as follows: "We reached the place about four o'clock in the afternoon. There were already many people present, but as the time advanced, others came, and soon about two thousand people were there.

"The balloon was enclosed in a fence, made of boards, and none but the workmen and Mr. Lauriat were permitted to enter the enclosure. There were six large casks around, in which they made the hydrogen gas; this was conducted to the balloon by means of tubes.

"The balloon was a large bag of silk, about forty feet long and eighty feet in circumference. When full of gas, it was shaped like a bell-pear, the stem downwards. The silk was oiled, so as to retain the gas, which is lighter than the air, and floats upward in it, as a piece of wood does in water. The balloon was enclosed in a net-work, and beneath, a little car, or boat, was attached to it, and in this, Mr. Lauriat sat, when he ascended.

"As the gas was conducted to the balloon, the latter gradually swelled out, and when it was full, the men who held it down, let go; and it ascended with Mr. Lauriat, into the air. He was cheered by the voices of the people, and he waved a little flag back and forth, in return. It was a pleasing scene, in which fear for the airy sailor, and admiration of his skill and courage, were mingled.

"Mr. Lauriat had taken up with him a cat, enclosed in a cage, and to this cage a parachute was attached. When he had risen to the height of about a thousand feet, he let the cage go, and it came gently down like a snow-flake, falling at last on a distant hill. The cat was taken up unhurt. The balloon gradually grew less and less to the vision, and finally it disappeared in a thick cloud, upon which the rays of the evening sun were now falling."

Such was the account given of the scene by History; and now Poetry began:

"Oh mother, it was beautiful! The balloon went up like a soap-bubble, and it sailed along on the air like a bird. I could hardly believe that it was not alive, it glided in the air so gently, and so gracefully! And Mr. Lauriat, he looked so happy! Oh it was wonderful to see a man so high in the air, and to see him so much at his ease! I felt afraid for him, and yet the scene pleased me the more. I wished to be with him, though I knew I should have been frightened. And yet it seemed so pleasing to go up in the air, and look down upon so many

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people, and to know that they were all looking at you, and that so many hearts were beating for you, and that so many were admiring you! It would be beautiful!

"And, mother, you know that the balloon glided up and away so softly, that it seemed like a dream, fading from the memory. And at last, when it was like a mere insect in the vast blue sky, it stole into a cloud, and hid itself, and then I had a feeling of sadness. Can you tell me why, mother?"

Here there was a pause, and the blue-eyed girl, stood for a moment, as if expecting an answer. But Romance was impatient to begin, and her dark eye, shaded by the long black lashes, seemed to grow larger and brighter as she spoke thus:

"History has told you, mother, all the events that occurred, and she has accurately described them. Poetry has painted the scene, and made it clear and bright by comparisons. But I must tell you of the thoughts and feelings it awakened in my breast, and of the fairy world in which I seemed to be, while I looked on the balloon.

"When the balloon went up, it seemed as if I went with it, into a new scene. I think I have dreamed something like it, in my sleep, when my thoughts seemed like wings, and all around was fair and heavenly. As the balloon ascended, I seemed to ascend also. I did not, at the moment, think how strange it was, but I went on fancying myself with the balloon, and riding upon the air, in that little boat. And I thought of the vast blue space around, and the earth beneath, and the heaven above, and I felt as if I was something like an angel, gifted with the power of rising upward, and seeing earth, and sky, and heaven, as others could not see them. And I felt a sort of happiness I cannot express.

"Well, as the balloon sailed farther and farther upon the airy sea, and as it grew less and less to the sight, like a ship that glides away upon the ocean—I began to think of the realms to which it seemed hastening. And at last, when it flew into the cloud, I did not dream that it had disappeared. My eye was still bent upon the spot, and I still fancied that I was with it, and that I was sailing on and on, upon the blue deep, and among regions where the happy and the lovely only dwell."

When Romance had got to this point of her story, the mother smiled, and History tittered aloud. Poetry, however, drew nearer, and seemed entranced with the tale of the dark-eyed girl. But Romance was dashed at the ridicule she had excited, and was silent.

Now I suppose some of my waggish young readers, some of the roguish Paul Pries, will laugh at me, as History did at Romance; and think me not a little ridiculous, for telling such a rigmarole tale as this. But old Peter knows what he is about! He has an object in view; and now, as Mr. Lauriat let the cat out of the car, he will "let the cat out of the bag."

My purpose is to teach the meaning of the three words, History, Poetry, and Romance. History is a true record of events; and, accordingly, the little girl whom we call History, tells the exact story of the balloon. Poetry is a display of fanciful thoughts, and deals much in comparison; and so, our little Poetry gives a fanciful description of the scene, embellishing her tale by many illustrations. Romance is a picture of fantastic and extraordinary scenes and feelings; and our dark-haired maiden, who deals in it, sets forth the fairy world of visions and sentiments that is reflected in her own breast.

I suppose all my readers have heard of the Nine Muses, goddesses of ancient Greece. One was called Clio, the muse

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of history; one was Erato, the muse of poetry. And I have sometimes fancied that the idea of these goddesses, might have originated among the fanciful Greeks, from perceiving the different ways in which different persons notice the same scenes; one being apt to remark things soberly and accurately, like our Miss History; another being apt to see them fancifully, like our Miss Poetry; and another apt to weave a world of fiction out of them, like our Miss Romance.

The Zephyr.

I MUST tell my young reader, in order to explain these lines, that in ancient times, the Greeks used to think that the light summer wind was a sort of goddess, whom they called *Zephyr*.

"Where have you been to-day?" said I
To a zephyr, as it flew by;
And thus it made reply.

"I have been upon the sea,
Where the waves were full of glee,
And they lov'd to dance with me.

"On the mountain I have strayed,
And with its green leaves played,
'Mid the sunshine and shade.

"I have been in the dell,
Where the wild flowers dwell,
And oh, I loved them well!

"I have been with the brook,
And its laughing ripples shook,
As my kisses they took.

"I have been with the flowers,
In their sweet-scented bowers,
And forgot the flight of hours.

"I have played with the hair
Of a girl, wild and fair—
And I loved to linger there!

"I have been with clouds on high,
As with pinions they do fly,
In many a glorious dye!"

To my Correspondents.

I AM gratified to find, although it is now but about a year since I began to be known to the public, that already I have some thousands of black-eyed and blue-eyed acquaintances, in different parts of the country. I receive many letters from young persons, and they give me great pleasure, for they show that poor Bob Merry, though he has a "timber toe," is not destitute of friends. I was much pleased with a bear story about his great-great-grandfather, sent me by J. W. L. Cheseborough, of New London. I intend to make something of it, one of these days. Two puzzles, received from other correspondents, are given below. I must beg those who are anxious to hear how I lost my leg—to wait a little while. It will all come out in due season. Perhaps the leg will turn out as interesting as Peter Parley's great toe, that used to tickle the boys so! I have only one thing to add, which is, that I desire all my friends to address their letters to care of Bradbury & Soden.

Puzzles.

Portsmouth, Feb. 4, 1842.

MR. MERRY,—Sir: if you think the following worthy a place in your valuable magazine, by inserting the same you will oblige a CONSTANT READER.

I am a word of 18 letters.

My 1, 12, 17, 13, 5, 18, is an article of ladies' dress.
My 18, 7, 6, 16, 5, is a number.
My 6, 2, 15, has been the ruination of many.
My 12, 3, 8, 12, 17, is a vegetable.

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My 11, 8, 10, 4, is an article of food.
My 7, 12, 5, is much used by farmers.
My 18, 6, 12, 14, 18, is a kind of fish.
My 18, 8, 3, is a valuable ore.
My 9, 8, 15, 5, is a foreign fruit.
My whole is a great ornament to the country.

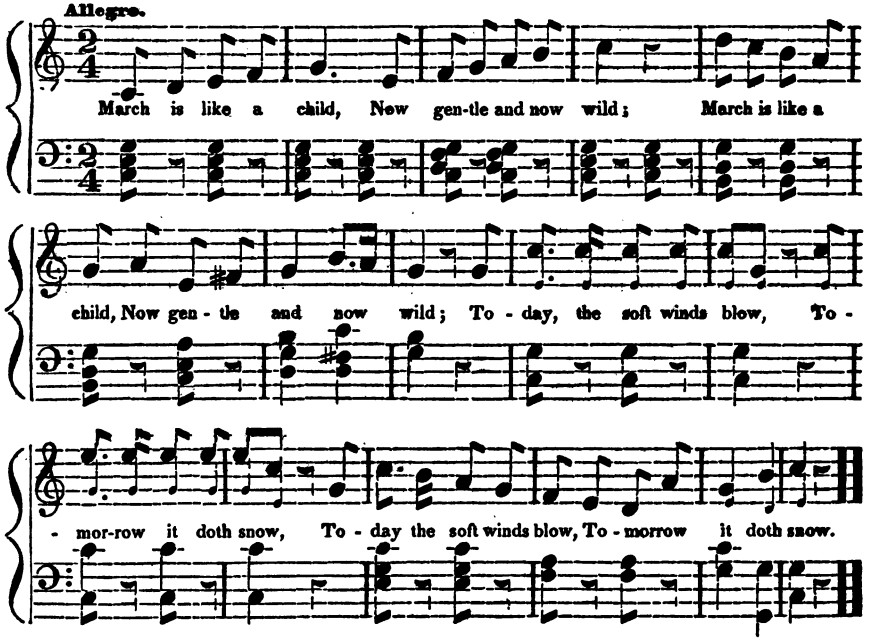
I am composed of 16 letters.

My 2, 1, 8, is a portion of water.
My 2, 12, 4, 15, 16, 8, has been the ruin of thousands.
My 16, 1, 15, 10, 8, is the most contemptible of all animals.
My 6, 14, 4, 15, is the name of a once celebrated tragedian.
My 3, 8, 15, 15, is the name of a town not far from Boston.
My 11, 12, 1, 15, 5, 9, is the name of a great country.
My 3, 4, 6, 7, is a sheet of water.
My 11, 13, 12, 9, is one of the elements.
My 1, 13, 12, is another.
My 11, 3, 8, is an insect.
My 15, 13, 3, 7, is the name of a river justly celebrated in ancient and modern history.

C. B. F.

Boston, February 1, 1842.

MARCH—A SONG.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Allegro.
March is like a child, Now gen-tle and now wild; March is like a
child, Now gen - tle and now wild; To - day, the soft winds blow, To -
- mor-row it doth snow, To - day the soft winds blow, To - morrow it doth snow.

March is like a rill,
Now roaring, and now still;
To-day the blast is stinging,
To-morrow birds are singing.

March is like a cloud,
Now bright, and now a shroud;
To-day the warm rain falls,
To-morrow we have squalls.

March is like a bear,
With sharp claws and soft hair;
To-day 't is rough and wild,
To-morrow, all is mild.

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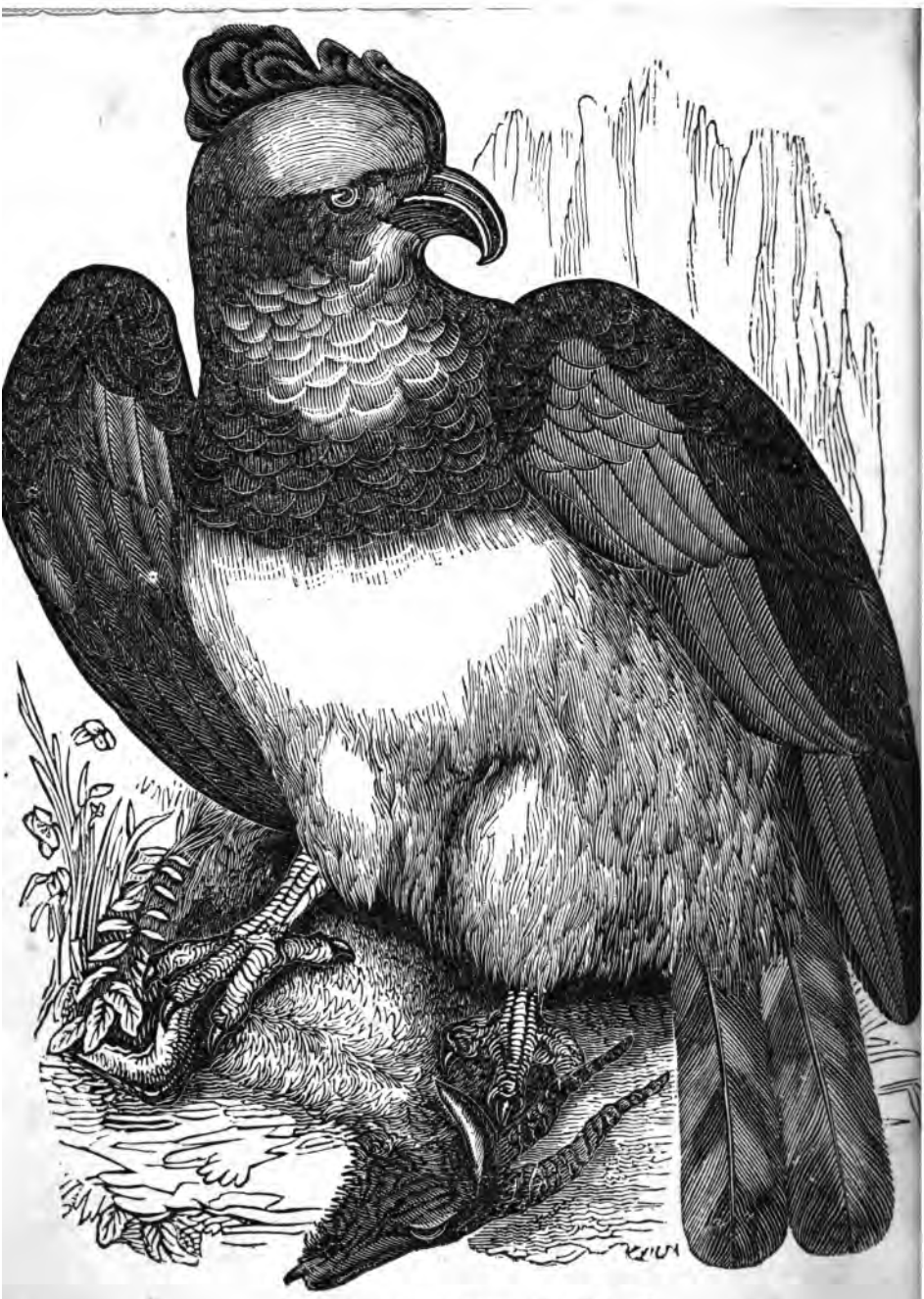

THE HARPY EAGLE.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME III.—No. 4.

Montezuma.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XV.

Description of Mexico.—Montezuma.—Landing of Cortez.—His reception.—Advances towards the Capitol.—War with the Tlascalans.

In the first part I have related, briefly, but with as much clearness as possible, the history of the Indians of the West Indian Islands, and of South America. I have described their customs and manners, and traced the progress of the Spaniards and other Europeans from the "Landing of Columbus," till all the islands, and the greater part of the southern continent were subjected to the invaders. We will now turn to North America, and pursue the fortunes of the Red Man from the burning clime of Darien to the cold regions of the Artic sea.

At the time of the discovery of the New World, the region which is at present known by the name of the Republic of Mexico, extending from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the United States to Guatemala, was called *Anahuac*. This vast country was inhabited by several independent nations, of which the Mexicans were by far the greatest and most civilized. Their capital city, Mexico, was situated on a group of islands in the Lake of Tezcuco, partly natural and partly formed by the labor of the inhabitants. The lake of Tezcuco lay in a large and beautiful valley, called the Vale of Mexico, in the central part of the country of Anahuac. From the shore, three great dykes or causeways, formed of stone and earth, led to the city, the appearance of which

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must have been magnificent, even to men of enlightened Europe.

The houses of the common people were mostly low wooden buildings, arranged with the greatest regularity. But the dwellings of the nobility were of stone, and some of them spacious and magnificent. The city was adorned with numerous temples, the principal of which was the great temple of their god Mexitli, the Mars of the Mexicans. This was an enormous four-sided pyramid, one hundred and twenty feet high; on one side were steps to ascend to the top, which was a square platform. On this were two small temples, containing images of their gods and altars, on which, (horrible to relate!) great numbers of human victims were sacrificed every year, by this inhuman people.

The lake around was covered with vessels of all descriptions, and numbers of floating gardens, filled with the most beautiful flowers. Numerous canals were cut through the city, in which the boats of the natives were constantly passing, as in the great towns of Holland.

But all this greatness and splendor was not, as might be supposed, the growth of many ages of prosperity; from the foundation of the city, according to the account of the natives, to its capture by Cortez, in 1520, had elapsed a period of only one hundred and ninty-five years. The ancient history of the Aztec or Mexican nations, as given in their own annals, is as follows:—

"During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries after Christ, a great number of nations or tribes arrived at Anahuac, from some country to the north; they are supposed by many to have come, originally, from Tartary, crossing over to America at Bhering's straits; but of this we have no certain proof. The first who arrived, found the country entirely unoccupied, except by a few stragglers, the remnant of a great and highly cultivated people, called Saltees, who formerly possessed the country, and had been destroyed, or driven away by famine and pestilence. To them are ascribed the pyramid of Cholula, and many other works of power and skill; and to them the new comers were indebted for their knowledge of many of the arts of civilized life.

"The Aztecs or Mexicans were the last of the emigrating nations who arrived in this country. For a long time they remained an insignificant tribe, living in the most wretched condition, on the borders of the lake of Tezcuco, often in a state of slavery to the neighboring kings. At last, having regained their freedom, they settled, in the year 1325, on a group of islands in the lake, and here founded the city of Mexico.

"This city, after remaining for about twenty years a mere collection of wretched huts, suddenly began to increase with wonderful rapidity. By a long series of wars, undertaken partly through desire of conquest and partly for the horrid purpose of obtaining victims for their human, or, rather, inhuman sacrifices, the Mexicans rendered themselves masters of nearly all the country of Anahuac. A few states, however, among which was the brave little republic of Tlascala, still maintained their independence, almost at the gates of the capital."

Such was the state of affairs at the time when Montezuma II. mounted the throne, in the year 1502. Before, and for a short time after his accession, he was esteemed a prince of a mild and humble disposition, and of the greatest wisdom. But his real character soon began to appear. He showed himself haughty, arrogant, and cruel, and a merciless oppressor of the common people. At the same time, he was liberal to those who faithfully served him, and a brave, and successful warrior. He founded a hospital for his disabled soldiers, built

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many magnificent edifices, and added much, by his conquests, to the extent of his dominions.

In a war, however, with the brave republicans of Tlascala, he did not meet with his usual success. The Tlascalans having sent an embassy to the Mexican court, to complain of grievances which they suffered from their neighbors, received for answer, that the king of Mexico was lord of all the world, and all mortals were his vassals; and that, as such, the Tlascalans should render him due obedience, and acknowledge him by tribute; if they refused, they were to be utterly destroyed, and their country given to another people.

To this arrogant demand, the Tlascalans returned a brave and spirited refusal, and both nations immediately prepared for war. The Mexicans were, by far, the most numerous, but they wanted the courage which their enemies derived from the feeling that they fought for life and liberty, for their homes and their country. The Tlascalans were victorious in two pitched battles, and their opponents were compelled to retire from the contest in disgrace.

With this exception, the first years of Montezuma's reign were in every respect prosperous. But suddenly a great reverse took place; a large army of Mexicans, on an expedition to a distant country, after suffering severely from a storm, were utterly destroyed by their enemies. At the same time, a comet made its appearance, spreading the greatest consternation throughout the nation; for, according to their diviners, it portended the downfall of the empire.

While the king and his subjects were in this state of anxiety and dread, news arrived, that a number of huge vessels, bearing men speaking an unknown tongue, and clothed in glittering armor, had arrived on the coast of his empire. These strangers, who so naturally excited the admiration and awe of the natives, were no other than Cortez and his companions.

On the second of April, 1519, this bold and enterprising Spaniard entered the harbor of Saint Juan de Ulua, on the eastern coast of Mexico, with eleven small vessels, containing only about six hundred men; and of these, more than a hundred were sailors. With this small force was he about to make war upon a monarch, whose dominions were more extensive than all the kingdoms subject to the Spanish crown. On the following day he landed his troops, and having selected a suitable place for a camp, began to fortify it; in which he was zealously assisted by the unsuspecting natives. Here he was soon visited by the governors of the district. He received them with many demonstrations of respect, and informed them that he had come as ambassador from Don Carlos, of Spain, the greatest king of the East, with proposals which he could only declare to their monarch himself. He therefore demanded to be led immediately to his presence.

The governors attempted to dissuade him from visiting the capital, but at the same time laid before him a rich present of gold and silver articles, which had only the effect of increasing his desire to proceed. He therefore repeated his demand in a determined tone. Seeing among his visiters several painters, who were busily engaged in taking down, for the information of their sovereign, everything remarkable in the appearance of the strangers, he resolved to give them a specimen of his warlike power. He ordered his troops to be drawn up in battle-array, and to go through the evolutions of a mock battle. While the natives were gazing in astonishment at the spectacle, the cannon, pointed towards the thick woods which surrounded the camp, were suddenly fired, and made

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terrible havoc among the trees. At the dreadful sound, some fled, others fell to the ground, overcome by amazement and terror; and the painters had now to exercise their ingenuity to invent figures and symbols by which to represent the new and surprising things they had seen.

In a few days an answer was received from the emperor, refusing an audience, and commanding the Spaniards to leave the country; but, at the same time, directing that they should be supplied with all things requisite for their voyage. Notwithstanding this prohibition, Cortez resolved to proceed, and his followers eagerly joined in the determination. They first set about founding a colony on the place where they had landed, as this was one of the objects of the expedition. The whole army labored with the utmost diligence; a number of houses, or rather huts, were soon erected, and the whole strongly fortified. The infant settlement received the name of "*Villa rica de la Vera Cruz;*" "the rich town of the true cross."

The next act of the troops appears deserving of mention as a display of heroic and determined courage almost without a parallel. Cortez, fearing lest, when their enthusiasm should subside, the soldiers should be seized with a desire to return, by his arguments and representations so wrought upon them, that, of their own accord, to cut off all opportunity for retreat, they dragged the vessels upon the beach, and burnt them to ashes.

They had now no choice but to proceed; and, accordingly, much to the dismay and dissatisfaction of the Indians, who did not, however, dare to oppose them by force, they set out on their march towards the capital. On their way, they passed through the territories of several *caziques* or chiefs, who bore with impatience the yoke of their Mexican conquerors, and were glad to free themselves from it, by transferring their allegiance to the king of Spain. Cortez eagerly accepted their services, and artfully represented that he had been deputed, by his sovereign, to redress the grievances which they had suffered at the hands of the Mexicans. These new allies afterwards proved extremely useful.

After proceeding for several days without obstruction, the Spaniards arrived at the confines of Tlascala. Knowing the implacable enmity of the inhabitants to the Mexicans, he expected that he should meet from them a friendly reception. The Tlascalans, however, were far differently disposed. Having heard that he was on his way to visit the Mexican king, they probably suspected, that, notwithstanding all his professions, he courted the friendship of a monarch whom they both hated and feared. The ambassadors whom he sent to them with proposals of alliance, they seized, and, regardless of their sacred character, prepared to sacrifice them to their gods. At the same time they collected their forces in order to prevent their unknown invaders from making good a passage by force of arms.

This, however, was the only way by which the Spaniards could hope to attain the object of their expedition. Accordingly, they entered the Tlascalan territories, prepared to fight their way through all opposition. They were immediately attacked by the troops of the enemy with great intrepidity; but courage and numbers availed little against the arms and discipline of the Spaniards, who were everywhere victorious, without the loss of a man. The horses of the invaders contributed much to their success. For a long time the horse and his rider were considered as one animal; and terrible stories were circulated of his power and ferocity. Even when they discovered their mistake, they still believed that the horse fought with his teeth, and devoured the bodies of the

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slain. Hence, when they had the good fortune to slay one of these terrible animals, they cut off his head and carried it in triumph as the greatest trophy of victory.

But notwithstanding their constant success, the Spaniards, at length, worn out by their continual exertions, and the unceasing attacks of their determined foes, were almost ready to despair. But the Tlascalans, on a sudden, began to relax their exertions; they were convinced that the small force, on which all their numbers and boldness could make no impression, must be composed of beings of a superior order; and concluding that it would be in vain to contend longer with the children of the Sun, as they supposed them to be, they made proposals of peace, which were joyfully accepted by Cortez and his troops. They were hospitably received into the capital of their former enemies, who ever after remained their most faithful allies.

Butterflies.

Who has not watched with interest these little insects of the spring and summer? Who has not been struck with the elegant beauty of these creatures—

Which flutter round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers, or flying gems?

Who has not watched them, hovering over the flowers, more than rivalling these lovely creations of the garden and the meadow, in the splendor of their colors? And who has not seen them resting on the flower, with a touch so light as not to make even the slenderest stalk bend? Who has not seen them reposing on the bosom of a flower, opening and shutting their gaudy wings to the summer dew, and alternately raising and lowering their long, and slender antennæ or feelers? And who has not stopped to see them unroll their long tube, coiled up like a French horn, and apply it to the sucking up of the nectar of the flowers? How beautiful are these creatures, and how beautifully did old Spenser describe one of them almost three hundred years ago!

"The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is dight—
His broad and outstretched horns, his airy thigh—
His glorious colors and his glistening eye!"

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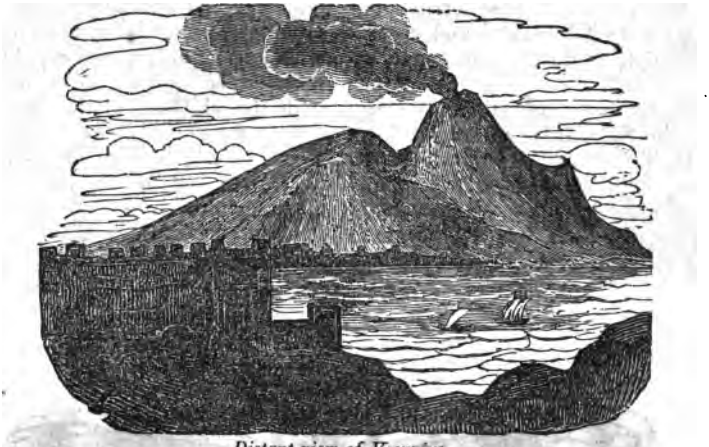

Distant view of Vesuvius.

The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XVII.

Naples and the neighborhood.—The palace of Portici.—Herculaneum.—Comical scene at Resina.—Ascent of Vesuvius.—Fields of lava.—Meeting with a party of travellers.—Reach the top of the mountain.

The country all round Naples is full of strange and interesting objects for the curiosity of a traveller. Vesuvius is commonly the first among these to entice him upon an excursion. One fine morning I took my trusty stick in hand, and set out on a pedestrian jaunt towards the mountain. The roads were crowded with country people driving their little donkeys to the city, with panniers of greens, oranges, lemons, and all sorts of fresh eatables for the market. The beautiful country-seats of the rich Neapolitans excited my admiration, with their finely ornamented gardens, lawns, and pleasure-grounds. But all these delightful spots are surrounded by stone walls, ten or fifteen feet high, often bristling at the top with sharp iron spikes, broken glass, and such formidable defences. These things reminded me, perpetually, that I was in a country where a wide distinction existed between the poor and the rich, and where property has little security from public opinion, or the moral habits of the common people, but must be maintained by force. In fact, the owners of these beautiful dwellings, have far less comfort in their possession than one would imagine. They are surrounded by a poor, ignorant, immoral, and degraded population, against whom they must be constantly on their guard, for nothing but walls and watchmen can insure the rich man against depredation and robbery.

A few miles from the city, my course brought me in front of a splendid palace where the road appeared to terminate. I thought I must have mistaken my route, but on inquiring of an old friar, who happened to be passing, I was told to go straight on. I now found the road

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to pass directly under the palace, which hung over it upon lofty arches, wide enough for several carriages to pass abreast. This was the royal palace of Portici, the place where the antiquities of Pompeii were formerly kept; but they are now removed to Naples. At a little distance beyond this town I came to a village called Resina, under which, at the depth of seventy or one hundred feet, lies the ancient city of Herculaneum. Nothing of it is to be seen but by going down a dark pit, like the shaft of a mine; and as I meant to devote this day to Vesuvius, I deferred my visit to these subterranean regions till another time.

Resina is the point where all travellers stop to take their start for the mountain. The people of the village live by letting donkeys and acting as guides. Beyond the village, the roads become rugged and steep. Most travellers hire these animals, but I preferred walking. While I was stopping a few moments to rest, I heard whips cracking and the sound of wheels; and presently a couple of carriages drove into the village, full of English travellers, going up the mountain. The street was already crowded with villagers, each with his donkey saddled and bridled, ready for the journey. The moment the carriages stopped, they all crowded round them and began pushing, struggling, pulling, hauling, tugging, and scratching one another; bawling and screaming all the time like a pack of bedlamites. Never in my life did I witness so comical a hurly-burly. Each man scrambled and pressed for the carriage door, thrusting his donkey forward through the crowd, by main force, hoping to catch an Englishman on his back as he stepped out of the carriage. The first comer was thrust away by the second, and this one by the third; the whole crowd of them were jammed so hard against the carriages that the doors could not be opened, and the astonished and affrighted travellers remained fast penned up and unable to stir. The tumult and clamor increased; the poor little donkeys, squeezed up in the crowd, whisked their long ears about, and bobbed their noses against everybody around them; presently they began kicking and rearing up, and now the scramble and uproar rose to a pitch that surpasses all description! Down tumbles one of the donkeys, upsetting two or three fellows in his fall; another animal pitches head-foremost over him; the crowd scramble and push forward; whoever tries to get up catches hold of another's leg and lays him sprawling too; donkeys and men lay scrambling and floundering, pell-mell, with a roaring and braying, such as never was heard before under the sun! I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks, and even to this day, I never can think of the scene without laughing for the hundredth time! At length the carriages made a start forward, leaving the whole ragged regiment behind in the most woful plight. How they settled the matter among themselves I never knew, but jogged on my way up the mountain.

The road now began to be pretty steep, and the country looked broken and rugged, yet I passed a great many vineyards on the way, which shows that the ashes and volcanic matter of Vesuvius can make the rocky soil of this region very productive. After going two or three miles, I reached the station called the Hermitage, which is another stopping-place for travellers. It is a kind of rustic hotel standing in a lonely place, where the vineyards yield a species of wine which is in high repute. I found half a dozen travellers stopping here to refresh, and joined them. The keeper of this house goes by the name of the Hermit, but always expects pay for giving you a luncheon. This is fair enough, for, otherwise, he would soon be eaten out of

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house and home by his visiters. After taking some refreshment we all started together, taking a soldier with us for a guide and defence, being told this was indispensable, for fear of robbery. These people have a thousand cunning practices by which they obtrude their services upon you for a small compensation; and travellers generally put up with their tricks, to save themselves the trouble and delay of a dispute. My companions were all mounted on donkeys, but on this steep road, they never go faster than a common walk, so that I had no difficulty in keeping up with them. One of our number was a lady, who rode her gallant dapple in a queer, snug little sort of a pannier, or side-saddle, by the help of which she maintained her seat in safety, while the animal tottered and scrambled over the crags and gullies.

In a short time the vineyards disappeared, and the road passed over broken heaps of lava. The great cone of Vesuvius lay before us, towering over our heads. On the left we looked down into a deep, rocky gulf, beyond which rose the long, craggy, red ridge of Monte Somma, the twin peak of Vesuvius. On our right, the eye wandered over an immense field of black lava, which darkened the sides of the mountain up to the very top of the cone. The road now grew every moment steeper, and wound through a wild region, among craggy and ponderous masses of lava which covered the ground in every direction. All this tract was impassable for a long time, after the last eruption; the lava being as hard as the firmest rock, and rent into abrupt chasms and crags like a field of broken ice. A path was at length made by cutting through these masses and beating the lava up into a sort of Mac Adam. We passed a mile or two on this wild road, and at length reached the foot of the cone.

This rests upon the main body of the mountain, like a dome upon a gigantic edifice. It is too steep to be climbed, even by donkeys or mules, besides, being of too loose materials to afford a footing for these animals. It consists of coarse gravel, loose stones and cinders, thrown out by the mountain with as steep a slope as such loose materials can possibly lie in. Here we found a large number of the above mentioned animals waiting for their riders, who had gone up. Our party dismounted and began the ascent. I found it exceedingly toilsome. What with the steepness of the surface and the treacherous footing to my steps, I was constantly slipping backward, and losing by one step what I had gained in a dozen.

But what was done with our fair companion? Ladies without number had gone to the top of the mountain, and she was resolved not to be outdone by any one of them. Ladies have never been considered deficient in curiosity; and the mountaineers have a contrivance by which they can be gratified in their desire to visit the summit of Vesuvius. Three or four stout fellows harness themselves with a strong leather strap, which they pass around the lady's waist and then march onward, drawing her after them. In this manner our fair attendant managed to ascend the steep and slippery road up to the crater. About half way up we met another party, likewise with a lady. She had less strength or resolution than our friend, for she had given out, and was on the point of returning.

This great cone, when viewed from a distance, seems to taper off almost to a point; yet, on reaching the top, we found ourselves among heaps of enormous lava crags extending widely around, with columns and jets of white smoke streaming up from the clefts and spiracles here and there. We groped our way among these black and threatening masses, and

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presently came upon a party of travellers, seated upon a crag, eating their dinner. The air was cool on the mountain top, and they had fixed themselves in a comfortable spot, where they were roasting eggs in a hot crack of the lava! It costs nothing for fire here. The mountaineers came round us with baskets of fruit, bottles of wine, &c., to sell. They drive a profitable trade with hungry travellers at the top of Vesuvius. People whose heads are full of curiosity, are not apt to higgle about prices, when they can purchase a comfortable mouthful in so strange a place as the summit of a volcano.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Description of the crater.—Prospect from the top.—Accident in the descent of the mountain.—Visit to Torre del Grecco.—Singular life led by the inhabitants.—Remarkable situation of a powder-house.

ALTHOUGH we were now on the top of the mountain, yet the crater was still at some distance, and we followed a rude pathway which ran for nearly a quarter of a mile among the lava crags. Everywhere the rents and fissures sent up streams of white smoke from beneath our feet, and the smell of sulphur loaded the air. The masses of lava were heaped confusedly around us. The surface had evidently been once a smooth bed of this hard material, which had cooled on the spot after its ejection from the bowels of the mountain, and subsequently had been split up and blown into fragments by another convulsion. There would be no passing here had not a pathway been made by levelling the crags and filling up the gaps which yawn at every step. The traveller is reminded at each moment that he is walking over terrible fires which are at no great distance beneath his feet. For all this, no one need be afraid to go to the top of Vesuvius. Eruptions never break out so suddenly but that a man may escape from the top of the mountain to the foot, in season for his safety. Generally, some days before the mountain begins to burn, it gives warning by subterranean noises, slight shakings, and increased volumes of smoke. Whenever lives have been lost, it has been owing to the disregard of these symptoms, and the presumptuous curiosity of those who dare to ascend the mountain when on fire.

Heavy columns of smoke now rose before us, pouring off horizontally through the air over an abrupt and long ridge of lava. On climbing this last ascent, the view of the great crater burst upon us, with its yawning depths, puffing out smoke and steam. Here we stopped to contemplate the spectacle. We stood on the edge of the crater, which was wide enough to enable us to walk along with safety. The smoke concealed one side of it from our view. We judged it about half a mile across; but in this lofty region, with no neighboring objects for the eye to light upon and form a comparison, the measurement cannot be depended on. It goes shelving down on all sides, with a fearful steepness, showing great bright crags of brimstone and red fire-stones jutting out from the black lava surface. The great spiracle in the centre appeared to be choked up; the smoke rising through minor clefts and chinks all round the sides and bottom of the crater. The edge on which we stood, and along which we walked for a quarter of a mile, was full of holes and cracks sending out smoke; and on thrusting our sticks into them, they took fire and were drawn out blazing. The windward side of the crater only, is accessible; there is no going quite round, on account of the suffocating smoke. All the inner surface of the crater appeared to be firm and solid, and we judged, by throwing stones down, that a person might descend to the bottom in

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safety, were it not for the fumes of sulphur with which it is constantly filled. I tried it for some distance, letting myself carefully down upon my hands and feet from crag to crag, until I became half stifled, when, being convinced that no wise man would go any further, I seized a fragment of the rock as a trophy of my exploit, and clambered up again. The performance cost me the best part of a pair of boots, which were pretty well crisped among the hot rocks.

The distant prospect from the top of Vesuvius is most superb. The great, craggy red head of Monte Somma frowns wildly opposite, while far beneath are the blue waters of the bay, the white clustering houses of Naples, the mountainous coast of Torrento, dotted with white houses, and the sweet blue islands of Capri, Ischia, and Procida, resting on the distant ocean. All around, on the land side, the eye wanders over green fields, orchards, and gardens, fresh with flowers and herbage, even at this early season. Away in the east the long mountainous ridge of the Apennines is seen skirting the horizon with their dark sides and snow-capped peaks. The view is sublime, and worth, of itself, a voyage across the Atlantic.

We spent nearly an hour about the crater, admiring the beauty and grandeur of the scenery, and picking up curious bits of lava and other minerals, which arrest the traveller's curiosity at every step. I found, among other things, a lump of salt, about the size of my fist, most beautifully crystallized into the shape of a tree. As we were preparing to descend, I cast my eyes downward and discovered our donkeys at the foot of the cone, standing huddled together in a cluster. They were almost directly under our feet, but at such a distance that they were diminished to the size of young rabbits. To descend the cone is quite as toilsome as to climb up, and a great deal more dangerous. In the loose soil one is apt to move downward too fast, and between walking and sliding, a great deal of care must be taken lest you go heels over head. I had got about half way down, when I heard a loud cry above; I looked up and saw a great stone coming down upon me. One of the party above had loosened it, while floundering and scrambling his way through the loose earth, and now gathering speed in its progress, it was rolling down directly over my head, bouncing from heap to heap, and ploughing up the soil in a most fearful manner. I scrambled down hill much faster than before, but again casting my eyes upward, found that the stone was overtaking me. I now began to feel seriously alarmed, for I was in imminent danger of being crushed to death. The stone came thundering onward, but fortunately, just before it reached me, it struck a little knoll and bounded off obliquely, dashing the gravel and pebbles to the right and left and ploughing the ground into a furrow, till it reached the bottom. A great avalanche of earth and stones came pouring after it, by which I was nearly carried off my legs and swept away; but by fixing my staff firmly into the ground and resisting with main force, I checked my slide till the danger was over. I reached the foot of the cone with no other mishap than to find myself completely out of breath.

The guides told me that many accidents had happened and much injury been occasioned to travellers by the tricks of frolicsome and imprudent people, who frequently set the stones rolling down hill for their own amusement. These are always the travellers themselves, for the natives are too well acquainted with the dangerous nature of such sport to allow themselves to practise it.

On our way homeward we went to see the little town of Torre del Greco,

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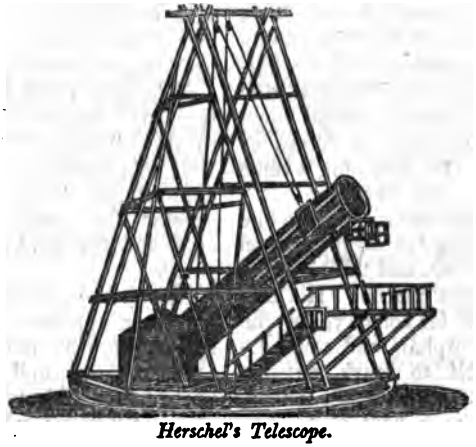
which stands at some distance up the mountain. In the neighborhood are immense fields of lava and every mark of the fearful ravages of the volcano. Whenever a great eruption takes place, this town is almost sure to suffer. Earthquakes shake it, ashes and cinders overwhelm it, and rivers of burning lava scorch its fields and sweep away its houses. How many times it has been destroyed I do not remember; but the inhabitants always go back and rebuild it when the lava cools. They live a strange life, constantly in the jaws of destruction; yet the vicinity of so much danger gives them no more concern, on common occasions, than the dangers of the sea cause to a sailor. When the mountain shakes and bellows, and the flames begin to issue from the top, they prepare for a start; but it is not till the streams of lava pour down upon the back of the town, that they consider it time to run. Then they snatch up their bundles and scamper for life. It is remarkable that the only powder magazine about Naples used to be here, and, for aught I know, may be so still!



Herschel's Telescope.

Herschel the Astronomer.

Sir William Herschel was born at Hanover, in Germany, in 1738. At the age of fourteen he entered the Hanoverian Guards, as a musician, and in 1757, proceeded to England in that capacity. Here he became a teacher of music. In 1770, he began to devote himself to the study of astronomy. In 1781, he discovered the planet now called *Herschel*, but which he called *Georgium sidus*, or George's star, in compliment to George III., then king of England. In 1787, he completed his great telescope, the tube of which was forty feet in length, and which was surrounded with machines for turning it in all directions. When observing a heavenly body, he sat at the top of the tube, and looked down to the bottom, where, in a measure, he saw the reflection of the object he wished to notice. In 1789, he discovered the sixth and seventh moons of Saturn. He died in 1822, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. His son is now one of the most famous of living astronomers.

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PETER PARLEY'S NEW STORIES.

No. III.

Truth and Falsehood—an Allegory.

In ancient days, there lived in Damascus, a city of Syria, a youth whose name was Myron. His father, who was very rich, died suddenly, leaving him a vast estate. He had a great deal of money, and a beautiful house, to which a fine garden was attached. One day he was walking in this garden, and the air being warm and pleasant, he sat down by a fountain, sheltered from the sun by the overhanging branches of the cedar-trees. The scene was tranquil and soothing, and such was its effect upon Myron, that he fell into a dream or reverie, in which the following events seemed actually to come to pass.

He fancied that he was walking in one of the paths of the garden, thinking upon the death of his father, and the situation in which he was now placed. His mother had been dead for some years: he was therefore an orphan, and must depend upon himself to mark out his course of conduct. His wealth, indeed, brought around him a host of friends, real or pretended—but could he confide in them? Some of them spoke smooth words to him, and flattered him, and made themselves very agreeable; while others were less pleasing, but apparently more sincere. But which, of all these persons, could he confide in? This question often occurred to him, and he felt anxious to decide and act according to the dictates of wisdom. While he was thinking on this subject, the scene changed, and he appeared to be on a journey alone, and travelling a road which was new and strange to him.

The path before him seemed plain enough for a time, but soon it became less defined, and several other roads branched off to the right and left. He, however, proceeded—but at length the road entered a forest, which grew deeper as he avanced, while the track became more obscure. At last he came to a point where he was entirely in doubt as to the road he was to take; and this doubt was mingled with anxiety, for night was now at hand, and a thunder-storm was approaching. Already the ruddy lightning was flashing among the dark shadows of the pines, and the thunder was growling over the distant hills.

While the youth was looking anxiously around for some one to be his guide in this dilemma, he was surprised as well as pleased to see a comely youth approaching him. Scarcely had he greeted the young stranger, when an aged and reverend man also joined the party.

Myron looked at them both attentively, for their appearance was remarkable; beside, he was now in a situation to need counsel and direction, and he wished, if possible, to learn from the aspect of these persons, which he might most safely trust. He was, however, unable to decide between them, and at last he spoke to them as follows:

"I am travelling, my friends, to a distant city, and having lost my way, I beg you to tell me which road I am to follow."

The youth replied, with a bland smile, "Fair friend, I know the way to the city you seek, and as it is my pleasure to aid the unfortunate, I will lead you to the end of your journey, if you will put yourself under my care."

Myron noticed, that as the youth spoke, his face grew more lovely, and

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the tones of his voice were sweet and musical, like the notes of a lute. He was captivated with the young stranger, and was about to express both his thanks and his assent to the proposal, when he observed a frown upon the brow of the old man, at their side. At the same time this grave stranger said, "Do you know, young man, the name of this person under whose guidance you are about to place yourself?"

"I do not," said Myron, "nor do I care to know it. The fair face and soft speech of the young man, assure me of his kindness and fidelity; and I am willing to place my happiness in his hands. Come," said he, "let us depart on our journey, and leave this haughty old man to his musings."

With this rude speech, Myron turned on his heel, and taking the arm of the youth, they were about to depart, when the sage spoke to Myron, saying,—"The time may come, young man, when you will need a friend: when such an occasion arrives, and you are ready to abide by safe counsel, call for me, and I will obey your summons. My name is Truth!"

The two youths now departed, laughing heartily at the old codger, as they called him, whom they left behind. After a short space Myron asked the name of his companion—as a mere matter of curiosity. "Oh," said the young man, "that old fellow, Truth, calls me Falsehood, but I pass under the various titles of Pleasure, Fancy, and Folly—according to the humor I am in. One day, when I sport with the flowers, they name me *pleasure*; and at another time, when I play with the sunbeams, they call me *fancy;* and again, when I give myself up to mirth or wine, they call me *folly.*"

"But do you do all these things?" asked Myron, in some wonder.

"To be sure I do, and many others," said the youth, "as you shall see before our acquaintance ends. But remember that I am now your guide; and it is my duty to make your journey pleasant. Let us take this path to the left, for it will conduct us through the most charming scenes."

The two companions took the left hand path as suggested, and for some time it led them among pleasant valleys, and sweet lawns, and the most enchanting landscapes. At last they came to a scene more beautiful than any they had met. Groups of lofty trees were scattered here and there over a grassy slope, the verdure of which was like velvet. In the middle of this spot was a fountain, and the waters being thrown into the air, fell in glittering showers, making at the same time a sound of entrancing music. Amid the forest bowers, were birds of gorgeous plumage, and their song was more lovely than that of the nightingale.

Myron was delighted. He had never before seen anything so beautiful. Again and again he thanked his guide for the pleasure he had bestowed upon him. So absorbed was he in the scene, that he forgot his journey, and it was not till the sun began to set behind the hills that he was called to reflection. He then asked his guide where they were to spend the night. The reply was evasive, and Myron did not fail to remark that a sinister smile came over the face of his friend, as he said—"Let us go forward, we shall find a lodging in due time."

The two proceeded, but they had not gone far before the clouds began to thicken, and in a short space it was intensely dark. The road grew rough and thorny, and at last Myron fell over a stone of considerable size. He rose with difficulty, and when he called for his companion, he was not to be found. Nothing could exceed the amazement

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and terror of the young traveller; for now he began to hear the cries of wild animals, and in a short space he could make out the form of a lion, stealing upon him, through the darkness.

The words of the old man whom he had treated so rudely, now flashed upon his memory—and in the agony of the moment he called out, "Truth—Truth—come to my aid, and be my guide!" These words were uttered aloud, and with such energy, that Myron awoke from his dream, his heart beating, and his body covered with a cold perspiration. But the vision seemed to bear a wholesome meaning, and the words, which broke from his lips in the moment of his fancied peril, became the rule of his after life. He rejected falsehood, which promises fair, and for a time tempts us with darling pleasures, but leads us into scenes of terror and distress, and leaves us helpless at the hour of our utmost need. He made Truth his friend and guide, and was both successful and happy in the great journey of life.

The Chimpansé.

This is a species of ape, found on the western coast of Africa. He is more like a man than any other of the four-handed race, and is the only one that can easily walk erect. He is often seen walking with a cane in the woods. The negroes say that he is a kind of man, and only refuses to talk because he is afraid of being made to work.

These creatures live in the woods, and sometimes attack the natives with clubs and stones. The Europeans, who live in the settlements along the coast, have trained some of these creatures so that they perform various kinds of labor, such as bringing water in jugs, rinsing out glasses, turning spits, and handing liquor round to company at table.

M. Grandpry, a French gentleman describes one that he had on board a vessel. She had learnt to heat the oven; she took great care not to let

any of the coals fall out, which might have done mischief in the ship; and she was very accurate in observing when the oven was heated to the proper degree, of which she immediately apprized the baker, who, relying with perfect confidence upon her information, carried his dough to the oven as soon as the chimpansé came to fetch him. This animal performed all the business of a sailor; spliced ropes, handed the sails, and assisted at unfurling them; and she was, in fact, considered by the sailors as one of themselves. The vessel was bound for America, but the poor animal did not live to see that country, having fallen a victim to the brutality of the first mate, who inflicted very cruel chastisement upon her, which she had not deserved. She endured it with the greatest patience, only holding out her hands in a

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suppliant attitude, in order to break the force of the blows she received. But from that moment she steadily refused to take any food, and died on the fifth day, from grief and hunger. She was lamented by every one on board, not insensible to the feelings of humanity, who knew the circumstances of her fate.

The Sugar-Cane.

Sugar is found in a great many vegetables, particularly in beets, carrots, parsnips, sugar-cane, Indian corn, the sugar-maple tree, &c. Sugar is manufactured from beets, in large quantities, in France, and in this country it is made from beets also, to some extent. It is also made from the juice of the maple tree, particularly in the western states. In March the trees are tapped in the sides, and little reeds are inserted, in which the sap, as it ascends from the earth to the extremities, is caught and conducted into wooden troughs. It is then boiled down, and becomes first molasses and then sugar. Many millions of pounds are made in this way each year.

But this is a very small quantity, compared with what is made from the sugar-

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cane, in the West Indies, Louisiana, and South America. The sugar-cane is a jointed reed, of a fine straw color, growing from eight to fourteen feet high. It terminates at the top in blade-shaped leaves, the edges of which are finely notched. Its flowers form a delicate silver-colored cluster.

When the cane is about a year old, it is cut and crushed between iron rollers, which press out the juice. This is then conducted into large copper boilers, and by various processes of boiling and cooling, it is at last made into sugar, and molasses, the latter being the liquid part that drips from the sugar. In the process of manufacture, a good deal of lime and bullocks' blood are mixed with the juice of the cane, and these assist in refining the sugar.

A very interesting discovery has lately been made in this country, which is, that the stalks of Indian corn, if the ears are cropped just after they begin to set, will produce more sugar than the cane. Accordingly a machine for the crushing of the stalks has been contrived, and a model of it may be seen at the patent office at Washington. It is said that a single acre of ground will yearly produce a ton of sugar, and it is believed that sugar will soon be raised in abundance in all the western states, in this way. The stalks make excellent fodder for cattle, after the juice is crushed out.

Sugar is now regarded as one of the necessaries of life, and about 600,000 tons, or 120,000,000 of pounds are annually produced. Yet it seems that sugar was not known to the Greeks or Romans, and it is never mentioned in the Bible. It was, in fact, only known as a medicine, till modern times. In the tenth century it took the place of honey in the druggist's shop, and was chiefly used in fevers, to relieve them.

The sugar-cane was found growing wild in the West Indies, by Christopher Columbus. The art of refining sugar so as to make it white, was discovered in the sixteenth century, by a Venetian, who made a vast fortune by it.

Dialogue on Politeness.

Louisa. Good morning, mother. I have been in search of you for the last half hour. Julia and I have been talking very earnestly on a certain subject, but we do not agree at all in our opinions; so I have come to you to get yours. I rather think you will be "on my side," as I suppose I have learnt to judge a little as you do; as is very natural I should, mother.

Mother. I should certainly be very sorry, my dear, if your mind and opinions were not influenced by mine. But what is the question which has excited such animated discussion? Some new style of bonnet, or the manner of singing the last new song?

L. Neither, mother; but something much more important. We have been talking of the manners of two of our schoolmates, Matilda Hervy and Caroline Perkins. Julia prefers Caroline's manners, and I prefer Matilda's. Julia thinks Caroline a perfect pattern of politeness.

M. Ah! for what reason, my dear?

L. O, because she smiles so sweetly when she speaks; always shakes hands with people; flatters them, and repeats compliments she has heard of them, and all that sort of thing.

M. Is Caroline the same to all, my dear?

L. O, no, mother; she is polite only to a certain set of people. Matilda is the same to all, both rich and poor. Caroline evidently has an object in her attentions, which is, to get the favor of

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those who can do her kindnesses in return. Can a person be truly polite, mother, without a kind heart and a well-principled mind?

M. I think not, Louisa. I have myself to-day been the witness of something quite *apropos* to our subject. In riding in the omnibus from Cambridge, this morning, I observed among the passengers two young men, about the age of your brother Albert, apparently collegians, who, from their intercourse, I judged to be intimate friends—probably classmates; but there was a marked difference in their manners and appearance. One of them, to some personal advantages added elegance of dress, and a voice the tones of which were particularly musical when he addressed a pretty and fashionable lady opposite him. If, by the jolting of the carriage, he accidentally touched the hem of her garment, he apologized most gracefully; and he was evidently regarded by the whole party as a most polite young man. The classmate had nothing remarkable in his appearance, bearing none of the externals of polite life. Suddenly the bell rang, and we stopped to take up a woman, who had with her a large bundle, which, as we were already crowded uncomfortably, she retained in her arms. The last-mentioned young man, seeing that she was heavily burdened, and looked weak and sickly, kindly told her to allow him to hold the bundle for her. There was instantly a smile exchanged between the lady and the well-dressed collegian, with unrepressed glances of contempt at the bundle, accompanied with loud hints about vulgarity, &c. This conduct was observed by the woman, and seemed to hurt her feelings much. However, she did not ride far, and when the coach stopped, her kind young friend assisted her out with as much consideration as if she were a princess. This little incident pleased me much.

L. Really, mother, I should think there was precisely the difference between Matilda and Caroline, as between the two collegians. Caroline's kind acts and polite words are always for the rich, the high-born, or the fashionable. Matilda delights in doing favors to those who can make her no return. She looks upon all as her fellow-creatures—never seeming to think of their station in life. She treats the poor, wherever she finds them, as her "neighbors," in the Bible sense of the word. She has made many a widow's heart to sing for joy, and she is truly a good Samaritan.

M. You are enthusiastic, my dear, in praise of your friend. I shall certainly give my opinion in favor of Matilda, whose politeness is evidently the politeness of the heart; and though a person may sometimes be sneered at for practising it toward the poor and humble, he will generally be respected, and always have more influence than he who is only polite to a few for interest's sake. I hope, my dear, as you appreciate Matilda's worth, you will make her your model. I am very glad my daughter loves such a character, as we almost always imitate what we admire. A person who is polite and kind to all, enjoys the highest kind of satisfaction; for he knows that in loving his neighbor, he also obeys God.—[*Young Ladies' Friend.*]

MISTRESS AND SERVANT.—A lady, the other day, meeting a girl, who had lately left her service, enquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, madam, I don't live nowhere now," rejoined the girl; "I am married."

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The Date Tree.

This is a species of palm, which produces the sweet fruit which is brought to us from Smyrna, and other ports in the Mediterranean, and which is well known under the name of *date*.

In the regions between Barbary and the Great Desert, the soil, which is of a sandy nature, is so much parched by the intense heat of the sun's rays, that none of the corn plants will grow; and in the arid district, called *the land of dates*, the few vegetables that can be found are of the most dwarfish description. No plants arise to form the variety of food to which we are accustomed; and the natives of these districts live almost exclusively upon the fruit of the date tree. A paste is made of this fruit by pressing it in large baskets. This paste is not used for present supply, but is intended for a provision in case of a failure in the crops of dates, which sometimes occurs, owing to the ravages committed by locusts.

The date in its natural state forms the usual food; and the juice yielded by it

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when fresh, contains so much nutriment as to render those who live upon it so extremely fat. As, by the Moors, corpulence is esteemed an indispensable requisite of beauty, the ladies belonging to the families of distinction among them, nourish themselves, during the season, solely with the fresh fruit, and by continuing this regimen during two or three months, they become of an enormous size.

The date palm flourishes very generally on sandy soils in the hot countries of Asia and Africa. Not always, however, is the soil that supports it, barren as the one I have described. It is frequently found by streams, and as the tired traveller sees its foliage waving afar, he hastens towards it, hoping to find a stream of water. Sometimes its tall stem is surrounded by beautiful climbing plants, and the most brilliant flowers flourish beneath its shadow.

This palm frequently attains the height of sixty feet, and stands perfectly upright, unlike, in this respect, some other species of palm, whose slight forms yield to the winds. It was to this tree that the Psalmist alluded when he said, "The righteous shall grow as the palm tree,"—firm and unmoved by the shocks of temptation and the storms of adversity. The clusters of dates are sometimes five feet in length, and, when ripe, are of a bright gold color, over which the summit of the tree is crowned with a beautiful foliage.

Dress.

There is nothing in which mankind display more caprice, than in dress; and it is curious to remark, that this caprice is most conspicuous in the more civilized countries. In London and Paris, the fashions of dress change every year, and in some things, every few weeks. There is a new style of bonnet in Paris at least every three months.

But in China and India, and indeed over all Asia, the fashions of dress are unchangeable. The people now wear

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almost exactly the same garments, of the same colors and the same forms, as a thousand years ago.

The country people of Europe, generally, have a fixed costume, which continues, with little change, from generation to generation; but in the great cities, all is variety and vicissitude. In this country we copy European fashions, and there are some silly people whose greatest desire is to be dressed in the Parisian style.

Now when we are told of the Chinese ladies, who have their feet bandaged in order to make them small, until they can hardly walk—thus rendering themselves miserable and useless, and all this to be thought genteel—we think them very absurd. But look at the picture, on the preceding page, and tell me if these ladies are not about as foolish. They are dressed in the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's time, and it has been much imitated by the ladies of modern days.

But we must not laugh at the ladies only, for the other sex deserve a share of our notice. Foppery is not confined to any country. A young savage of the western woods, has often the ambition to figure as a gay fellow, as well as the New York or Boston dandy. He does not go to the tailor, to be made a man of, but he relies upon his own skill. He paints himself over with clay, of various colors, mixed with bears' grease. One side of his face is made blue, and another yellow. On his breast a serpent is figured; on his back, a buffalo or a wolf. On his head he wears the feathers of an eagle; around his neck, the claws of the grisly bear; on his back is a bundle of scalps, and on his arms the skin of a skunk. Over his shoulder is a buffalo-robe decorated with a frill of quills, and ornamented with beads. Such is your dandy of savage life.

And now for the dandy of our cities. The great thing is to have abundance of hair; and the more it hangs over the eyes, and obtrudes itself around the nose and mouth and neck, and in every other place that may suggest the idea of discomfort or filthiness, so much the better, thinks the dandy. For my own part, I lay it down as an invariable rule, that if a youth displays an unusual quantity of hair or beard, he is deficient, to the same extent, in brains. I believe this is a safe ground of judgment. But still, it is the fashion, just now, to run to hair, and thus it seems our young men have an ambition to excel in that, in which, after all their efforts, the bear, the buffalo, and indeed most beasts, will always surpass them. When I see one of these whiskered, soap-locked fellows, I always think of the description that an Irish girl gave of a skunk that was rude to her, upon a certain occasion. As she went home, she carried evidence of the fact, and when the people asked what it meant—"Faith!" said she, "and it was a little hairy beast that did it!"

Spanish Names.—The love of long Christian names by the Spaniards has frequently been a subject of ridicule. A Spaniard on his travel, arrived in the night at a little village in France, in which there was but one hotel. As it was almost midnight, he knocked at the door a long time without hearing any one stir. At length the host, putting his head out of the chamber window, asked who was there. The Spaniard replied, "Don Juan Pedro, Hernandez, Rodriguez, Alvarez de Villanova, Count de Malafra, Cavellero de Santiago d'Alcantara." "Mercy on me," said the host, as he shut the window, "I have but two spare beds, and you ask me lodging for a score."

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Eagles, and some other Matters.

The eagle is considered the king of birds, as the lion is called the king of beasts. Now both the lion and eagle are strong, and they readily sacrifice all other creatures to their own gluttonous appetites. At the same time, they are both cowardly creatures. The lion is a skulking beast, and steals upon his prey like a thieving cat; and he readily flies from danger, except when hunger impels him to bold deeds. The eagle too, when his crop is well filled, is a lazy creature, and at any time a much smaller bird may drive him away.

Now, the title of king was given to the lion and the eagle, in ancient days, and it shows what the people then thought of kings. It is obvious that they supposed a king to be a powerful, but selfish creature, sacrificing everybody to himself, as do the lion and the eagle. They did not suppose it necessary for the king to be noble, generous, and courageous, for they would not, in that case, have given the title of king, to sly, thieving, cowardly animals.

The opinion of mankind, in early days, being that kings were like lions and eagles, feeding and feasting upon others whom they could master, was no doubt just; and, with few exceptions, this is a true view of the character of kings, in all ages. They have ever cared much for themselves, and very little for the people at large.

But there is one thing more to be remarked in respect to the characters given to animals by the ancients. They called the lion noble, because he was powerful; and for the same reason they called the eagle the bird of Jove—thus making it the associate of one of their gods! At the same time that the ancients thus gave such sounding titles to rapacious and savage animals, they considered a dog as one of the meanest of quadrupeds, and to call a man a dog, was to insult with a very opprobrious epithet. The ancients also called the ass stupid, and a goose was the very emblem of folly.

Now we should reflect a little upon these matters. The dog is a faithful creature, fond of his master, and choosing to live with him, whether in wealth or poverty, rather than to live anywhere else. He prefers remaining in the humble log-cabin, or poor cottage, with only a bone to eat, provided his master and his friend is there, rather than to live in the lordly mansion upon sausages and beef steak, among strangers. The characteristic of the dog, then, is *attachment to his friend;* and yet, in ancient days, the people called the butchering lion noble, and the faithful dog mean.

And as to the ass, he is in fact one of the most sagacious of all quadrupeds. Old Æsop, who made fables, seems to have done justice to this long-eared, four-legged sage, for, he makes him say a vast many wise things. But not to insist upon the ass's gift of speech, he is not only an intelligent creature, but he is patient, enduring, hard-working, temperate, and unoffending; at the same time he is more free from vice than almost any other quadruped, even though he is often in the hands of persons who do not set good examples, and abuse him most shamefully. Now as this good beast was called stupid by the ancients, it is fair to infer, that they considered patience, temperance, diligence, and freedom from vice, as mean.

And now a word as to the goose. My young readers may titter as much as they please—for in spite of all their mirth, I am going to stand up for this poor, abused bird. The goose is not *silly*—but, as compared with other birds, it is in fact *wise*. There is no creature so watchful as a goose. In a wild state, when in danger of being shot down by the huntsman, they set sentinels to keep

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guard while the flock is feeding; and on his giving notice of danger, they take wing and fly away. In a domestic state, they give notice by their cackle of every disturbance, and any noise that may happen about the house at night.

Geese are also very courageous in defence of their young; and, beside this, they are capable of attachment, beyond any other bird. The celebrated writer, Buffon, tells a most interesting story of a goose, called Jacquot, that became fond of him because he helped the poor fellow when he was beaten almost to death by a rival gander. Every time Buffon came near, the grateful bird would sing out to him in the most cheerful manner, and would run to him, and put his head up to be patted.

"One day," says Buffon, "having followed me as far as the ice-house at the top of the park, the spot where I must necessarily part with him in pursuing my path to a wood at half a league distance, I shut him in the park. He no sooner saw himself separated from me, than he vented strange cries. However, I went on my road; and had advanced about a third of the distance, when the noise of a heavy flight made me turn my head; I saw my Jacquot only four paces from me. He followed me all the way, partly on foot, partly on wing; getting before me and stopping at the cross-paths to see which way I should take.

"Our journey lasted from ten o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening; and my companion followed me through all the windings of the wood, without seeming to be tired. After this he attended me everywhere, so as to become troublesome; for I was not able to go to any place without his tracing my steps, so that one day he came to find me in the church! Another time, as he was passing by the rector's window, he heard me talking in the room; and, as he found the door open, he entered, climbed up stairs, and, marching in, gave a loud exclamation of joy, to the no small affright of the family!

"I am sorry in relating such traits of my interesting and faithful friend Jacquot, when I reflect that it was myself that first dissolved the pleasing connection; but it was necessary for me to separate him from me by force. Poor Jacquot found himself as free in the best apartments as in his own; and after several accidents of this kind, he was shut up and I saw him no more. His inquietude lasted about a year, and he died from vexation. He was become as dry as a bit of wood, I am told; for I would not see him; and his death was concealed from me for more than two months after the event. Were I to recount all the friendly incidents between me and poor Jacquot, I should not for several days have done writing. He died in the third year of our friendship, aged seven years and two months."

This is a very pleasing story, and sets forth the goose as capable of attachment, and, also, as gifted with much more intelligence than most animals display. But I have another pleasant story for my readers.

At East Barnet, in Hertfordshire, England, some years ago, a gentleman had a Canadian goose, which attached itself in the most affectionate manner to the house dog, but never attempted to enter his kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose set up a loud cackling, and ran at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and would bite at his heels. She was exceedingly anxious to be on the most familiar terms with her canine friend, and sometimes attempted to eat along with him, which, however, he would not suffer, nor indeed did he manifest the same friendship towards the goose, which it did towards him, treating it rather with indifference. This creature would never

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go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when in the morning they were turned into the field, she refused to go thither, and bent her course towards the yard gate, where she sat all day watching the dog.

The proprietor at length finding it in vain to attempt keeping these animals apart, gave orders that the goose should be no longer interfered with, but left entirely to the freedom of her own will. Being thus left at liberty to pursue her own inclinations, she ran about the yard with him all night, and when the dog went to the village, she never failed to accompany him, and contrived to keep pace with his more rapid movements by the assistance of her wings, and in this way, betwixt running and flying, accompanied him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection is supposed to have originated in the dog having rescued her from a fox in the very moment of distress. It continued for two years, and only terminated with the death of the goose.

Now is not this a good story? and it is all about a goose, that people call a foolish bird. But here is another story, quite as good as any I have told.

"An old goose," says an English writer, "that had been for a fortnight hatching in a farmer's kitchen, was perceived on a sudden to be taken violently ill. She soon after left the nest, and repaired to an outhouse where there was a young goose of the first year, which she brought with her into the kitchen. The young one immediately scrambled into the old one's nest, sat, hatched, and afterwards brought up the brood. The old goose, as soon as the young one had taken her place, sat down by the side of the nest, and shortly after died. As the young goose had never been in the habit of entering the kitchen before, I know of no way of accounting for this fact, but by supposing that the old one had some way of communicating her thoughts and anxieties, which the other was perfectly able to understand. A sister of mine, who witnessed the transaction, gave me the information in the evening of the day it happened."

Now I begun this chapter by talking about eagles, and I have been rambling on about geese—but I have an object in all this. I wish to show my readers that we have taken certain notions, in regard to animals, from the ancients, which are erroneous; and which have a bad influence upon us. Many a time has a poor ass got a kick, just because of a prejudice that has been handed down from age to age. People scarcely think it wrong to abuse a creature that is called *stupid!* Now the ass is not stupid; and it is too bad, wrongfully to give him a hard name, and then to kick him for it!

And it is much the same with dogs. How much have these poor creatures suffered, in their day and generation, just because the ancients called them hard names, and thus transmitted, even to our time, a prejudice! And the tranquil, quiet, harmless, goose—how often has a boy hurled a stone at one, and scarcely thought it wrong to wound a creature that is regarded as the emblem of folly!

Now, as I said, we ought to reflect upon these things; we ought not to allow such prejudices to influence us, and to make us really cruel to brute beasts, who are but as God made them, and who fulfil His design in their creation, more perfectly, I suspect, than some other beings I could name, who think pretty well of themselves!

And one observation more is to be made here. The facts we have stated show what erroneous notions the ancients had of virtue. They called the lion and eagle noble, only because they are powerful; they called the dog mean, though he is a pattern of fidelity; they called the ass stupid, though he is pa-

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tient and frugal; they called the goose silly, because of its great mildness. All these things prove that in the olden time, people thought much of power, and almost worshipped it, even when it was selfish and savage, as is the king of beasts or of birds; while they rather despised the noble virtues of patience, fidelity, friendship, frugality and mildness.

I might go on to tell you of the eagles, with which subject I began this chapter; and especially of the harpy eagle, of which a fine portrait accompanies this number. But in Volume I., page 5, I have said so much on the subject, that I must cut the matter short, only saying that the harpy eagle is a native of South America, and is the most powerful of birds, it being able, by the stroke of its wings, to break a man's skull.

April.

This month derives its name from the Latin word *Aperio*, to open, because at this period the earth is opened by the sower and the planter, to receive the seed. In the southern parts of the United States, it is a very warm, pleasant season, and so it is in Italy, and Spain. In Carolina, the weather is so warm in April, that the people put on their thin clothes, the forests are in leaf, the apple-trees are in bloom, or perchance already the blossoms are past.

But with us at the north, April is still a windy, chilly, capricious season. Not a green leaf, not an opening flower is to be seen. A few solitary birds are with us, and now and then we have a warm day. The grass begins to look a little green, where the soil is rich and the land slopes to the south.

But still, April is a month in which we all take delight, for, at this time we begin to work in the garden, and there is a promise of spring around us. The snow is gone, the ice has fled, jack-frost comes not, the hens in the barn-yard make a cheerful cackle, the geese at the brook keep up a jolly gobble, the boys play at ball on the green, the lambs frisk on the hill-sides, the plough is in the furrow; winter is gone—summer is coming!

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Jeremiah foretelling the downfall of Jerusalem.

The Prophet Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH was one of the most celebrated of the Jewish prophets. He lived about six hundred years before Christ, and prophesied about seventy years after Isaiah. He began his career, by divine command, at an early age. He was a man of great piety, and a sincere lover of his country. He foresaw the evils which his sinful countrymen would bring upon themselves by their idolatries, and while he warned them of the wrath to come, he seems to have done it with an almost breaking heart.

It became his duty, in obedience to the instruction of God, to predict the downfall of Jerusalem, and the destruction of the temple. Zedekiah was then king of Judah, and the fearful prophecy no doubt grated harshly on his ear. The people, too, who cared not for the truth, but only desired a prophet who would prophesy smooth things, took Jeremiah, and were near putting him to death, only on account of his fidelity.

In the 21st chapter of the prophecies of Jeremiah, we see his prediction of the fate that awaited Jerusalem, and in the 52d chapter, we see how this sad and fearful warning was fulfilled.

After the destruction of Jerusalem,—he himself witnessing the completion of this prophecy,—he was carried into Egypt with a remnant of the Jews, and, according to tradition, was murdered by his countrymen, for warning them against their idolatrous practices.

The book of Lamentations is a melancholy and pathetic poem, written by Jeremiah, in commemoration of the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. It is exceedingly affecting, and it is impossible to read it without deeply sympathizing with the afflicted prophet. Some parts are very beautiful, and the whole being imbued with a religious spirit

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and feeling, it is calculated, in a peculiar degree, to soften, purify, and sanctify the heart of the Christian.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER VIII.

A weary journey.—Meeting with Tungusees.—Grand attack of wolves.—The first sables killed.

After securing the skin of the bear, the travellers proceeded on their journey, the weather still continuing clear, but intensely cold. They were, however, well secured by furs, and they plodded cheerfully on, over the snow-crust. There was little variety, for the country was generally level, and often they marched on for hours without meeting a single object of the least interest. No villages were to be seen over the wide wastes; not a human being met the view; not a bird, not a living thing, enlivened the prospect. And it was as still as it was desolate; for, save when the wind sighed over the snow, not a sound was to be heard. It seemed as if nature was in a repose so profound as to resemble death itself.

It is not remarkable, that, after several days of weary travel over a country like this, our adventurers at last rejoiced to meet with a small settlement of Tungusees. This was situated in a little valley; and so low were the houses, that the travellers had come close upon them before they perceived them. Their approach was announced by the barking of three or four shaggy wolf-dogs, who seemed to exert their lungs to the utmost upon the occasion.

The party was stared at in silence by the inhabitants for a short time, but Linsk soon announced himself and friends as hunters, and as he spoke in the Tungusian language, the little party were at once made welcome. Alexis was amused at the whole scene. The houses were made of stakes set in a circle, covered with mud, over which there was now a mantle of snow. The entrances were so low that it was necessary to creep in upon the hands and knees. There was no light within, except the few rays that struggled in at the door, or were emitted by a smouldering fire, the smoke of which was let out at a hole in the top.

Each hut consisted of one apartment, and here the family all slept, cooked, and ate. The beds consisted of the skins of wolves and bears; the articles of furniture were few, as the people sat on the ground, and most of the cooking was performed by simple boiling or roasting before the fire.

Supper was soon provided, for it was evening when the travellers arrived. This consisted of a piece of bear's flesh, which was very juicy, and resembled pork. It seemed to be esteemed a great delicacy by the people themselves, and a number of persons came into the hut where our adventurers were entertained, and, somewhat unceremoniously, helped themselves with their fingers to a portion of the coveted viands.

Our travellers had before seen something of Tungusian life and manners; but their admiration was excited anew by the greediness which they all displayed upon the present occasion—men, women, and children. Their hands were daubed in grease up to the wrists, and a very considerable portion of their faces was also anointed in the same way. They tore the flesh from the bones like dogs, and if a piece of meat fell upon the floor, however it might be powdered with dirt, it was carried to the mouth without scruple or inspection. The children lay down upon the floor, and, driving the dogs away, licked up

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the puddles of fat that were spilled in the greedy scramble. But there was withal much good nature and merriment among the party, and though the speech was often rough and the manner uncouth, good humor seemed to pervade the whole scene.

After the meal was done, brandy was brought in and circulated freely among the men of the company. Some of the women contrived to get a little for themselves through the influence of their admirers. The party soon grew merry, then boisterous, and at last quarrelsome. There was some scuffling and many hard words. Late at night the revel broke up, and the party separated.

It was late the next day, when Alexis and his two young companions were called by Linsk from their repose. They took an ample breakfast, and the party set forward upon their journey. For several days they proceeded without any occurrence worthy of note. At last they came to a little forest of evergreen trees, in which they found two or three small huts, but now deserted by their inhabitants. And here, as it was evening, they concluded to spend the night. Having slightly closed the door with a few pieces of bark to exclude the cold, they built a fire, and had sat down to their frugal supper of dried deer's flesh, when the ever-watchful ear of Linsk caught certain sounds from without, which arrested his attention. He had listened but a moment, when the fragments at the door were pushed aside, and a wolf thrust his head in at the opening, and gazed intently upon the party. They were all so taken by surprise, that, for a moment, they neither spoke nor moved. It was not long, however, before Linsk arose, seized his gun, and was on the point of discharging it at the wolf, when the latter suddenly withdrew. The whole party followed him out, but what was their astonishment to see around them a pack of at least forty wolves, now ready to make a united attack upon them! It was night, and their glaring eyeballs seemed like sparks of fire, and their teeth were laid bare, as if to rend their victims in pieces. At the same time the barking, yelping, and howling of the savage animals, apparently driven to desperation by hunger, were terrific. The whole scene was indeed so unexpected and so startling, that Alexis and his two young companions immediately slunk back into the hut. Linsk followed, but at least a dozen of the assailants were snapping at his heels, as he drew them in through the door. The old hunter saw in an instant that there was but one mode of warfare which offered the least chance of safety, and this was, to face the enemy at the opening, and prevent them, at all hazards, from effecting an entrance. Getting down upon his knees, therefore, he turned round and looked his furious assailants full in the face. His gun was in his hand, and his knife ready in the belt. Fixing his eye intently upon the wolves, so as to watch every motion, he spoke rapidly to the young men behind him,—"Steady, boys, steady; don't be afraid. Draw up close and keep your guns ready. What an ill-mannered set they are! I'll give 'em a dose directly. —Now!"

At this instant, the old hunter fired his gun, and a yell of terror and anguish burst from the pack, who at the moment were jammed into the entrance of the hut. Two or three of them were killed, and several were wounded; but others rushed into their places, and in the space of a few seconds Linsk was again threatened with a mass of heads struggling for entrance at the door. He soon gave them another shot, and finally a third, and the disheartened beasts, leaving eight or ten of their companions dead or mortally wounded on the scene

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of combat, retired, with many a howl, into the echoing forest.

The next day was occupied by securing the skins of the wolves, and the hunters concluded to spend the next night in the hut, taking care, however, to secure the entrance against the possibility of an attack like that of the preceding evening.

In the morning, the party rose early, and, instead of pursuing their journey, they plunged into the forest, hoping to meet with some sables or ermines. They had not gone far before two little, dark-colored animals, with very long bodies and short legs, were seen running and leaping upon the snow. Linsk uttered a low "hush," and approached them carefully, under cover of a large tree. He soon approached them, and raising his gun to his eye, seemed about to fire, when, suddenly lowering his piece, he beckoned to Alexis, who came instantly to his side. Obedient to a signal given by Linsk, Alexis drew up his gun and fired; the whole party ran to the spot, and, with great exultation, they picked up the animals, which proved to be two very fine sables. These were the first that Alexis had killed, and they brought to his mind so forcibly the injunctions of Kathinka, and her intense desire that he should be successful in his enterprise, that he burst into a flood of tears. The two sons of Linsk looked at him with amazement, but the old man guessed the cause of his emotion, and by some sportive remark, diverted the thoughts of the party into other channels. The kindness of Linsk in this, and in giving Alexis the first chance to fire, filled the heart of the young hunter with gratitude, which he did not soon forget.

They now pursued their sport, and before the evening came, they had caught seven sables and three ermines. They, therefore, returned to their hut, and now began to think of spending several weeks at this place, for the purpose of pursuing the object of their expedition.

Letter from a Subscriber.

Many thanks to the writer of the following:—

New York, March 15th, 1842.

Dear Mr. Merry—The following lines are from one who has been both instructed and amused by your writings, and although a very youthful subscriber, she begs you will accept them as a small offering from the heart of

Margaret.

The name of Merry long will be
Remembered well, and loved by me.
Not all the works of ancient lore
Transmit to youth so sweet a store
Of learning true, in nature's dress,
The garb so simple, yet the best;
Religion's power, so deep, so pure,
Through endless ages to endure!
Youth bounds at Merry's joyous name,
And e'en old age its love may claim.

Envy.—The envy which grudges the success for which it would want the courage to contend, was well rebuked by the French Marshal Lefevre, who had been in a great many battles, and who had acquired great wealth and fame. One of his friends expressing the most unbounded admiration of his magnificent residence, exclaimed, "How fortunate you are!" "I see you envy me," said the marshal; "but come, you shall have all that I possess, at a much cheaper rate than I myself paid for it. Step down with me into the yard; you shall let me fire twenty musket shots at you, at the distance of thirty paces, and if I fail to bring you down, all that I have is yours. What! you refuse?" said the marshal, seeing that his friend demurred —"know that before I reached my present eminence, I was obliged to stand more than a thousand musket shots, and those who pulled the triggers were nothing like thirty paces from me."

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Toad-Stools and Mushrooms.

These two kinds of plants, though of similar appearance, are so very different, that while one is poisonous, the other is a wholesome and delicious article of food.

The toad-stool, of which we here give a picture, usually grows in moist places, and where the soil is very rich.

Toad-stools.

The mushroom grows in situations similar to those in which the toad-stool is found. They both belong to the genus which the botanists call *agarice;* but they may be easily distinguished. The edges of the mushroom are usually thin, ragged, and turned a little upward; while those of the toad-stool are bent

Mushroom.

down, and carried round in a smooth circle, the top being shaped like an umbrella. The under side of the mushroom is of a pinkish hue, and the skin is easily peeled off from the top.

The mushroom is cooked in various ways; here, it is chiefly used for making ketchup; but in France, the people stew and fry it, and consider it among the most delicate of dishes.

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The Return of Spring.

Now spring returns, and all the earth
Is clad in cheerful green;
The heart of man is filled with mirth,
And happiness is seen.

The violet rears its modest head,
To welcome in the spring,
And from its low and humble bed
Doth sweetest odors bring.

The birds are warbling in the grove,
And flutter on the wing,
And to their mates in notes of love
Responsive echoes sing.

Far as the eye can view, the hills
Are clad in verdure bright;
The rivers and the trickling rills
Are pleasant to the sight.

Nature another aspect wears,
Stern winter's reign is o'er;
While everything the power declares
Of *Him* whom we adore.

Puzzles.

See here, what a string of puzzles have been sent me by my young readers! Who will unravel them?

Puzzle, No. 1.

I am a word of 6 letters.

My 1, 2, 6, 5, is what Oliver Twist asked for.
My 3, 2, 1, is a nickname for a boy.
My 4, 2, 1, 5, every one loves.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, every good house-keeper dreads.
My whole is my dearest friend.

Fanny.

Puzzle, No. 2.

I am a word of 14 letters.

My 5, 9, 13, 6, 13, is an important article best found in Ireland.
My 2, 6, 13, is a very useful fowl.
My 14, 9, 10, 11, is a very unpleasant state to be in.
My 9, 10, 12, is very pleasant in summer.
My 7, 2, 3, 8, 12, is also very pleasant in summer.
My 7, 2, 3, 4, 11, is a very large fish.
My 2, 3, 1, 11, is a useful vehicle.
My whole is the name of a celebrated author, which I shall give you in my next.

A Black-eyed Subscriber.

Puzzle, No. 3.

I am a sentence composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 11, 15, 4, 24, 8, is a flourishing city.
My 3, 15, 18, 17, 17, 16, is a road.
My 7, 8, 6, is a girl's name.
My 12, 11, 10, is a disturbance.
My 4, 5, 10, 6, is a municipal corporation.
My 19, 21, 26, 14, is what you take on my whole.
My 15, 24, 26, is the grass over a grave.
My 22, 24, 25, 26, is a burden.
My 13, 2, 6, 9, 5, 23, is a bird of prey.
My whole is a link of a great iron chain.

Puzzle, No. 4.

I am a name of 17 letters.

My 9, 10, 3, 12, 17, 2, is a useful mechanic.
My 15, 10, 13, 8, 7, is what we all wish to be.
My 1, 11, 4, is that for want of which great misfortunes have happened.
My 2, 14, 5, 8, is an article of commerce.
My 13, 11, 15, 16, 6, is French for a city.
My 1, 6, 17, 2, is a person of rank.
My whole is a distinguished foreigner.

Puzzle, No. 5.

I am a word of 9 letters.

My 9, 8, 8, 1, is the name of a number.
My 4, 8, 1, 3, 7, is the name of a kind of house.
My 9, 5, 3, 3, is the name of a large cask.
My 6, 5, 3, 9, is what butchers often do.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a nickname.
My 8, 2, 3, 4, is what every animal in creation does.
My 6, 2, 3, 7, is the name of a small pet animal, to be found in almost every house.
My 4, 5, 3, 9, is an exclamation signifying "Let alone!"
My 1, 8, 3, 4, is an implement used by fishermen.
My 1, 5, 3, 9, is found in the woods.
My whole is the name of a great sandheap.

Come out here, and I'll lick the whole of you; as the boy said ven he seed a bottle full of sugar sticks in a shop winder!

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To my Correspondents.

Whew! what a lot of letters I have got from my little black-eyed and blue-eyed friends, this month! Some contain answers to old puzzles, and some contain new puzzles, and some put questions which puzzle me not a little. However, I am very glad to hear from anybody who takes an interest in poor Bob Merry; and I think all the better of young people, who can be kind to an old fellow with a wooden leg, and content to hear stories from one who never went to college. I feel cheered by these pleasant, lively letters; and sometimes, when my old pate reels with hard work, and my eyes grow dim as I think over the sad fortunes that pursue me, I go to the package of my correspondents, and there find consolation. "No matter—no matter," say I to myself, "if all the world deserts or abuses me, at least these little friends will be true to me!" So, thereupon, I wipe my eyes, clean my spectacles, whistle some merry tune, and sit down to write something cheerful and pleasant for my Magazine.

Well, now I say again, that I am much obliged to my kind friends, and I am glad to observe that *they always pay their postage.* Only one instance to the contrary has occurred: my little friend, Cornelius W——, of Newark, New Jersey, forgot to pay the postage on the specimen of his handwriting that he sent me. I mention this for his benefit, because the habit of forgetting to do things as they ought to be done is a very bad habit. Suppose, for instance, that a person should get into the habit of eating carelessly; why, at last, instead of eating the meat, and rejecting the bones, he might swallow the bones, and reject the meat! Think of that, Master Cornelius.

I have received the answers of A. L., W. H. S., C. F. W. P., F. A. S., and others, to the puzzles in the March number, all of which are right. The first is *Bunker Hill Monument;* the second is *A Black-eyed Friend.*

The following request I will reflect upon.

Mr. Merry—I wish very much to have the story of Philip Brusque continued. I wish to know what Mr. Bonfils did. Was he a good king, and did they have any more riots? If you will "lift the curtain," you will satisfy my wishes, and oblige A Subscriber.

Boston, March 5, 1842.

The "Meditations of an Old Man" are a little too melancholy for our young readers; they do not like to weep very often, and I expect that Bob Merry's story will, by and bye, call for all the tears they can spare.

I insert the following with pleasure. It seems that young *Bare-Head* is a "Wolverene;" and if he will tell his real life and adventures, no doubt they will be worth hearing. What a good title it will be!—"The Adventures of Ben Bare-Head, the Wolverene!"

MASTER BARE-HEAD'S PUZZLE.

I am a name of 13 letters.

My 5, 3, 13, is a stupid fellow.
My 4, 8, 1, 5, 6, 7, is a kind of shrub.
My 13, 5, 1, is a nickname.
My 1, 5, 11, 6, 7, often takes place between two individuals.
My 6, 7, 2, 4, 10, is a pleasing diversion.
My 3, 12, 10, 5, 1, is a useful agent.
My 5, 13, 7, 10, 4, is what we every day behold.
My 9, 11, 5, 12, 10, is what I am.
My 6, 7, 10, 3, 13, has ruined many
My 4, 7, 5, 1, 10, many do not possess.
My 7, 2, 11, is what I have not got.
My 6, 2, 9, 7, is what a Hoosier seldom sees.
My 7, 8, 12, is common in Michigan.
My 1, 5, 9, 12, is often seen in Boston
My 6, 7, 10, 4, 12, is a convenient article.
My 11, 10, 10, 12, 7, 5, 6, 7, 10, makes cross women.
My 1, 8, 13, 10, 8, 1, will doubtless be a benefit to the rising generation.
My whole may well be considered the pride of America.

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When this is solved, you shall have a harder one. BEN. BARE-HEAD.

Bertrand, Michigan, Jan. 31, 1842.

The following lines are pretty good for so young a writer:—

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH, THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

Brightly o'er those proud cities
The morning sun arose,
And over those princely palaces
His robe effulgent throws.
But whether on stately palace,
Or spire, or idol fane,
He shows his gorgeous colorings
There it ne'er must rest again.

And lovely, O most lovely,
Was the scene he shone on now!
From the verdant flower-decked vale,
To the mountain's pine-clad brow,
With the crystal stream's meandering flow,
And its waters dancing bright,—
All nature teems with beauty,
With joy, and life, and light.

And from every shrub and flower
What a fragrant perfume breathes,
While fruit of almost every clime
Hangs in rich clusters from the trees;
And birds, of plumage rich and rare,
Pour forth their notes of love,
In strains so wild, so thrilling, sweet,
From every sheltering grove!

And who would deem that sin
Could mar a scene so beauteous, bright,
So filled with things that please the eye,
And give the mind delight?
And yet such guilt stalked proudly here,
Such sin without alloy,
As to tempt the Almighty's wrath to curse,
His anger to destroy.

But soon, ah me! how very soon,
And what a change is there!
A bellowing earthquake shakes the ground,
Loud thunders fill the air;
Bright fire from heaven flashes
In sheets of liquid flame,
And a heap of wretched ruins
Those proud cities then became.

What keen remorse and anguish
Must have through those bosoms thrilled,
What shrieks and shouts of agony
Must the echoing air have filled!
But no remorse, or anguish,
Could then avail to save,
And those once splendid cities
Found one promiscuous grave.

H. D. B.

Well done, my gray-eyed friend—P. J. U. Come and see me, and I will give *thee* a hearty shake of the hand!

Esteemed Friend:—

I have received thy Magazine, and write on purpose to inform thee of my wish to see the last of our friend Brusque on the island of Fredonia; and hope it will be of no inconvenience to unravel the whole. Although I am a *gray-eyed* little friend, I have taken the liberty to write thee a few lines, and hope thee will receive it from an unknown boy, aged 11 years, who longs to see thee and hear those interesting stories which I hope will soon appear in our pretty little books; but as that cannot be at present, I still hope to get them, with yellow covers, with my father's name on the back.

From a gray-eyed friend, P. J. U.

The suggestion of a "Black-Eyed Friend," as to juvenile plays or dialogues, is received, and shall be duly considered. I notice his remark that I have not given the names of all the kinds of type; and he is correct in his observation. J. H. W., Oak street, Boston, writes a fair, handsome hand, and this is a pleasant thing to a blear-eyed old fellow, like me. His solution is right. G. W. F., of Pittsburgh, also writes very neatly, and his letter is expressed with great propriety. He, too, is correct in his answers to the riddles. The enigma of J. W. P. is ingenious—but the name itself is a puzzle. Here it is: "General Diebitsch Sabalkansky." Why, this name reminds me of a stick that was so crooked it could never lie still!

IRISH WIT.—"Please your honor, is a thing lost when you know where it is?" said an Irish footman to his master.

"To be sure not, you booby."

"Och! thank your honor for that; the de'il of harm then, for the new copper takettle 's at the bottom of the well!"

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME III.—No. 5.

Smelling.

I PROPOSE to give my readers some remarks upon the five senses; and I shall begin with smelling. The seat of this sense is the nose, and the chief instrument by which it operates is a soft membrane, lining the interior of the nostrils. This is covered over with an infinite number of organs, too delicate to be seen by the naked eye, called the *olfactory nerves*. As the brain is the seat of the mind, these nerves extend to it, and convey to that organ every impression that is made upon them. The nerves are like sentinels or messengers stationed in all parts of the body, whose duty it is to communicate to the seat of power—to the brain, and thus to the intellect—everything that happens to the body. Thus, if you pinch your finger, or stub your toe, or put your hand in the fire, or taste

of an apple, the nerves carry the story to the mind; and thus it is that we feel and find out what is going on.

So it is with the olfactory nerves; they have the power of perceiving what effluvia is in the air, and they tell the mind of it. At first thought, it might not seem that smelling was a very important sense. The lady in the preceding picture appears to think that the nose is made only that she may enjoy the perfume of the rose; and there are others who take a very different view of the matter. I once knew a fellow who insisted upon it that there were more bad smells than good ones in the world, and therefore he said that the sense of smelling was a nuisance, as it brought more pain than pleasure. I am inclined to think that this view was not singular, for I know several people who go about with their noses curled up, as if some bad odor was always distressing them. I make it a point, when I meet such discontented people, to cross over, and go along on t'other side of the way.

But, however others may feel, I maintain that the nose is, on the whole, a good thing—that smelling is a convenient sense, and that we could not get along very well without it. Let us consider the matter.

It must be remarked, in the first place, that in man, as well as animals, the sense of smelling is placed very near the sense of taste and the organs of eating. We may, therefore, infer that smelling is a guide to us in the choice of food; that what is of a good flavor, in general, is wholesome, and that what is of an offensive smell is unwholesome. The fact, doubtless, is, that we abuse the sense of smelling so much by the artificial tastes we cultivate, by eating spices and pickles, and a great variety of condiments, that it ceases to aid us as much as nature intended it should. Brutes, who never eat cooked dishes, composed of twenty different ingredients, have not their senses thus blunted and corrupted. The cow, the sheep, the horse, all are guided, as they graze among a thousand kinds of herbs, by the certain and effectual power of smell, to choose those which are wholesome, and to reject those which are hurtful. Now if mankind were as natural and simple in their habits as these animals, no doubt the sense of smell would be a good counsellor as to what food is good and what is bad.

There is one very curious thing to be noticed here, which is, that what is pleasant to one is offensive to another. Now putrid meat is wholesome to a dog; it sets well upon his stomach; and accordingly it smells good to him. But such food would produce disease in man; and to him the smell of it is loathsome. This shows, very clearly, that the sense of smell is a kind of adviser to tell creatures how to select their food. It also induces us to avoid places where the air is tainted or impure; for we are liable to contract diseases in such an atmosphere. Thus it is obvious that the sense of smelling is important not only as a guide to health, but as a guardian against disease and death.

In many animals the sense of smell is very acute. The dog will trace his master's footsteps, by the scent alone, through the streets of a city, and amid a thousand other footsteps; he will follow the track of the fox, or the hare, or the bird, for hours after it has passed along. The vulture scents the carrion for miles; and the wolf, the hyæna, and the jackal, seem to possess a similar acuteness of scent.

While the sense of smell is thus sharp in some animals, others, which need it less, possess it in an inferior degree. Fishes have only a simple cavity on each side of the nose, through which water, impregnated with odors, flows, and communicates the sensation of smell. Many of the inferior animals, as worms,

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reptiles, and insects, have still less perfect organs of sensation, and probably possess the sense of smell only to a corresponding extent.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XVI.

Cortez enters the city of Mexico.—Meeting with Montezuma.—Cortez seizes the emperor.—Effect on the Mexicans.—Cortez is attacked by the Mexicans, and Montezuma dies.—Cortez retreats from the city.—Is victorious in a battle.—Obtains possession of Mexico.

After remaining about twenty days in Tlascala, to recruit the strength of his soldiers, Cortez resumed his march for the capital. The emperor, convinced by the fate which had overtaken the Tlascalans that it would be vain to oppose the advance of so powerful an embassy, consented at last to receive them into the city, and to allow them an audience. The Spaniards accordingly advanced with great care, for fear of surprise, and at last began to cross the causeway which led to Mexico, through the lake.

As they drew near the city, they were met by a magnificent procession, in which Montezuma appeared, seated on a litter, which was carried on the shoulders of four of his chief favorites. He received Cortez with the greatest respect, and conducted him to a palace, built by his father, where he invited him to take up his abode. It was of stone, and so large that the whole Spanish force was quartered in it.

After remaining quiet several days, during which he had several interviews with the emperor, and had time to perceive the extent and grandeur of the city, Cortez began to reflect on the danger of his situation. Shut up, with a handful of men, in a vast city, whose sovereign was perhaps only restrained by fear from inflicting punishment on his audacious visiters, he saw that, should they once lose their hold on the mind of the king, they would be in the utmost peril from his resentment at their open contempt of his authority. Accordingly he resolved to render himself secure by a bold and ingenious plan. He determined to induce the emperor, by entreaties or force, to take up his residence in the Spanish quarters, where he would always be in their power. The next day, therefore, proceeding to the palace, accompanied by a few of his officers, he demanded and obtained a private interview with the emperor; and at last, by assurances of safety if he complied, and threats of immediate death if he refused, he prevailed upon him to trust himself in the hands of the Spaniards.

The dejected king was carried to the residence of Cortez by his weeping attendants, who naturally suspected that he was to be held in custody, as a hostage for the safety of his jailers. They did not, however, dare to oppose the will of their sovereign; and Montezuma remained thenceforth a close prisoner in the hands of Cortez. Still he was treated by the Spaniards with all the respect due to his rank, and the operations of government went on as usual, under the name of Montezuma, but principally according to the directions of Cortez. By means of the power thus acquired, Cortez was able to collect a large amount of gold and silver from the royal treasuries, which appeared to the troops sufficient to repay them for all the toils and hardships which they had undergone; but when two fifths had been subtracted for the king and Cortez, together with the sums spent in fitting out the expedi-

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tion, the share of a private soldier was found to be so small, that many rejected it with disdain, and all murmured loudly at the cruel disappointment—a just punishment for the greedy avarice which had prompted the undertaking.

In this state matters remained for about six months. Montezuma now reminded his visiters, that since they had obtained all that they required, it was time for them to depart from the capital. Cortez was not then in a situation openly to oppose this request. He, therefore, in order to gain time for reinforcements to arrive from Spain, replied that he intended to depart as soon as he should be able to build a sufficient number of ships, in place of those which had been burnt. This appeared so reasonable to the king, that he ordered him to be supplied with all the materials that he might want for this purpose.

While Cortez was in this state of suspense, he received the unwelcome news that a body of Spaniards, more than a thousand in number, had landed on the coast, sent by the governor of Cuba, who was his enemy, with orders to deprive him of his power, and send him, bound, to Cuba, to receive punishment as a traitor to his sovereign. This was a critical moment; but Cortez was not a man to be discouraged by any danger. He left a hundred and fifty men in the capital, directing them to keep a most watchful eye upon the king, and to use every means to preserve the city quiet during his absence. He then marched with the utmost celerity to the place where his enemies were encamped, took them by surprise, and made them all prisoners, with the loss of only two men. He then, by kind and friendly treatment, and glowing descriptions of the riches which they would obtain under his command, prevailed upon the whole army to enlist under his banners.

With this welcome reinforcement, he returned to Mexico, as hastily as he came; for he had received from Alvarado the alarming intelligence, that, in consequence of the cruelty of the Spaniards, the inhabitants had risen upon them, killed several, wounded more, and were closely besieging them in their quarters. Cortez, however, was suffered to enter the city unopposed. He was received by his countrymen with transports of joy, but he found that the reverence, with which the Mexicans once regarded him, was gone. The very next day, they attacked him with the utmost fury, and were not repulsed without the greatest difficulty. Two sallies, which the Spaniards afterwards made, were ineffectual.

Cortez now resolved to try a new expedient. When the Mexicans approached, the next morning, to renew the assault, they beheld their captive sovereign, who, in his royal robes, advanced to the battlements, and, while every tongue was mute, addressed them in behalf of the Spaniards, and exhorted them to cease from hostilities. For a moment, a profound silence reigned; but the Mexicans had lost the reverence which they bore toward their monarch, and they soon broke out into loud reproaches and execration of his cowardice. A volley of stones and arrows succeeded, one of which struck Montezuma on the temple, and he fell. The Mexicans, seized with horror and remorse at the effects of their rage, fled in terror from the walls. The unhappy king was borne to his apartments by his attendants, who strove to console him for his misfortune; but in vain. Broken-hearted at the disobedience of his subjects, and his own wretched situation, he tore the bandages from his breast, and refused all nourishment, till death speedily terminated his sufferings.

After the death of his royal captive, Cortez had no other resource than to retreat at once from the city. He made

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his preparations with all diligence, and, on the night of the 1st of July, 1520, set out on his march, hoping to withdraw unperceived. But he was fatally mistaken. All his motions were closely watched by the natives, and before he reached the middle of the causeway leading from the city, through the lake, he was suddenly attacked by them, both in front and rear—while from the canoes in the lake showers of arrows were poured upon them from unseen foes. The Spaniards, confounded by the darkness of the night, and the number of their enemies, after a slight resistance, broke, and fled in utter confusion. Many were slain; a number perished in the lake, and some fell into the hands of the enemy. The fate of the last was far the worst—for they were reserved to be sacrificed, with the most cruel tortures, to the gods of the Mexicans.

The next morning, when Cortez reviewed the miserable remnants of his troops, now reduced to less than half their former number, he is said to have wept at contemplating the ravages made among his brave followers in a single night, which was long known and remembered by the Spaniards, as the *night of sorrow.*

But the spirit of the Spanish leader was still unconquered; he encouraged his dejected followers by the hopes of future victories, and exhorted them to push on with all speed to Tlascala, where they would again be surrounded by their faithful friends. For six days they proceeded with the greatest difficulty, constantly skirmishing with small bodies of Mexicans, who shouted as they approached, "Go on, robbers, go to the place where you shall soon meet the vengeance due to your crimes." The Spaniards were not long left in doubt as to the meaning of these words; for, reaching the top of an eminence before them, a spacious valley opened to their view, covered with a vast army, extending as far as the eye could reach. At the sight of this great multitude, many of the bravest Spaniards began to despair; but, encouraged by the words and example of their undaunted general, they advanced; their enemies gave way before them, but only to return again to the combat in another quarter. Hundreds fell, but hundreds appeared to supply their places; until the Spaniards were ready to sink under the fatigue of their unavailing efforts. At this time, Cortez observed near him the great standard of the Mexicans; and he recollected to have heard, that upon the fate of this depended the success of every battle. Collecting a few of his brave officers, whose horses were still capable of service, he dashed with tremendous force through the ranks of the enemy, slew their general, and seized the standard. The Mexicans, seeing the fall of their sacred banner, gave up at once all hope of victory, threw down their arms, and fled in every direction.

Cortez now continued his march, and soon arrived into the territories of the Tlascalans. By these faithful allies he was received with as much cordiality as ever, notwithstanding his reverses, and he immediately set about making preparations for the conquest of Mexico, with so much diligence, that, at the end of six months, he found himself at the head of more than 500 Spaniards, and about 10,000 Tlascalans and other Indians. He did not, however, undertake immediately the siege; he began by reducing, or gaining over to his cause, the smaller cities lying near the capital, and thus he gradually confined the Mexican power within smaller limits.

In the meantime, the Mexicans were not idle; directly after the death of Montezuma, his brother, Quetlevan, was raised to the throne. His reign was short; within a few months he was car-

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ried off by the small-pox—a distemper introduced into the New World by the Spaniards. He was succeeded by his nephew, Guatimozin, who had already given decisive proofs of his courage and capacity. Immediately upon his election, he applied himself to repairing and strengthening the fortifications of the city; large quantities of arms were manufactured, and an immense army was collected for the defence of the capital.

At length, all his preparations being completed, Cortez united all his forces for the last great effort; and the siege of Mexico, the longest and most arduous of all undertaken by the conquerors of America, was begun. By means of a small fleet, which he had caused to be constructed in the mountains of Tlascala, and transported thence by land, with great labor, he obtained entire possession of the lake; while on land, a constant succession of assaults and repulses were kept up on both sides, with the most obstinate valor. But the Spaniards gradually gained upon the natives, though the latter disputed every inch of ground with the courage of despair; nor would they listen to any proposals of surrendering, until three quarters of their city were laid in ruins, and four fifths of the population had perished by famine, pestilence, or the sword of the enemy.

When the city could no longer hold out against its besiegers, Guatimozin, moved by the tears and entreaties of his nobles, attempted to escape, but was taken and brought back to the capital. When led before his conqueror, he addressed him in a speech, breathing a Roman heroism: "I have done what became a monarch. I have defended my people to the last extremity. Nothing now remains but to die. Take this dagger—plant it in my breast, and put an end to a life which can no longer be of use." It would have been well for him if this request had been complied with; but he was reserved for further indignities.

The quantity of gold and silver found in the conquered city was very small. The soldiers murmured loudly at their disappointment, and accused Guatimozin of having thrown his treasures into the lake, in order to baulk their well-known avarice. They demanded that he should be compelled by torture, if necessary, to point out the place in which they had been cast; and to this, Cortez was base enough to accede. The captive monarch, together with one of his chief favorites, was put to the torture; but he remained inflexible. The favorite, in the extremity of his anguish, turned an imploring eye towards his master, as if to entreat permission to reveal the secret. "Am *I* now reposing on a bed of flowers?" returned the suffering prince, darting at him a look of scorn, mingled with authority. The obedient servant bowed his head in silence, and expired; and Cortez, ashamed of his cruelty, ordered the monarch to be released from further torture.

But the sufferings of the unhappy Guatimozin were not yet terminated: not long after the capture of the city, the natives, driven to desperation by the cruelties of their conquerors, rose to regain their freedom; and Cortez, suspecting the king of being concerned in these attempts, barbarously ordered him to be hanged; and thus, by a deed which will forever stain the memory of his great actions, he put an end to the Mexican empire, which had existed for nearly 200 years. After this period, the vast territories of Mexico were reduced to Spanish provinces, in which condition they remained nearly 300 years, when the people formed independent governments. The republics of Mexico, Texas, and Guatemala, are all within the territories of Montezuma.

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Rebekah and the servant of Abraham.

Isaac and Rebekah.

Among the many beautiful things in the Bible, there are few stories more interesting than that of Isaac and Rebekah, as it is told in the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis.

Isaac was the son of Abraham, who had left his native place in Mesopotamia, and settled in the land of Canaan. Abraham was unwilling that his son should marry a Canaanite woman; so he sent his servant to his own native land, to find a wife for Isaac. The man set out with ten camels, and a great variety of things for presents, and at last came near to the city of Nahor, in Mesopotamia.

He stopped at a well without the city, and made his camels kneel by the side of it. He knew that the daughters of the men of the city would come out to draw water at the well, for this was the custom of the country; so he waited, and prayed to the Lord that the damsel to whom he should say, "Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink," should be the woman designed to be the wife of Isaac.

Pretty soon a beautiful girl came to the well, and the servant spoke to her, and she let down her pitcher, and gave him some water; and she also gave water to his camels. She told him that her name was Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, son of Milcah. The servant then gave her some golden ear-rings and some bracelets; and, upon her invitation, went, with his whole party, to her father's house. Here he was kindly received; and after a space, he told the errand on which he had come. He closed his story in the following words: "And now, if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me: and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand, or to the left."

Then Bethuel and Laban, his son, answered and said, "The thing proceedeth from the Lord: we cannot speak

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unto thee bad or good. Behold, Rebekah is before thee; take her, and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken. And it came to pass, that, when Abraham's servant heard their words, he worshipped the LORD, bowing himself to the earth. And the servant brought forth jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah: he gave also to her brother and to her mother precious things. And they did eat and drink, he and the men that were with him, and tarried all night: and they rose up in the morning; and he said, Send me away unto my master. And her brother and her mother said, Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at the least ten; after that she shall go. And he said unto them, Hinder me not, seeing the LORD hath prospered my way; send me away, that I may go to my master. And they said, We will call the damsel, and enquire at her mouth. And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go. And they sent away Rebekah, their sister, and her nurse, and Abraham's servant, and his men. And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Thou art our sister; be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them.

"And Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man, and the servant took Rebekah, and went his way.

"And Isaac came from the way of the well, Lahai-roi: for he dwelt in the south country. And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the even-tide; and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming. And Rebekah lifted up her eyes; and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel. For she had said unto the servant, What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us? And the servant had said, It is my master: therefore she took a veil, and covered herself. And the servant told Isaac all things that he had done. And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and he loved her; and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death."

Mr. Catlin and his Horse Charley.

IN a former number of our magazine, we gave an incident, extracted from Mr. Catlin's interesting account of his adventures among the western Indians. We now add another story from the same work. The writer is giving an account of a long journey through the wilds of the far west.

"On this journey, while Charley and I were twenty-five days alone, we had much time, and the best of circumstances, under which to learn what we had as yet overlooked in each other's characters, as well as to draw great pleasure and real benefit from what we already had learned of each other in our former travels.

"I generally halted on the bank of some little stream, at half an hour of sunset, where feed was good for Charley, and where I could get wood to kindle my fire, and water for my coffee. The first thing was to undress Charley, and drive down his picket to which he was fastened, to graze over a circle that he could inscribe at the end of his laso. In this wise he busily fed himself until nightfall; and after my coffee was made and drank, I uniformly moved him up, with his picket by my head, so that I could lay my hand upon his laso in an instant, in case of any alarm that was liable to drive him from me.

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"On one of these evenings, when he was grazing as usual, he slipped the laso over his head, and deliberately took his supper at his pleasure, wherever he chose to prefer it, as he was strolling around. When night approached, I took the laso in hand, and endeavored to catch him; but I soon saw he was determined to enjoy a little freedom; and he continually evaded me until dark, when I abandoned the pursuit, making up my mind that I should inevitably lose him, and be obliged to perform the rest of my journey on foot. He had led me a chase of half a mile or more, when I left him busily grazing, and returned to my little solitary bivouac, and laid myself on my bear-skin and went to sleep.

"In the middle of the night I waked, whilst I was lying on my back, and on half opening my eyes, I was instantly shocked to the soul by the huge figure, as I thought, of an Indian, standing over me, and in the very act of taking my scalp! The chill of horror that paralyzed me for the first moment, held me still till I saw that there was no need of moving—that my faithful horse Charley had 'played shy' till he had 'filled his belly,' and had then moved up, from feelings of pure affection, or from instinctive fear, or possibly from a due share of both, and taken his position with his fore feet at the edge of my bed, with his head hanging directly over me, while he was standing, fast asleep!

"My nerves, which had been most violently shocked, were soon quieted, and I fell asleep, and so continued until sunrise in the morning, when I waked, and beheld my faithful servant at some considerable distance, busily at work picking up his breakfast amongst the cane-brake, along the banks of the creek. I went as busily at work preparing my own, which was eaten; and after it, I had another half hour of fruitless endeavors to catch Charley, whilst he seemed as mindful of mischief as on the evening before, and continually tantalized me by turning round and round, and keeping out of my reach.

"I recollected the conclusive evidence of his attachment and dependance, which he had voluntarily given in the night, and I thought I would try them in another way; so I packed up my things, and slung the saddle on my back, and taking my gun in my hand, I started on my route. After I had advanced a quarter of a mile, I looked back, and saw him standing, with his head and tail very high, looking alternately at me and at the spot where I had been encamped and left a little fire burning.

"In this condition he stood and surveyed the prairies around for a while, as I continued on. He at length walked with a hurried step to the spot, and seeing everything gone, began to neigh very violently, and at last started off at the fullest speed, and overtook me, passing within a few paces of me, and wheeling about at a few rods distance in front of me, trembling like an aspen leaf.

"I called him by his familiar name, and walked up to him with the bridle in my hand, which I put over his head, as he held it down for me, and the saddle on his back, as he actually stooped to receive it. I was soon arranged, and on his back, when he started off upon his course, as if he was well contented and pleased, like his rider, with the manœuvre which had brought us together again, and afforded us mutual relief from our awkward positions. Though this alarming freak of Charley's passed off and terminated so satisfactorily, yet I thought such rather dangerous ones to play, and I took good care, after that night, to keep him under my strict authority; resolving to avoid further tricks and experiments, till we got to the land of cultivated fields and steady habits."

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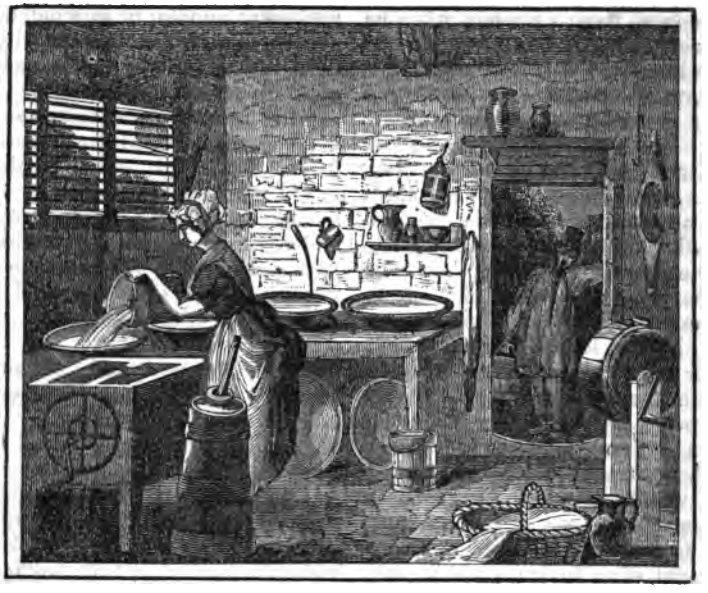

The Kitchen.

THE art of managing the kitchen is what every wife should thoroughly understand; and all those girls, who have any chance of becoming wives, should be careful to complete this important part of their education. Even those who are rich, and who can afford to hire people to perform the work of the kitchen, should still understand it, for the following reasons:

In the first place, if the lady of the house knows how work ought to be done, she is competent to direct her assistants; she knows *what* they should do, and *how* they should do it. If they fail, she can be just in bestowing the degree of censure, which is truly merited. If, on the other hand, she is ignorant, she is as likely to find fault for what is well done, as for what is ill done. A lady who is ignorant on the subject of household duties, is very apt to be unreasonable in the direction of her helpers: they therefore learn to despise, and perhaps to deceive her; thus making themselves and their mistress very unhappy. In this way things pass for a time; but they go on from bad to worse, till they are beyond endurance, and the lady's help leaves her.

In this way, owing to the ignorance of the lady, many a household is rendered miserable, many a home is a scene of disorder and confusion. It is in part owing to this ignorance, and the want of judgment and discretion that attend it, that we hear of so much changing of servants, and so much trouble with them, in families. The truth is, that servants are human beings; they are rational creatures, and have their rights; when they are ill treated

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or find themselves uncomfortable, they will change their condition. It is a blessed thing, that, in our country, even those who are in humble circumstances are independent, and need not submit to oppression, even in a kitchen. They are as much entitled to have their feelings duly considered, as any others. If they are honest and faithful, they are as well entitled to respect as others; and it is a pleasing thought, that, when they do not thus obtain their rights and privileges, they can go away, and seek a place where they may find them.

Now ignorance of the duties of the kitchen, on the part of a lady, implies ignorance of the proper way of treating her servants; and it frequently happens that the servant is more wise, more reasonable, more respectable, in the sight of God and man, than the ignorant lady of the house. As ignorance of household duties is thus degrading and hurtful—bringing contempt upon the subject of it, and misery to all around—I beseech all the black-eyed and blue-eyed little lasses, who pretend to be the friends of Robert Merry, to beware of it.

I know that some young ladies fancy that it is degrading thus to work in the kitchen. Alas, what miserable delusion! Degrading to do that which contributes to the comfort of home, that which makes a family happy, that which enables a wife to discharge her duties well and wisely! Oh, do not let any of my readers indulge such folly! It is never degrading to do our duty—but it is degrading to despise it. Even if a person is so rich as to render labor unnecessary, yet it is impossible to enjoy even riches without some toil, some industry; and when my young friends grow up, if I should live so long, I hope to see those who are girls now, industrious, skilful housewives then. If they can reign well over the little kingdom of the kitchen, I am sure they will preside successfully over the parlor. One thing should be remembered—and it is this: *home is seldom happy where housewife duties are neglected; home is seldom miserable where they are wisely discharged!*

The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XIX.

Visit to Herculaneum.—Singular position of that city.—Account of the manuscripts discovered there.—Visit to Pompeii, and description of the curiosities of that place.

No traveller can visit this region without being attracted to those remarkable places, Herculaneum and Pompeii, two Roman cities, which, as every reader of history well knows, were overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, and, after lying buried, totally forgotten, for seventeen hundred years, were accidentally discovered about a century ago, by digging a well.

I first visited Herculaneum, which is nearest to Naples. This city lies seventy or eighty feet under ground, and the towns of Portici and Resina are built over it. I went down a dark passage with steps, like the descent into some enormous dungeon, till I reached an open space resembling a cavern, very wide and lofty, but as dark and dismal a spot as one would desire to visit. On examining the side of this great chamber by the light of torches, we could discover the stone walls and other masonry of the structure, all showing it to be an ancient theatre. In this place were originally found three fine marble statues, which are now to be seen in the museum at Naples. Round about the building are various dark passages and galleries dug through the hard earth; but the whole

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city of Herculaneum lies at such a depth below the surface, that very little of it besides the theatre has been explored, on account of the labor and expense attending the operation. The city was overwhelmed first by a shower of ashes, and then by a torrent of hot water. The ashes and water have hardened into a compact mass, which, after a consolidation of seventeen hundred years, is found very difficult to dig through.

There is very little to be seen in Herculaneum; but it causes the strangest sensations to stand in that gloomy subterranean theatre, once enlivened by the bustling throngs and noisy gayety of a city populace. Now all is silent and dreary, and no sound falls upon the ear save the echoing footstep of a lonely visiter, or the rumbling of a carriage-wheel overhead! It is not probable that the city will ever be laid open to the light of day, as this could hardly be done without serious injury to the territory above it.

The most remarkable objects hitherto found here have been the manuscripts. These were rolls of papyrus, but so completely charred by the hot ashes, that they could not be handled without danger of crumbling to pieces. By very delicate management, however, assisted by machinery, a series of these have been unrolled. They contained a treatise, in the Greek language, on music, by Philodemas. Most of the others that have been examined are also in Greek; but no writings of any great intrinsic value have yet come to light.

A few miles further along the shore of the Bay of Naples brought me to Pompeii. This city was buried under a shower of ashes, but was not covered so deep as Herculaneum; and as no town was built over it after the catastrophe, there has been no difficulty in excavating it. About a third part has now been opened, and the work is still going on. The excavated parts are not subterranean, as at Herculaneum, but completely uncovered to the sky; so that the visible portion of the city presents the appearance of a succession of deserted streets and roofless houses, as if a violent storm of wind had suddenly blown away the house-tops and the inhabitants with them. Before coming to the gate of the city, I passed through long lines of tombs;—the grave-yards of the Romans being always outside the city walls. Many of these tombs were adorned with beautiful sculptures in marble; and the interiors were painted with pictures of gladiators fighting, and other subjects. Just before reaching the gate, I saw a niche in the wall, which served as a sentry-box for the soldier who stood sentry at the gate. It is a most striking proof of the strictness of military discipline among the Romans, that the skeleton of this sentinel was found on the spot:—the terrible convulsion which destroyed the city could not drive him from his post, and he remained faithful to his trust to the last moment of his life!

The main street, on entering, is about as wide as Washington street, with sidewalks two feet high. The buildings are mostly of brick, and commonly not more than one story high. The main street is full of shops, with the names of the shopkeepers coarsely painted over the doors. There is a baker's shop, which contained a great many loaves of bread, rather *overdone*. The loaves are stamped with the baker's name. The shop also contained a hand-mill, which shows that the labor of grinding was also done by the baker. In one of the liquor-shops you may see on the stone counter the marks of the glasses which were thumped down by *hard* drinkers. I went into the cellar of one of the houses, where I found the wine-jars left standing just as they were in 79; they were dry, of course. Some of the houses had upper chambers, but without windows. The

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large rooms, dining-halls, parlors, &c., have the walls painted with landscapes, flowers, drapery, and figures like our paper-hangings. Many of these are of great beauty; and in all of them we are struck with wonder to observe the freshness and brilliancy of the coloring, which, after a lapse of 1700 years, appears as bright as the day it was laid on. These paintings are executed upon plaster, and the composition either of the paint or stucco appears to contain borax, which is known to be one of the most indestructible of all substances. The prevailing colors are bright red and yellow.

A great many of these paintings have been cut out of the walls and carried to Naples, where they may be seen at the museum. This indeed is the fact with regard to almost all the movable articles that have been found at Pompeii. In the gateway of a yard to one of the houses is a bolt in the pavement, to which a dog was chained, and on the stone is sculptured the words, *Cave Canem*—"Beware of the dog!" In another part is an apothecary's shop, which contained a great number of glass bottles and phials, with knives, lancets, and other instruments of surgery. These latter are not of steel, but bronze; and it is singular that hardly any other metal than bronze has ever been found here, which shows either the scarcity of iron at that period, or a great want of skill in working it.

Many of the halls and courts are adorned with splendid mosaic pavements, and other ornamental stone-work. There is an immense building, containing a great number of apartments, used for a public bath. Some of these apartments were heated by flues passing between the walls;—a device which was formerly thought to be an invention of modern days. But there are many things at Pompeii which show ingenuity equal, and sometimes superior, to that of our own age. I was struck with a very simple contrivance for making a door swing to, without springs or weights, which I have never seen imitated anywhere.

The public buildings at Pompeii are numerous and striking, but cannot be properly described without drawings. At the door of the theatre was found one of the tickets of ivory, with the number of the box marked upon it. On the walls of the houses may still be seen the theatrical announcements, such as with us are pasted up at the corners of the streets. Those at Pompeii are written with a brush on a ground of stucco, and were washed off as often as the bill was changed. The last one stood a little longer than the writer expected. Pliny tells us the people were in the theatre when the eruption broke out.

It is impossible to specify half the curious and interesting objects to be seen here without writing a volume. Temples, theatres, amphitheatres, porticoes, fountains, arches, tombs, and the private dwellings of thousands of men, who appear to have left them but yesterday, all make a strange and most exciting impression on the feelings. You almost expect the owners of the houses to step back and ask your business there. It is curious to observe that the objects which, in their own day, were the most trivial and unimportant, are now precisely those which are beheld with the greatest interest. We cannot pass without curious attention the cart-ruts in the streets, or the charcoal scrawlings made by idle boys upon the walls, or the names of Mr. A, B, and C, who lived in this, that, and the other house. There is a place where a mason was at work, putting on mortar; he had just laid on a trowel-full, and was drawing a stroke to smooth it down, when the alarm of the eruption was given, and he left his work and ran. There stand the stone and mortar to this day, with the mark of the unfinished stroke! He would have made all smooth

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in one second more—but 1700 years have passed, and it is not done yet. An hundred volumes written on the uncertainty of human purpose could not make the fact half so striking as this little incident!

CHAPTER XX.

Journey towards Rome.—Vineyards.—The olive season.—Beautiful scene at Mola di Gaeta.—A shepherd among the mountains.—The robbers of Fondi.—The Pontine marshes.—Velletri.—The nightingale.—First sight of Rome.

On the first day of April I set out for Rome. For ten or fifteen miles beyond Naples, the country appeared to be nothing but one great vineyard. The vines are not propped by poles, as I found them in Sicily, but are trained to poplar trees. I passed many wells by the roadside, furnished with water-wheels turned by oxen: these are used for irrigating the fields in summer, from which I judged that the country often suffers from drought. All along the road were guard-houses with gens-d'armes at regular intervals, a security against robbers, according to the design; but we generally found these valiant fellows fast asleep! We might have stolen their muskets and made them all prisoners before they were well awake. The roads in this quarter are covered with a fine white dust, which in the unclouded season of midsummer must have a bad effect upon the eyes. The great number of blind people we saw, confirmed the impression. About noon we reached Capua, famous for having once been the most luxurious city in the world, but now a decayed town, where everybody seems to be fast asleep. Beyond this place the road began to run among the hills. At night we stopped at the village of St. Agatha, where we found a tolerably good inn. We set out early next morning, and passed through fields covered with olive trees. The peasants whom we met had sprigs of olive stuck in their hats. This was the olive season, and we saw the women and children picking up the fruit under the trees. When the olives are ripe, they turn black and drop from the trees. The oil is squeezed from them by a common press. The olives used for pickling are taken from the tree before they are ripe.

At noon we arrived at Mola di Gaeta, one of the most delightful spots I ever beheld. It stands on the sea-shore, and is skirted by a range of lofty hills covered with orange groves. The trees were laden with fruit as bright as gold. The fresh green foliage, the clear sky, the blue sea, and the white towers of Gaeta which appear on a promontory stretching out into the ocean, all combine to form a most enchanting prospect. I do not wonder that Cicero chose this spot for his country-seat; here they showed us the spot where, according to Plutarch, he was killed. Further on we continued to find the same abundance of olive trees: this appears to be a great oil district. A range of rocky mountains at a distance seemed to consist of nothing but naked crags; but the plains and low hills are under good cultivation. The soil in most parts is very rich, and the country wants nothing but a good government and an industrious people, to make the kingdom of Naples one of the most flourishing territories on the face of the earth. In the afternoon we traversed a steep, narrow mountain pass, and entered upon a wild, rugged country. I got out of the carriage and trudged along on foot, for the road was so hilly that I could keep ahead of the horses. The country exhibited quite a solitude; there was neither house nor human being to be seen for miles. Suddenly the notes of a wild kind of music fell on my ear, and looking down a rocky glen, I discovered a shepherd tending his flock, and piping on a reed in the true Arca-

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dian style. It was the first genuine spectacle of pastoral life that I had ever seen, and I halted some minutes to take a view of him. Very pretty poems have been written about pastoral manners, in which shepherds and shepherdesses make fine romantic figures. The sight of a real shepherd, however, is enough to dissipate all the romance of this subject. This fellow wore the true pastoral dress, jacket and leggins of sheepskin, with the wool outside!—a more ragged, scarecrow-looking object never met my eyes. I would give a round sum of money to get one of these Neapolitan shepherds to show himself in the streets of Boston. An Indian sachem would be nothing in comparison to him.

The country continued wild and broken till we reached Fondi, a town among the mountains, once notorious for its robberies. These were carried on so openly and to such an extent, that the government were obliged to surround the town with troops, and threaten to batter every house to the ground with cannon, unless the leaders of the banditti were given up. Since these fellows have been hanged, and the roads guarded with soldiers, travelling has been pretty safe. But nothing except force prevents the inhabitants of Fondi from resuming their old habits of robbery. I never saw so villanous-looking a set of ragamuffins anywhere else. Every man and boy in the town has the genuine countenance of a cut-throat; and the women do not look much better. We stopped here just long enough to get our passports examined; but that was long enough. Though the people are not allowed to rob, they almost make up for it in begging; for their impudence and obstinacy in this business nearly amount to violence. The whole population were either crowding around us, begging, or lying in crowds about the church steps, lazily sunning themselves. I longed to stir up the louts, and set them to work. From laziness to begging, and from begging to robbery, is a regular and almost inevitable progress.

The road beyond Fondi ran along the shores, and in the afternoon we reached the territory of the Pope. The first sight we saw here was a herd of buffaloes in a field. These animals are tame, and used the same as oxen. They are not like the buffalo, or, more properly, *bison* of the western prairies, but a distinct species of quadruped. At night we reached Terracina, the first town in the papal dominions. It stands on the seashore, at the foot of a lofty, precipitous rock. During the night the wind was high, and drove a heavy surf upon the beach. A bright moonlight made a stroll along the shore very pleasant. In the morning the wind had gone down, and we recommenced our journey. Here we entered upon the famous Pontine marshes, over which the road passes nearly thirty miles in a straight line, and a great part of the way bordered by trees. These marshes consist of swampy and boggy tracts, with lagoons of water and patches of dry pasture-land interspersed here and there. Herds of buffaloes and black swine were roaming about in the dry spots, and the lagoons were covered with flocks of wild ducks and other water-fowl; but not a human being or a house was to be seen. These marshes breed so pestilential an air in summer, that the neighborhood is uninhabitable. They are bordered by a range of mountains on one side, and on the other by the Mediterranean.

There were no thick woods anywhere to be seen; a few scattered cork and ilex trees were all that met the eye. The mountains were bare to their very summits. The country, after passing the marshes, became very beautiful, and as we approached the town of Velletri we beheld the most enchanting landscapes. Here, for the first time, I heard the night-

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ingale. He sings in the most lively and voluble strain, and is well worthy of his great reputation among the feathered songsters; but there is no American bird whom he resembles in tone or manner. We stopped for the night at Velletri, which stands on a commanding eminence, with an almost boundless prospect toward the south. On the other side, you look down a deep valley and up the side of a mountain beyond, covered with verdant fields, gardens, vineyards, and every variety of cultivation.

Rome was now but twenty-four Italian or eighteen English miles distant. The morning broke delightfully, and my impatience to see the great capital of the world was at such a height, that I would not wait for the carriage, but set out on foot. Long strings of wagons were coming from Rome, having left that city late the preceding night. It was amusing to notice that the drivers were nearly all fast asleep. The horses were eating all the way, each one having a bundle of hay tied to the head of the shaft in such a manner that he could help himself. The road over which I was passing was the celebrated Appian way, and is paved neatly and durably with square stones laid diamond-wise. As the day drew on, I met the country people going to their work. The women have a curious head-dress, consisting of a square fold of cloth, starched stiff and laid flat on the top of the head, often fastened with a silver pin as big as a kitchen skewer.

Two or three more small towns on the road could not induce me to slacken my pace towards the great object of my curiosity. At length, about the middle of the forenoon, as I ascended a steep hill, I caught sight of a lofty dome at a distance, which I instantly knew for St. Peter's! Rome indeed was before me!—a sight which no man can behold for the first time without emotions impossible to describe. I stopped involuntarily. A wide plain extended from the foot of the eminence on which I stood to the walls of Rome. Long lines of aqueducts, ruined towers, and broken masses of walls and other architecture, chequered the surface of the plain; and the whole exhibited a striking spectacle of ruin and desolation. This was the Campagna di Roma, which, in the day of its prosperity, was covered with houses and gardens, the suburbs of the great city. Now, everything is still, solitary and lifeless. As I approached the city, I saw nothing around me but fields without fences, overgrown with brambles; not a house nor a garden, nor a human being, except here and there a ragged shepherd watching his sheep, which were browsing among the ruins! Nearer the city, I passed occasionally a field of wheat, and now and then a house; but hardly any people were to be seen, and nothing of the hurry, life and bustle which indicate the neighborhood of a populous city. This spectacle of solitude and desolation continued even after passing the gates of Rome; for half the territory within the walls is an utter waste.

RATTLESNAKES.—Two men, Egbert Galusha and Reuben Davis, residing in the town of Dresden, on the east side of Lake George, recently killed, in three days, on the east side of Tongue Mountain, in the town of Bolton, *eleven hundred and four rattlesnakes!* They were confined to rocks and uninhabited places. Some of the reptiles were of an enormous size, having from six to twenty rattles. They were killed for their oil or grease, which is said to be very valuable. We will turn out Warren county against the world for rattlesnakes!—*Glenns' Falls Clarion.*

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Knights Templars.

About seven or eight hundred years ago, it was the custom of Christians, in various parts of the world, to go to the city of Jerusalem, to say prayers and perform penances, thinking that they benefited their souls thereby. Jerusalem belonged to the Turks then, as it does now; and it frequently happened that these Christians were ill-treated by the inhabitants, who despised and hated them.

This ill-treatment roused the people of Europe to vengeance, and vast armies went to take Jerusalem from the Turks, whom they called infidels. There were several of these wonderful expeditions, called *Crusades*, during the tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, in which several millions of people lost their lives. Jerusalem was taken from the Turks, but they got it back again after a short time.

It was about the period of the crusades that *Knight-Errantry* took its rise. The knights-errant, or wandering knights, rode on fine horses, with spears and swords; and when they met each other they went to battle, often for the fun of it. They pretended to go about to relieve the distressed and to punish injustice: and there was need enough of this—for, in that age of the world, there was a great deal of cruelty and oppression. Sometimes these knights really performed very noble and brave actions. The stories of their adventures, preserved in ancient books, are very interesting.

The order of Knights Templars was formed at Jerusalem, by seven gentlemen,

about the year 1120. They professed to devote themselves to the service of God, and actually set about punishing robbers and thieves who troubled the Christians who went on pilgrimages to Jerusalem. They increased in numbers, and had apartments assigned them near Solomon's Temple, whence they were called *Templars*. After a time, the Templars were numerous in Europe, where they grew very rich and powerful. At last they were accused of high crimes; and, in the fourteenth century, the order was suppressed.

PETER PARLEY'S NEW STORIES.

No. IV.

The Garden of Peace.

THERE are few persons who do precisely as they ought to do. It is very seldom that any one, even for a single day, discharges every duty that rests upon him, at the same time avoiding everything that is wrong. There is usually something neglected, delayed, or postponed, that ought to be done today. There is usually some thought entertained, some feeling indulged, some deed committed, that is sinful. If any person doubts this, let him make the experiment; let him watch every thought and action for a single day, and he will be very likely to perceive that what we say is true—that all fall far short of perfect obedience to the rule of right.

And yet, if a person can once make up his mind to do right, it is the surest way to obtain happiness. The manner in which this may be accomplished, and the pleasant consequences that follow, I shall endeavor to show by an allegory, which will, at the same time, exhibit the evils that proceed from an habitual and determined neglect of duty.

In an ancient city of the East, two youths chanced to be passing a beautiful garden. It was enclosed by a lofty trellis, which prevented their entering the place; but, through its openings, they could perceive that it was a most enchanting spot. It was not a place where kitchen vegetables are produced, but it was embellished by every object of nature and art that could give beauty to the landscape. There were groves of lofty trees, with winding avenues between them. There were green lawns, the grass of which seemed like velvet. There were groups of shrubs, many of them in bloom, and scattering delicious fragrance upon the atmosphere.

Between these pleasing objects there were fountains sending their silvery showers into the air; and a stream of water, clear as crystal, wound with gentle murmurs through the place. The charms of this lovely scene were greatly heightened by the delicious music of birds, the hum of bees, and the echoes of many youthful and happy voices.

The two young men gazed upon the landscape with intense interest; but as they could only see a portion of it through the trellis, they looked out for some gate by which they might enter the garden. At a little distance, they perceived an arch, and they went to the spot, supposing that they should find an entrance here. There was, indeed, a gate; but, behold, it was locked, and they found it impossible to gain admittance!

While they were considering what

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course they should adopt, they perceived an inscription upon the arch above, which ran as follows:

"Ne'er till to-morrow's light delay
What may as well be done to-day;
Ne'er do the thing you'd wish undone
Viewed by to-morrow's rising sun.
Observe these rules a single year,
And you may freely enter here."

The two youths were much struck by these lines; and, before they parted, both had agreed to make the experiment and try to live according to the inscription. They were not only anxious to gain admittance to the beautiful garden, but the idea of adopting a plan like that proposed had something of novelty in it; and this is always pleasing to the ardent heart of the young.

I need not tell the details of their progress in their trial. Both found the task they had undertaken much more difficult than they at first imagined. To their surprise, they found that following this rule required an almost total change of their modes of life; and this taught them, what they had not felt before, that a very large part of their lives—a very large share of their thoughts, feelings and actions—were wrong, though they were considered virtuous young men by the society in which they lived.

After a few weeks, the younger of the two, finding that the scheme put too many restraints upon his tastes, abandoned the trial. The other persevered, and, at the end of the year, presented himself at the arched gateway of the garden.

To his great joy, he was instantly admitted; and if the place pleased him when seen dimly through the trellis, it appeared far more lovely, now that he could actually tread its pathways, breathe its balmy air, and mingle intimately with the scenes around. One thing delighted, yet surprised him—which was this: it now seemed *easy* for him to do right; nay, to do right, instead of requiring self-denial and a sacrifice of his tastes and wishes, seemed to him to be *a matter of course*, and the pleasantest thing he could do.

While he was thinking of this, a person came near, and the two fell into conversation. After a little while, the youth told his companion what he was thinking of, and asked him to account for his feelings. "This place," said the other, "is the *Garden of Peace*. It is the abode of those who have adopted God's will as the rule of their lives. It is a happy home provided for those who have conquered selfishness; those who have learned to put aside their passions and do their duty. At first, it is difficult to do this; for, in early life, we adopt wrong courses, and habit renders them easy. These habits become our masters, and it is hard to break away from them. But if we triumph over these habits, and if we adopt others, of a virtuous kind, then it is easy to follow them; and the peace that flows from virtuous habits is beyond the power of words to express. This lovely garden is but a picture of the heart that is firmly established in the ways of virtue. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

While the companions were thus conversing, and as they were passing near the gateway, the youth saw on the other side the friend who had resolved to follow the inscription, but who had given over the trial. Upon this, the companion of the youth said, "Behold the young man who could not conquer himself! How miserable is he in comparison with yourself! What is it makes the difference? You are in the *Garden of Peace;* he is excluded from it. This tall gateway is a barrier that he cannot pass; this is the barrier, interposed by human vices and human passions, which separates mankind from that peace, of which we are all capable. Whoever can con-

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quer himself, and has resolved, firmly, that he will do it, has found the key of that gate, and he may freely enter here. If he cannot do that, he must continue to be an outcast from the *Garden of Peace!*"

The Banana.

The banana tree is a kind of palm, found in hot climates. It is common in South America, and we frequently see the fruit in our markets. When this is cut in slices, dried in the sun, and pounded, it produces a mealy substance that answers the purpose of bread. The banana is also eaten without cooking, when ripe, and is esteemed very delicious. The Spaniards always cut the fruit lengthwise, for they have a superstitious dread of cutting it across, because the pieces then have a resemblance to the cross on which Christ was crucified.

The fruit of the banana tree is almost as large as a cucumber; the leaves are five or six feet long and a foot wide.

Economy.—As a proof of domestic economy in France, it may be stated that a short time back, in the commune of Bugey, in the Saone-et-Loire, a man buried his wife in an old clock-case to save the expense of a coffin, in defiance of the remonstrances of the neighbors and a clergyman.

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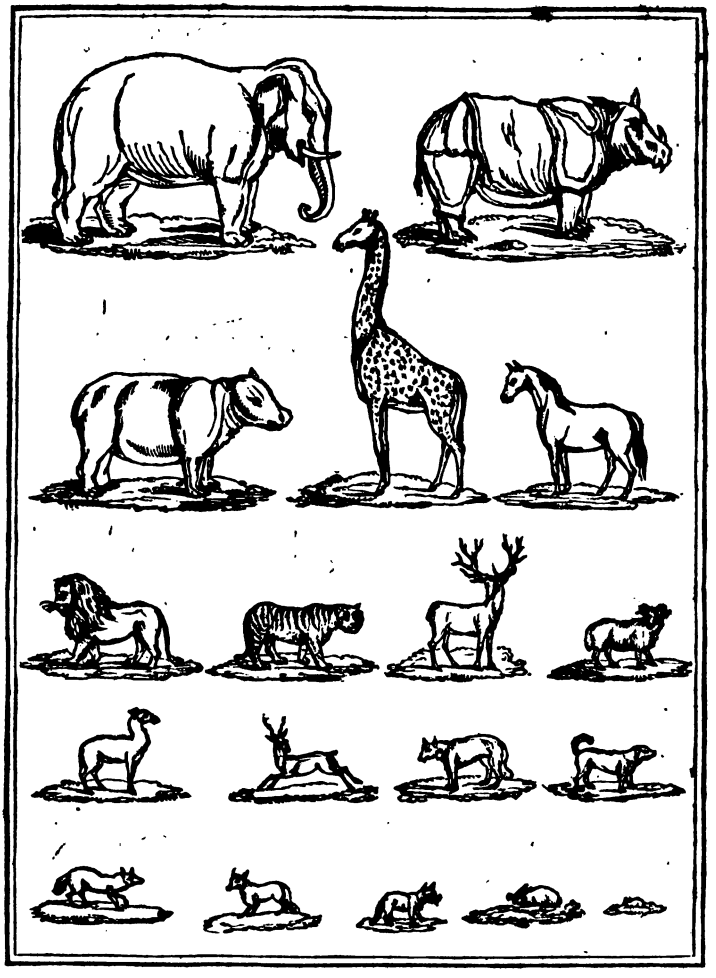

Comparative Size of Animals.

This engraving represents several well-known animals, and exhibits them in just proportion to one another. The elephant is the largest, and the rat is the smallest, in the picture. The camelopard, or giraffe, is the tallest—for while the elephant is only about nine or ten feet high, the giraffe is seventeen.

It is well to be able to carry in the memory an accurate idea of the comparative size of quadrupeds; and, therefore, I ask my young reader to run over

the picture with me. The elephant, with his curling trunk and long tusks, takes the lead; and he is six times as large as a horse. Next comes the rhinoceros, with a horn on his nose, and a skin that makes him look as if he had a harness on.

Next comes the hippopotamus—a fellow that loves the mud—and a stupid creature he seems to be. Then comes the tall giraffe, with ears resembling horns, and standing up very straight for a four-legged creature. The horse, one of the most graceful of animals, is next. Then comes the lion—then the tiger—then the stag—then the sheep—then the deer—then the antelope—then the wolf—then the dog—then the jackal—then the fox—then the wild-cat—then the rabbit—then, last and least, the rat.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XVIII.

We are told that the wandering Arabs, after the day's march over the desert which they love to inhabit, gather in groups at night and amuse each other by telling tales. It always seemed to me that a story under these circumstances would be more interesting than if told in the house, by the quiet fireside; for the feelings and fancy are apt to be excited when there is nothing but the heavens above us and the wide landscape around us. Certain I am that Mat Olmsted's story of the Chippewa Chief and his bride Meena, seemed far more interesting from the fact that it was related in the woods, by the side of a watch-fire. It must be understood that my friend was no scholar; and, though I have mended his language as to the grammar, I have not added to its point or significance. His Yankee phrases and tone gave additional force to his narrative; and, owing to this and the circumstances under which he told his tale, it made such an impression on my mind, that I remember it better than anything else which has lain so long in memory.

I slept pretty well during the night, though I waked up several times, and saw Mat with one eye open, at my side. Feeling that I had a faithful sentinel to keep guard, I fell back into my repose. The sun rose at last. It was a beautiful frosty morning, and the black and gray squirrels were enlivening the woods with their merry gambols. I should gladly have stayed in the place for a long time, and really began to feel that I should like to turn Indian and make the forest my dwelling-place. But this was momentary: we soon began our march, and entering the high road, proceeded on our way to Albany.

I have not time or space to tell all the little adventures we met with—all the good jokes Mat uttered, or the smart speeches he made. I must hurry on in my story, for I am afraid that, if I do not, my readers will think it like the old woman's stocking—the more she knit, the further she got from the end of it.

We reached Albany in a few days, and finding a sloop about departing for New York, we concluded to take passage in her and go to that city. This was a little out of our way, but we did not mind that. The captain of the vessel was a Dutchman, and his name was Dyke. He was a short, stout, broad-shouldered man, and his pantaloons were made somewhat like petticoats hitched up between his legs. He had a pipe in his mouth nearly the whole time; and such clouds of smoke as he did send forth! Puff, puff, puff! Mat Olmsted called him Captain Volcano, more than half the time. However, he

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was a good sailor, and he managed the sloop very well.

Beside Mat and myself, there was a young man on board, who had been collecting furs from the Indians, and was now proceeding to sell them at New York. He was a pleasant fellow, and such lots of stories as he and Mat and the Dutch captain told, I never heard before. I could fill a book with them; but I shall only give a sample from each of the narrators.

One moonlight evening, as we were gliding down the Hudson river, its broad bosom seeming like a sea of silver, we were all seated on the deck of the vessel, the captain, as usual, puffing at his pipe as if he was carrying on a manufactory of clouds, and was paid by the hogshead. For some time there was a dead silence; when at last the captain took his pipe from his mouth, and gravely remarked that his father was the bravest man that ever lived.

"How so?" says Matthew.

"Look there," said Captain Dyke, pointing to a little island in the river which we were then passing. "That island," he continued, "was once the resort of Captain Kid, the famous pirate, who had a fine ship in which he sailed over the world, and, robbing every vessel he met of its money, collected a vast deal of gold and silver. After a long voyage, he used to sail up this river and bury his money on this island. When I was a boy, there was a hut still standing there, which was said to have been built by Kid himself.

"There were a great many wild stories told about this hut; for it was said that the captain and his crew used to hold their revels there. Long after the famous freebooter was hung, and his companions were dead, it was maintained that strange noises were heard in the hut, and several persons who had peeped in at night declared that they had seen Kid there in the midst of his jolly sailors, all of them drinking, singing, and telling wild tales of the sea.

"Now my father, as I said, was a brave man, and he offered to sleep in the hut one night for a bottle of brandy. This banter was accepted, and my father was put over to the island in a boat and left to himself. He had taken care to have the bottle of brandy with him. He repaired to the hut, and sat himself down upon a sailor's chest which chanced to be there.

"There was no furniture in the room, save a rough table which stood in the centre, and an old-fashioned high-backed chair. My father placed the bottle on the table, and which, by the way, was one of your deep craft, with a long neck, and holding somewhere about half a gallon.

"After sitting nearly an hour upon the chest, all the while looking at the bottle, which glimmered in the moonlight that stole between the rafters of the hut, my father laid himself down on the floor and tried to go to sleep. He had not lain long, however, before the bottle slid gently off the table, and then began to lengthen, till it grew up as tall as a woman. Pretty soon it assumed the shape of one of my father's sweethearts, and beckoned to him to come and kiss her! With this request he complied, of course, and then they fell to dancing in a very merry style. As they were whirling round and round, the old chair began to bob about, and at the same moment the rickety table rocked to and fro, then whirled round and performed a pirouette upon one of its legs. A moment after, these two joined hand in hand with my father and his sweetheart, and round and round they flew. Everything went on like a regular cotillon. It was back to back, cross over, right and left, chassez, and balance to partners! My father was in great spirits, and he performed the

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double shuffle to admiration. The old table did the same, the high-backed chair followed, and Miss Bottle beat them all. Such pigeon-wings as she executed never were seen before! The whole party caught the spirit of the moment, and it now seemed to be a strife to see which would surpass the rest in feats of grace and agility.

"My father had seen many a frolic, but never such a one as that; and, what was remarkable, the dance seemed constantly to increase in quickness and merriment. The top of the table looked like the jolly face of a Dutchman, the mouth stretched wide, and the eyes goggling with laughter. The old chair seemed to nod and wink with elvish mirth; and the maiden, who all the time appeared to have a queer resemblance to a bottle, frisked and flirted the gayest of the party. On went the dance, until my father was entirely out of breath; but there was no cessation to the sport. There seemed to be an old fiddler standing in one corner, but nothing save two eyes and his elbow were distinctly visible. The latter flew more rapidly every moment, the music quickened, and the dancers kept time. For seven hours my father performed his part in the dance, until, at last, he reeled, and, falling forward, knocked the table, the chair, and the bottle all into a heap. The vision immediately vanished, and soon after there was a rapping at the door. The people had come over to the island, for it was now morning. They found my father in a swoon, lying across the table, the chair crushed, and the bottle broken in a hundred fragments, which lay scattered on the floor."

"A strange story that," says Matthew, as the Dutchman paused; "but I wish to ask one question. Was there any liquor upon the floor where the bottle was broken?"

"Not a drop," said the Dutchman; "and that's a good proof that old Nick himself was there to drink the liquor."

"No, no," said Matthew, significantly; "it only proves that your father kissed Miss Bottle a little too often; so he got drunk and had the nightmare, and all this scene was a vision of his brain! This proves that your father could drink two quarts of brandy in a single night. I had an uncle who performed a greater feat than that in the revolutionary war, for he captured a British officer with a sausage!"

"Indeed!" said the captain and the fur-trader both at once; "let us hear the story."

"Well," said Matthew; "it happened thus. At one time during the war, as you all know, Washington was situated with his little army at Tappan, near the North river, while Sir Harry Clinton, the British commander, with his troops, were at New York. The space between the two armies was called the Neutral Ground, and it was chiefly occupied by a set of people called Cow-boys. These fellows went back and forth, trading with both parties, and cheating everybody, as they could get a chance.

"Now my uncle, whose name was Darby, was a Cow-boy by profession, but he was a patriot in disguise, as you shall hear. One cold winter's night he was trudging along over the road with a bag of sausages on his back, going to sell them to General Putnam, whose quarters were at the distance of three or four miles. As he was walking along over a lonely part of the road, it being a little after sunset and already growing dark, he heard a horse's gallop at no great distance. He was at the bottom of a hill, and in the midst of a thick wood. Looking to the top of the hill, he saw a man on horseback, who now began gently to come down the descent. My uncle was not only made for a patriot, but also for a great general. Believing that the man

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on horseback was a British officer, the idea suddenly entered his head that he would capture him, if it should appear that he was unarmed. Accordingly, he thrust his hand hastily into his wallet, took out one of the frozen sausages, crooked it in the shape of a pistol, and stood still in the middle of the road. The stranger soon approached, and my uncle Darby called out, 'Who goes there?' 'You must first tell me who you are!' said the person on horseback. 'That 's as we can agree,' said my uncle; 'for it takes two to make a bargain in these parts.' All this time, he was looking very sharp to see if the man had any weapons about him, and perceiving that he was unarmed, he sprang upon him like a tiger, seized the horse by the bridle, and thrust the muzzle of the seeming pistol in the face of the rider.

"'Dismount, or I 'll blow your brains out!' said Darby. My uncle had a voice of thunder, and the astonished traveller expected every moment to be shot through the body. It was no time for parley; so the man dismounted, and my uncle, putting his foot in the stirrup, sprung to the saddle in an instant. 'Now,' said he, 'my pretty fellow, you must go and see old Put. To the right about face, forward, march!' The man hesitated, but my uncle pretended to cock his pistol, and pointed it at the man's breast. This settled the question, and the poor fellow began doggedly to ascend the hill. Following him close behind, and keeping his weapon in a threatening attitude, he conducted the man along the road, and in the space of about an hour ushered him into the presence of General Putnam. On examination, he proved to be a British sergeant, who was out upon a frolic, and, wishing to pass as an American, had left his weapons behind. The story made a vast deal of fun in the camp, and my uncle acquired great renown for his exploit. But patriotism is often rewarded with ingratitude. My uncle received the sergeant's horse, it is true, as a recompense, but he was called '*Sassage Darby*' during the remainder of his life."

When Matthew had done, the captain turned to the fur-trader, and said, "We have each of us told our story; it is now your turn to tell one." "Well," said the young man in reply; "you have related an adventure of your father; our friend Matthew has told one of his uncle; I will now relate one of myself."

"When I was a boy, I read Robinson Crusoe, and so I had a great fancy for going to sea. Nothing would do, but I must be a sailor. My father and mother were both opposed to it; and, finding it impossible to obtain their consent, I resolved to run away. Getting together a little money, I packed up my clothes, and one night set off for New London in Connecticut, a distance of about twenty miles from where I lived. I there entered on board a schooner bound for Boston, which sailed the next day. There were but five persons on board,—the captain, his two sons, one sixteen and the other seventeen years old,—an old sailor, and myself.

"It was the beginning of winter, but the weather was uncommonly fine, and in a short time we were out upon the sea. We scudded along with a light wind for a couple of days, when there was a sudden change of weather. It first blew from the southeast, and rained smartly. I was a little sea-sick, but still able to keep upon the deck. The storm increased, and the wind shifting to the northeast, it began to snow. At the same time it grew cold, and in a very short space everything about the vessel was sheeted with ice and snow. She became perfectly unmanageable, and was now drifting before the gale towards the island of Nantucket, which was at our lee. We put out our anchor, but it was

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not of sufficient length to reach the bottom.

"Believing that she must inevitably go ashore, the captain loosed his boat, and getting into it himself, directed us to follow him. His two sons obeyed; but the old sailor, conceiving that the boat must be swamped in the raging sea, chose to continue in the vessel and persuaded me to remain with him. The captain departed, and proceeded toward the shore. But it was now evening, and we soon lost sight of him.

"We continued to drift along for a couple of hours, when the anchor suddenly took effect, and we rode out the night in safety. In the morning, the storm had abated, but everything was so covered with ice that it was impossible for us to get up a sail. In this condition we remained for four days, when a spell of milder weather set in, and we were able to get the little schooner under way. In about a week we reached Boston, where we learned the fate of the captain and his two sons. He reached the shore in safety, but at the distance of nearly three miles from any house. Both of his sons were chilled with the intense cold, and the younger was in a short time unable to walk. Yielding to his fate, the poor fellow lay down upon the beach and begged his father to leave him to die, as the only means of saving his own life and that of his brother. The father would not listen to this. So he took the young man upon his back, and proceeded on his way. He had not gone more than half a mile, when the elder son sunk to the earth, incapable of proceeding farther.

"The storm still continued to rage, and for a moment the old man gave way to despair; but soon recovering, he set forward, with the younger son upon his back. Having proceeded a quarter of a mile, he laid him down upon the beach, and returned to the elder boy, whom he found almost in a state of insensibility. Taking him upon his shoulders, he carried him to the spot where he had left his younger son. What was his agony to discover that the boy was cold and lifeless! He now proceeded with the one upon his back, but in a short time his foot faltered, and he fell to the earth. There was no way, but to leave his children, and reach the house, if possible, for aid. Faint and exhausted, he proceeded with a staggering step, and when at last he reached the house, his mind was so bewildered, that he could scarcely tell his piteous tale. He said enough, however, to give the people some intimation of the truth, and two men immediately set out to scour the beach. They were not long in discovering the bodies of the two boys, who were covered with the spray of the sea, thickly frozen to their garments. Everything was done for them that kindness could suggest, and all had the happiness of soon discovering signs of life. Gradually, both recovered, and the anguish of the father gave way to joy. In four days they were all able to leave the place, and soon after our arrival with the little schooner they came on board. I had, however, seen enough of the sea, and resolved in my heart never to trust myself upon its treacherous bosom again. I made my way back to my home; and, thoroughly penitent for my disobedience, resolved never again to disobey my parents; for during the storm, and especially that fearful night when the old sailor and myself were alone in the vessel, the thought of my misconduct weighed heavily upon my heart, and took away from me the power of providing against the danger that beset me."

As the young man finished his story, the captain puffed forth an enormous quantity of smoke, and the rest of our party retired to bed!

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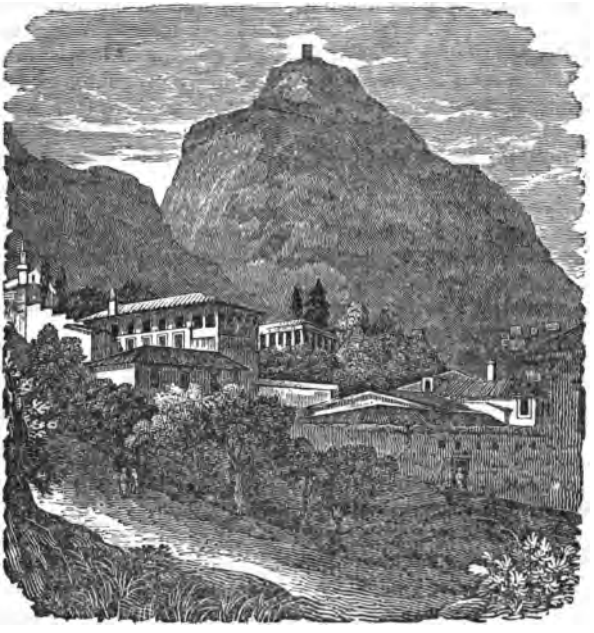

Misitra and the Ancient Sparta.

MISITRA is a considerable town in Greece, and situated in the province of Laconia. It occupies the slope of a hill, and, as you approach it, has an imposing aspect. You would think it a very large and splendid capital; but as you enter it, the illusion vanishes, and you find yourself in narrow, winding, and dirty streets, where no fine buildings, ancient or modern, meet the eye.

At the distance of a few miles are the ruins of ancient Sparta, the capital of the Lacedemonians, a brave, stern, warlike people, who adopted the laws of Lycurgus, and formed a great contrast to the gay, polished, fickle Athenians. But, alas! no monuments of the Spartans remain on the site of their ancient capital, and the place is only marked by the remains of Roman edifices, erected after the Spartans were subjected to the Roman yoke!

Absence of Mind.

THE following cases of absence of mind are furnished by the newspapers:

A short time since, a person engaged a butcher to come the next morning and kill a hog for him. The butcher told him to have the water boiled early, and he would attend. In the morning he came, asked if the water was boiled, and being answered affirmatively, killed the hog, and brought him to his scalding position. He then ordered the good man of the house to bring out the water, which he did by bringing out cold water. This surprised the butcher.

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"Where," said he, "is your boiling water?"

"Why, here!—Molly and I *boiled it last night!* Oh, now I know!—you cant't scald hogs without the water is hot!"

Exit the man of the knife, in a rage! —*N. O. Pic.*

On Sunday morning, between the hours of one and two o'clock, as Inspector Donnigan, of the police, was going his rounds, he observed a man, stripped to his shirt, standing in a short, narrow, and uncovered passage in Denmark street, London. On approaching him, and asking what he was doing there, the man replied that he was getting into bed; and at the time he shook from head to foot with the cold, which was very intense.

Donnigan asked him if he was aware he was in the street. He replied he was not, and that he fancied he was by his bed-side, and said his clothes were somewhere about. The officer, after searching for some time, discovered an excellent suit of clothes and a silk cravat on the sill of a window about thirty yards off, with shoes and stockings underneath, and a hat close by.

The cold had by this time brought the man to his perfect senses, and, by the advice of the inspector, he put on his clothes, and, thanking him for his attention, proceeded homewards!

A few years ago, Inspector Norman, belonging to the same division, while going his rounds, had his attention directed to some wagons which were placed in Black Lion-yard, Whitechapel, by a loud snoring.

He procured a light, and on proceeding to the spot, he found an Irish gentleman fast asleep between the shafts of a wagon, with his clothes off to his shirt, and apparently as comfortable as if reposing on a bed of down. His clothes were carefully placed over one of the shafts, and on the top of them rested his pocket-book, containing nearly £800 in bank notes, and in his trowsers pockets a quantity of gold and silver, beside a valuable gold watch, &c. He was at once aroused and taken care of, and the preservation of his property was considered almost miraculous, as, in the immediate neighborhood in which he was found, were located some of the most expert thieves in Europe.—*London paper.*

The Star Fish.

Did you ever stand on the rocky shore of the sea and notice the star fishes that come floating along? Many of them appear like pieces of jelly, drifting with the tide, without life, and without the power of motion. But they are all capable of moving from place to place, and shoot out their arms in every direction. Some of them have five rays, as in the picture; this kind are called *five-fingered Jack.*

These star fishes have very ravenous appetites, and are very expert in gratifying them. They grasp prawns, shrimps, worms, and insects that come in their way; and, soft and pulpy as they seem, wo to the poor creature that they get hold of! One thing is very curious, and that is that they devour shells of considerable size, which are crushed to pieces in their stomachs!

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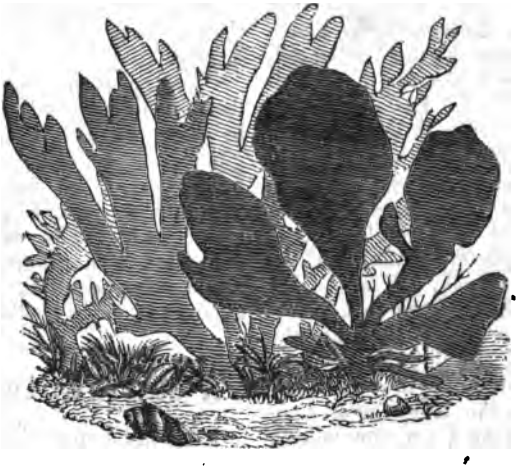
Not only are the star fishes of different forms, but they are of different hues also: some are striped, some are red, and some green. In fine weather, they are seen in the water, spread out, fishing for their meal. Some have long, fibrous arms, which stretch forth to a distance, and with them they pull in their prey. If you take one of those creatures and put him on the shore, he becomes a mass of offensive liquid, like water, in about twenty-four hours.

This picture represents one of these curious creatures, called *Medusa*. The kinds, as I have said, are numerous, and in some seas they are found in myriads. The most curious property of these strange fishes is, that they give out a light at night, which often makes the waves very brilliant. If you ever go to sea, you will notice this light in the track of the vessel, almost seeming as if the water were on fire.

WHERE IS THY HOME?

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim gray,
Who came, with furrowed brow, and wan,
Slow musing on his way.
He paused, and with a solemn mien,
Upturned his holy eyes,—
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,—
My home is in the skies!"
O! blest—thrice blest! the heart must be
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free,—
Its only home in heaven!



Sea-Weed.

Every portion of the earth seems covered with vegetation, except now and then some sandy desert. Even the rocks are covered with mosses; and we have heard of little red plants, that take root so thickly in snow-flakes, as to make a fall of snow seem like a shower of blood.

The bottom of the sea, too, is sown

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with myriads of plants. These are of many forms and many hues, but mostly of a green color: it is owing to the plants beneath the surface that the sea has such a verdant tinge. In some tropical portions of the sea, the marine plants are so thick as to obstruct the passage of ships; and some species are said to grow seven hundred feet in length!

Inquisitive Jack and his Aunt Piper.

THERE was once a little boy who had neither father nor mother, but he had an excellent aunt, and she supplied the place of parents. Her name was Piper, and a very good woman she was. The boy's name was John; but, as he was always asking questions, he at length got the name of Inquisitive Jack.

He was perpetually teasing his aunt to tell him about the sun, or the moon, —to explain to him why the fire burned, or where the rain came from, or something else of the kind. His aunt, being unmarried, and having little else to do, used to sit down for hours together, and answer little Jack's inquiries.

One winter's day, they were sitting by a pleasant fire, and Jack had been reading in a book of poetry. After a while, he laid down the book, and asked his aunt why some things were told in poetry and some in prose. To this the good lady replied as follows.

"I must tell you, in the first place, my boy, that prose is the language of common speech, such as I am now talking to you. But there are certain thoughts and feelings that are too fine and beautiful for prose. If these were expressed in a common way, their beauty would be lost. I will try to make you understand this by a story.

"There were once some flowers growing in a garden, but they were mixed with other plants, such as peas, beans, potatoes, beets, and other things. These had, therefore, a common appearance, and no one noticed their beauty.

"At length, the gardener took up these flowers, and set them out in a nice bed of earth, which he had prepared for them. This situation permitted their bright colors and fair forms to be seen, and they therefore attracted the attention of every person who passed by.

"Everybody admired them; and those who overlooked them as common things when planted in a kitchen garden, were ready to acknowledge their beauty, and praise their fragrance, when they were flourishing in a flower-garden.

"Thus you perceive that I compare fine thoughts to flowers; however beautiful they may be, they would strike us less, and please us less, if they were presented in a common way. They want a situation appropriate to them, and then we shall perceive and feel their full beauty.

"Poetry, then, consists of beautiful thoughts in beautiful language, and may be compared to a bed of flowers, with graceful forms, bright colors, and sweet fragrance. Prose consists of common thoughts, expressed in common language, and may be compared to a garden filled with things that are useful rather than beautiful, such as beets, potatoes, and cabbages."—*Second Reader.*

A word to my Correspondents.

I BEG my young friends who favor me with their letters to understand that I receive them with great pleasure, even though I do not find an opportunity to put them all in print. I give my thanks to Christopher Columbus; to J. A. H——, of Medford, and others, who have taken into their heads to send me puzzles; but

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as I have given a great supply of these the last month, I must pass them by, at least for the present.

The following letter contains a suggestion that I shall certainly comply with. The idea is a very good one.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

I have just learned to read, and I wish you would put some little stories in your Museum, such as I can understand. My sister Jane reads it, and she likes it very much, but it has too many long words for me. Won't you put in two or three pages for me, every month? I shall then like you very much.

LUCY A——.

Washington, March 23, 1842.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

My mother has just commenced taking your Magazine for me, and I like it *very much*. The March number was very long in coming, but when it did come it was very interesting. Every number that I get, I always look for Philip Brusque and the Siberian Sable-Hunter. I was glad to find them both in this number. I hope that the story of Philip Brusque will not long be discontinued, it is so interesting. The puzzles, with some help, I found out; and I set my wits to work and made one. Perhaps you will think it worth putting in the Museum; so here it is. I am composed of 11 letters. My 4th, 5th, 1st, 2d, is an article much used in winter. My 11th, 1st, 13th, 14th, 8th, an ancient poet. My 6th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 8th, the worst of passions. My 3d, 6th, 10th, 12th, a celebrated authoress. My 9th, 3d, 1st, 6th, a purifier. My whole, our nation's scourge.

ANOTHER BLACK-EYED FRIEND.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

The following puzzle is from three subscribers for Merry's Museum for 1842, and it will oblige them to see it in the May number.

H. T. C.
E. J. S.
J. W. C.

I am a word of 13 letters.

My 3d, 12th, 13th, 5th, 12th, and 9th, is the name of one of the ex-presidents of the United States.

My 1st, 8th, 13th, and 9th, is a name common with the female sex.

My 4th, 5th, 12th, and 13th, is the name of a metal.

My 7th, 9th, 6th, and 2d, is the name of another.

My 11th, 10th, 9th, and 2d, is a common thing with boys in winter.

My 6th, 4th, and 5th, is one of the elements.

My whole is the name of a great warrior.

I am quite pleased with the following, and should be happy to hear from Bertha very often.

CHARADE.

My first 's the end of him whose wife
Was turned one day to salt;
And doubtless, if the truth must out,
My fourth 's the end of malt.
My second, if you will believe it,
Essential is to rest;
My third,—and you can well conceive it,—
Is that which you love best.
My fifth—my last—'t is found in heaven—
'T is found, alas! in hell;
And though not in an oyster met,
It lives in every shell.
Already hath my humble name
In these brief lines been set;
But modest merit 's overlooked,
And you don't see me yet!
I am the greatest earthly good,—
The only path to glory,—
Come, gentle reader, guess my name,
And keep me e'er before thee!—BERTHA.

The letter from J. A. is very gratifying, so I give it an insertion.

Petersburgh, Va., March 2, 1842.

MR. MERRY:

I have just begun to take your Museum, and I like it very much. I think you tell stories very much as Peter Parley did. I like Parley's books so much that I called my little dog Peter Parley. He died some time ago, and now I am going to get another, and I intend to call it Robert Merry. I hope you won't be offended at this, for we always call dogs after famous people. I think the best of your stories is the Sable-Hunter, but I really wish you would go on with it a little faster. JAMES A——.

The following is inserted, not because it is a very famous specimen of poetry but because it is written by quite a young person, and shows a very tender feeling

ON A DEAD RABBIT.

Once upon a time,
When I was in my prime,
I had a rabbit white as milk,
And its hair was soft as silk.

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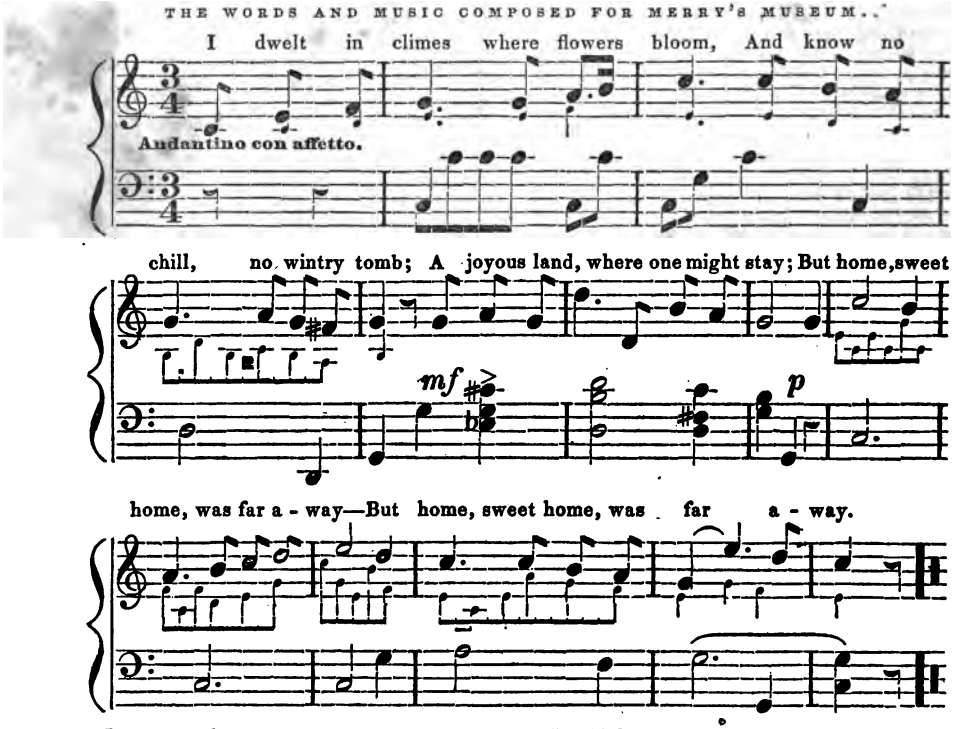
One morn I went to feed it,—
There was no rabbit there—
And long I hunted after it,
Looking everywhere.

One day, when I was wandering,
Something met my eye,
It was my little rabbit,
Hung on a tree close by.

But oh! I can't relate it—
That pretty one was dead;
And sadly did I bury it,
In a lonely, narrow bed!

"FAR AWAY"—THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.
I dwelt in climes where flowers bloom, And know no
Andantino con affetto.
chill, no wintry tomb; A joyous land, where one might stay; But home, sweet
mf
p
home, was far a - way—But home, sweet home, was far a - way.

I sat upon the topmost bough
At peep of dawn, as I do now,
And tried to sing a cheerful lay—
But no—'t was ever "far away!"

I loved that land of fruits and flowers,
Where spring and summer twine their bowers,
And gentle zephyrs round them play—
But my birth-tree was far away!

Far north, where I was born and bred,
My winged thoughts were ever fled;
And, spurning joys that round me lay,
I sighed for pleasures far away!

Gay birds around sang many a song,
And cheerful notes rang loud and long—
But oh, my heart tuned every lay
To plaintive airs of "far away!"

The brook came laughing down the dell,
Yet sad to me its joyous swell;
And though its chime made others gay,
I only thought of "far away!"

And now, returned, how dear the hours,
Though chill the wind and bare the bowers;
Yet this is home; and that sad lay
I sing no more of—"far away!"

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME III.—No. 6.

A lady listening to the notes of a harp.

The sense of Hearing.

THE sense of hearing lies in the ear, the organs of which are contrived with admirable skill and ingenuity. The air is capable of being moved so as to produce a rapid shaking or vibration. Such a movement of the air is made by the explosion of a gun, by the human voice, &c. Thus vibration of the air with the perception of it, is what we call sound.

Now at the bottom of a winding cavity in the ear is a delicate organ called the drum, which is affected by every motion of the air, however slight; and which, by means of nerves, conveys to the brain the perception of such motion. It is by this means that we hear distant as well as near sounds, and often know what is going on even beyond the reach

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of sight. Hearing, then, is only perceiving vibrations or quick motions of the air, and sound is only such vibration, with the perception of it.

The delicacy and perfection of the mechanism of the ear are so great, that by its power we not only are able to distinguish the vibrations of the air, caused by the voice of one person, from those produced by that of another, but even to distinguish the vibrations produced by one string of a musical instrument from those of another. It is owing to the perfection of this mechanism that we are able to distinguish musical notes, to judge of the distance of sounds, to discriminate between the several songs of the orchard and the grove.

Most quadrupeds have long ears, which they can move forward and back with great ease, so as to distinguish with quickness and accuracy the species of sounds, and the nature and situation of the animals or objects which produce them. If you notice a cat or dog, or even a horse, you will observe that the ear is very active, seeking to gather information as to what is going on around. The ears of the hare and rabbit are peculiarly fitted to the use of such timid creatures.

We observe that children seem often inattentive to sounds, and that they are very fond of noise. The reason is this: the bones of their ears are soft, and therefore not sonorous; accordingly, their sense of hearing is dull. When they appear inattentive, they do not hear; yet the exercise of the sense is pleasant, and therefore loud noises delight them. For this reason it is that they usually speak loud, and, when several of them are together, they seem to be much gratified with making an uproar.

The sense of hearing is not only of the greatest use to us in the serious business of life, but it is the source of an infinite number of pleasures. What gratification we sometimes enjoy at hearing the voice of a dear friend! What enjoyment we derive from music! Beside all this, language, which is the great vehicle of thought, is communicated by the ear. It is true that after they are formed we commit words to paper; but these are only signs of sounds previously formed. Without hearing we could have no speech, and all would be dumb; without speech there could be no writing, no books. How vastly, then, is the circle of our knowledge and our pleasures enlarged by this sense, and how does the goodness and the wisdom of the Creator appear in bestowing upon his creatures such a wonderful and beneficent gift!

"Fresh Flowers."

This is the pleasant title of a pleasant book, which a kind friend has sent me. There is a resemblance between bright thoughts and bright blossoms, between the world of poetry and the world of roses, and honeysuckles, and lilacs, and lilies: and therefore the title of this book is not only pretty, but appropriate. Let any one read the following, and he will see that such a book may well bear the title of "Fresh Flowers."

A TALK AMONG THE FLOWERS.

"Do flowers talk?" said Caroline;
"I never hear
Voices from mine.
Mamma, you said the flowers told
Wondrous things, both new and old."

"Sweet voices come from every flower,
That blooms in garden,
Wood or bower;
Sweet, silent voices, Caroline:
Come then and listen, daughter mine."

"I will to you a story tell,
And you must mind
The moral well;
'T will teach you a bright lesson, child,
From garden flowers, and blossoms wild."

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Not far from the borders of a dark wood, was a bright and cheerful-looking garden. Flowers were there, of every hue and form, growing and rejoicing beneath the beams of the summer's sun.

"Ah, how happy we are!" said the marigold to the larkspur.

"Here we bloom and soar upward almost to the very sun," said a family of sun-flowers.

"Yes, and climb as high as the sky," cried a convolvolus and jasmine, who had wound themselves round a tall princess-feather.

"How brilliant and stately we are," said the proud dahlia. "We are admired far more than those pale flowers that grow in yonder wood."

"I pity the poor faded things," whispered a bright coreopsis.

"I look down upon them," said a fierce tiger-lily.

"The sun loves the garden flowers best," said a pansy of great beauty, to some sweet mignionette; "let us be glad that our home is in this bright place."

"I will ring a peal for very happiness," replied a gay Canterbury bell; "for how could we exist in the gloom of that forest?"

"Let us be merry and glad that we are not wood flowers," shouted they all, with a musical laugh that rung through the wood and made the wild-flowers wonder.

A bright golden-rod, that grew on the edge of the forest, with his friend the aster, heard this conversation, and felt the injustice of it. Gracefully bowing his yellow plumes, he exclaimed, "Indeed, you do not know us; our life is the happiest in the world. In the deep woods, sheltered from the storm and heat, by the towering trees that soar above us like guardian angels, we live in peace and beauty. The sun does not always bathe us in a flood of light as he does the garden flowers, but he darts his beams through green boughs, and they come to us in tenfold beauty, scattered in a golden shower; and in the still night, the stars look down between the tops of the tall trees, and gaze silently and lovingly upon us."

The wood flowers heard the silvery tones of the golden-rod with glee, as he recounted their blessed sources of delight.

"We have music too," said he, "such as never floats through garden airs. We listen to the wind, as it sighs through the pines, and waves the bowery branches of the oak and maple; for each tree is a separate harp, that gives forth its own sweet melodies."

Then all the flowers that grew by the brook said, "Hear the music of the waters, as they dash along over the rocks, and look on them as they reflect the sunlight upon us, and make us bright and beautiful."

And the little mosses called out from the shades, "O let us always grow in the greenwood, and live in its shadows, and delight in its sweet voices."

Then the ferns waved joyfully, and the clematis clung round the elder in a close embrace; and they blessed themselves that they lived amid the lights and shades of the forest.

Then spoke the "lilies of the field" to the little blue-eyed grass, that was looking up into the sky: "How merry are we in the meadows, where grows all that is greenest and freshest. Happiness pervades and fills the universe. It is above us with the birds and the clouds, around us with every flower and green leaf and blade of grass. Let man take a lesson from our kingdom and be wise; for all here are *happiest* in the place allotted to them by their Creator."

The following contains a very beautiful thought, and it is expressed with a

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simplicity that reminds us of Dr. Watts' songs for children.

GOOD NIGHT, LITTLE STAR.

Good night, little star;
I will go to my bed,
And leave you to burn,
While I lay down my head
On my pillow to sleep,
Till the morning light;
Then you will be fading,
And I shall be bright.

We make one more quotation, and take leave of this little book, recommending it to all our young readers, who will find it at all the bookstores.

WHAT IS IT MAKES ME HAPPIEST?

What is it makes me happiest?
Is it my last new play?
Is it my bounding ball, or hoop
I follow every day?

Is it my puzzles or my blocks?
My pleasant *solitaire?*
My dolls, my kitten, or my books,
My flowers fresh and fair?

What is it makes me happiest?
It is not one of these;
Yet they are treasures dear to me,
And never fail to please.

O, it is looks and tones of love,
From those I love the best,
That follow me *when I do right;*
These make me happiest!

June.

JUNE is the first of the summer months, and it is, in our climate, the brightest and pleasantest of the year. The poet Thomson describes it as the season when

——————Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers in Nature's ample lap.

It is said that Juno, the goddess, who was wife of Jupiter, in the fantastic religion of the ancients, claimed June as her month, and it is said, therefore, to have been named after her. Now, though the story of Jupiter and Juno is mainly a fiction, there is perhaps some truth in it. Very likely some old king had a headstrong wife, who tormented him very much. After many years, the poets began to write verses about them, and called one a god and the other a

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goddess. Thus, no doubt, it was, that the people learnt to believe in them as divine beings. Still, according to all accounts, Juno was a pretty selfish kind of a person, and it is very likely that, if she took a notion to have a month, or a year, to herself, she would have teased Jupiter till he had given it to her. Thus it may seem very likely that June is named after Juno, as being her month.

But there is another story about the name of this favorite month. Some writers say that it comes from a Latin word, *junioribus*, as if it was the month of the young. Whether this was the origin of the name or not, we believe it is the favorite season of children. The two girls, and even the little dog, at the beginning of this article, seem to think that everything is made for them—the sunshine, the green grass, the blushing flowers. How happy is that period of life, when everything gives pleasure! How happy is childhood, the June of life, when the heart is as bright as the season, and the mind as full of flowers as the meadow. Sweet June—blest childhood—farewell!

Mexicans of the present day.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XVII.

Personal appearance of the Mexicans.—Dress.—Houses.—Floating gardens.—Hunting.—Commerce.—Music and dancing.—Games.—Painting.

In appearance the Mexican Indians much resemble the other aborigines of America. They are tall and well made, with bright black eyes, high cheek-bones, and thick, coarse, black hair, which they commonly wear long. Their skin is of an olive color. They are very active, but not so strong as most Europeans; so that, whenever the Spaniards attempted to run a race with them, they were sure to be beaten; but in wrestling, they were generally the victors.

The Mexicans are, by nature, of a silent and serious disposition, and seldom allow their emotions to appear in their countenances; while as a nation they are cruel in their wars and their punishments, and very superstitious in matters of religion. They are extremely generous, but do not always appear grateful for favors. According to some, the reason of their apparent want of gratitude is this: the Indians say, "If you give me this, it is because you have no need

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of it yourself; and as for me, I never part with that which I think is necessary to me." This also accounts for their great liberality; for, as their wants are few, and they never think of hoarding, they can always give away everything they receive, without feeling as though they conferred a favor.

We have said before, that, at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, the Mexican nation was the most civilized of all in North America. They had large cities, splendid temples, fine statues and paintings, a regular government, and a method of writing by pictures. Indeed, they were nearly equal to the Chinese of the present day, whom they much resembled. Since the conquest, they have altered greatly, and not much for the better. They have lost many arts which they once possessed, and as they have been taught few others to supply their place, they must be sunk in the grossest ignorance. We intend to give a short account of them as they were before the Spanish invasion.

The dress of the Mexicans was very simple. The men wore commonly only a large girdle or zone tied about their middle, and a cloak or mantle fastened round the shoulders. The women wore a square piece of cloth, which was wrapped around them, and descended to the middle of the leg. Over this, they wore a short gown, or vest, without sleeves. The cloth used by the rich was made of the finest cotton, embroidered with figures of animals or flowers.

The Mexicans were very fond of finery, and took great delight in adorning their persons with jewels and other ornaments. They wore ear-rings, pendants at the under lip, and some even in the nose—necklaces, and bracelets for the hands and arms. Many of these jewels were beautifully wrought of pearls, emeralds, and other precious stones, set in gold.

The houses of the common people were mere huts, built of reeds or unburnt bricks, and thatched with straw. They had commonly but one room, in which the whole family, with all the animals belonging to it, were huddled together. The dwellings of the higher classes were built of stone and lime. They were generally of two stories, and had many chambers. The roofs were flat, with terraces, on which the inhabitants could enjoy the cool evening air, after the parching heat of the day in those torrid regions. So great was the

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honesty of the people, that they had no doors to their houses; but considered themselves sufficiently secure with only a screen of reeds hung before the entrance; and through this no one would dare to pass without permission. The palaces of their kings were of stone, and so magnificent, that Cortez could hardly find words to express his admiration. One of them was so large that all his army, consisting of several thousand men, was conveniently quartered in it.

The Mexican historians say that while the Aztecs were only an insignificant tribe, living on the borders of the lake, having no land to cultivate, they were obliged to take whatever fare the marshes round the lake produced. Thus they learned to eat roots of marsh-plants, frogs, snakes, and other reptiles, and a sort of scum which they found floating on the water. They retained their relish for this wretched food in the season of their greatest plenty.

They made their bread of maize or Indian corn, in the following manner. They first boiled it with a little lime, to make it soft, and then ground it on a smooth, hollow stone. They next kneaded it up with a little water, and made it into flat round cakes, like pancakes; these they baked on large flat stones, as they were ignorant of the use of iron. The bread is said to have been very palatable.

Although the Mexicans, at first, had very little land of their own to cultivate, they discovered a very ingenious method of supplying this want. They platted and tied together branches of willows and other plants which are light and strong, and upon these they laid a covering of earth about a foot deep. They thus had a little floating field, about eight rods long and three wide, upon which they raised all kinds of herbs, and especially flowers, of which the Mexicans were extremely fond. Whenever the owner of the garden wished to change his situation, either to get rid of a troublesome neighbor, or to be nearer his family, he got into a little vessel, to which the garden was attached, and dragged it after him to the desired spot.

The Mexicans had a method of hunting on a grand scale, which was also practised by the Peruvians of South America. A great number of men collected together, and formed an immense circle, enclosing some forest in which the animals to be hunted were very numerous. They then gradually diminished the circle, driving the animals before them towards the centre, and to

care that none escaped through the line. By this means, they killed vast numbers of wild beasts every year.

The commerce of Mexico was principally carried on by travelling merchants, who journeyed from town to town, carrying their wares with them. They commonly travelled in companies, like the caravans of the East, for security, and each one bore in his hand a smooth black stick, which they said was the image of their god, under whose protection they hoped to accomplish their journey in safety. Every five days, markets or fairs were held in all the chief cities of Mexico, to which these travelling merchants repaired from all parts of the kingdom, to sell or exchange their merchandise. For money, they used the chocolate berry, which they put up in small sacks, and, for greater purchases, gold dust enclosed in quills.

The musical instruments of the Mexicans were few and simple. They had a drum, made very much like those used by us in our armies, but much longer. It was set up on end, on the ground, and beat with the fingers. Much art and practice were required to play upon it properly. They had also another long, round nstrument, made entirely of wood, and nollow within. It had two small slits made on one side, between which the player struck with two drum-sticks. It gave a deep, melancholy sound, like those of our bass drums.

The Mexicans had several dances, which they used on different occasions; some of them were very graceful and pleasing. But the grand dance, which was performed on all occasions of great national festivity, was the most singular. They placed the musicians in the centre; the aged nobles were in a circle around them, in single file; by the side of these was placed another circle of the younger nobles, and next others of lower rank. They then began to dance in a circle, those near the centre very slowly, but those who were on the outside very fast, because they were obliged to keep up with those within. The music now struck up a livelier tune, the singing became more animated and joyful, and the dancers whirled in a swifter round. The outermost circle moved so rapidly that they hardly seemed to touch the ground. Thus they continued, until they were exhausted by their efforts, when a new set of dancers took their places. It is related that, while Cortez was absent from the city after his first

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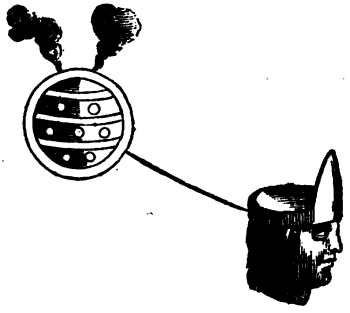
entry, the nobles of the court asked permission from Alverado, whom he had left in his place, to amuse their captive monarch by performing before him with this dance. This was granted. The nobles dressed themselves in the richest ornaments and began the dance; but when they were thoroughly wearied by the motion, the treacherous Spaniards, unable to resist their desire for obtaining the costly jewels of the Mexicans, suddenly fell upon them, and massacred them all. This barbarous act was the cause of the subsequent misfortunes of the Spaniards; for the natives, driven to fury by the loss of their beloved chiefs, rose upon their murderers, and expelled them from the city, as we have before related.

The greatest and most celebrated of all the Mexican games was that called the Flyers. They first sought out the loftiest tree in the forest, stripped it of its branches and bark, and set it up in some public square. On the top they fixed a sort of movable cap or cylinder, from which hung a square frame, made of four planks. Between the cap and frame they fastened four strong ropes, long enough to reach to the ground, passing through four holes in the planks. These ropes they twisted round the tree, until their ends were nearly up to the frame. Four men, who were called the flyers, disguised like eagles, herons, and other birds, ascended the tree by means of a rope which was laced about it from top to bottom, and took hold of the ends of the rope. The force with which they swung off from the frame caused it to turn round, and as it turned, the ropes which were twisted around the tree began to unroll, and of course became longer at every revolution. All this time the wooden cap continued to turn round, being fastened to the frame; but, nevertheless, a man kept dancing upon it, waving a flag or beating a little drum, as unconcerned as though a single false step would not dash him to instant destruction. When the ropes were so far untwisted that they almost reached the ground, some other actors, who had mounted on the frame, threw themselves off, and slid down along the ropes to the earth, amid the applause of the spectators.

The Mexicans did not paint, like other nations, merely for the purpose of preserving the form of persons or things which must soon pass away, or of affording pleasure by the representation of the beautiful, the grand, or the terrific. Their painting was their writing. By means of this art they represented their history, their religious rites, their laws, and everything which they deemed worthy of being recorded for the instruction of their descendants. This manner of writing was, to be sure, very imperfect, but it answered all the purposes to which it was applied. They wrote on paper which they made of the bark or leaves of certain plants. Had all the paintings of the Mexicans been preserved, we should have had a complete history of the nation, from the earliest period to the arrival of the Spaniards. But the zeal of the Catholic priests was the cause of the destruction of almost all these valuable records. Suspecting that they contained the idolatrous precepts of the Mexican religion, they thought that they could best promote the cause of the true religion by destroying all the writings of the natives. Accordingly, they collected them with the greatest diligence, and burnt them in the public square, to the great grief of the Mexicans.

The way in which they painted proper names was rather curious, and showed at least some talent for punning. All Mexican names have some meaning; and therefore they had only to paint the things which are signified by the name,

and join them to the figure of a man, or a man's head. Thus the name of their second king was Chimalpopora, which means a *smoking shield.* To represent



it, therefore, they painted a shield with smoke issuing from it. In like manner, if we had to express the name of Churchill, or Crowninshield, we should paint a church on a hill, or a shield with a crown in the middle.

But the Mexicans had another sort of paintings, if so they may be called, formed entirely by means of feathers, selected from the plumage of the most beautiful birds. The art consisted in disposing the feathers so as to form a picture, exact in the nicest shade. They were

fastened firmly on the canvass with glue. When any work of this sort was to be undertaken, several artists collected together, and each took his share of the design. They labored with the utmost care and diligence, sometimes spending a whole day in choosing and placing properly a single feather. When all the parts were finished, they brought them together, and united them, so as to form a picture of wonderful beauty. The colors were brighter than any that art could produce, and the feathers, as they were turned to the light, glittered with surpassing splendor. It is said that Mexican artists have been able to imitate exactly, by means of feathers, some of the best productions of the European painters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Religion.—Marriages and funerals.—Government.—War.—Medicine and surgery.—General character and probable destiny of the Mexican Indians.

The religion of the Mexicans was cruel, like themselves. They believed in a vast number of gods, who presided over every part of the world. There was the god of the air, a god of the day and night, another of games and sports, &c. They also worshipped the sun and moon. But the deity whom the Mexicans most venerated was Mexitli, the god of war; their city was named after him, and in his honor the great temple, of which we have given some account in a former chapter, was erected. Besides this, there were a great many other temples dedicated to the worship of their numberless deities. It is said that there were no less than two thousand such buildings in the city of Mexico.

But the place where the worship of the gods was most cultivated, was the city of Cholula, a few miles to the southeast of Mexico. Here was the famous pyramid of Cholula, to which pilgrims repaired from all parts of the empire. It

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was built of bricks and clay, and on the top was a small temple, with the image of a god, and an altar on which sacrifices were offered to him. The idol was burned by the Spaniards, and the temple thrown down; but the pyramid still remains, though much decayed. At a distance it looks like a little mountain.

As the gods of the Mexicans were so many in number, they must have had a multitude of priests to perform the holy rites which were necessary to gain their favor. There are supposed to have been no less than a million in the whole empire. But they did not attend only to religious duties. It was their office to educate the young, to appoint festivals, and to take care of the picture-writings. They possessed nearly all the learning of the nation, and composed all the painted books. The chief priest was elected from the highest nobles, and it was necessary he should be a man of unspotted character and great learning.

The sacrifices of the Mexicans were of the most horrible kind. The victims which they offered were human beings. All prisoners taken in war, criminals, and sometimes children, were sacrificed to their bloody deities. The wretched victim was laid upon the altar, and while five men were employed in holding him, the high priest with a sharp knife made a deep gash in his breast, and tore out his heart, yet warm and beating, and held it up in his bloody hand before the face of his god! They had another method of sacrificing, equally bloody, though not so revolting. It resembled very much the gladiatorial contests of the Romans. Two of the bravest prisoners of war were armed with a sword and shield, and compelled to fight on a stage in view of a crowd of spectators. When one was slain, another was put in his place, and so on, until the required number had been sacrificed. When any one proved five times victorious, his life was spared, and he was declared free, amid the applause of the spectators.

When a young man had arrived at a proper age to marry, a suitable wife was singled out for him, and the astrologers were consulted to know whether the match would be prosperous. If they returned a favorable answer, the parents of the bride, after giving her a good deal of good advice, carried her in a litter to the house of the bridegroom, accompanied by a crowd of friends with music and torches. The parents of the bridegroom stood at the door, ready to receive them. The couple were seated on a beautiful mat, and were united by tying the corners of their garments together. After this simple ceremony they were declared husband and wife. A feast was set before the company, after which a dance in the court-yard of the house, lively conversation, and good wishes on the part of the guests, closed the scene.

Funerals were performed with great solemnity. When a man died, four old men were chosen to have the direction of the funeral rites. They first sprinkled his head with water, and then clothed the body in a dress corresponding to his profession or character in life. If he had been a soldier, they dressed him in the habit of *Mexitli*, the god of war; if a merchant, in the dress of the god of merchants; if a drunkard, in that of the god of wine; and so on. The body was then laid on a funeral pile, and near it a jar of water for him to drink on his journey, and a little dog to lead him. They then set fire to the pile. When the body was consumed, they collected the ashes into a vase, into which they put a little gem, saying that it would serve him for a heart in the next world. They buried this vase in a deep pit, and mourned for the dead eighty days.

The Mexicans believed that after death the souls of those that died in

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battle went to the palace of the sun; a place of endless delight, where they spent four years in the enjoyment of all the pleasures that this glorious deity had provided for this favored class. After this, they supposed that these happy spirits went to animate clouds, and birds of beautiful feathers and sweet song; but thus always at liberty to rise again to heaven or descend to the earth, carolling songs of praise to their glorious benefactor. The souls of children, and of those who died of wounds, went to a paradise beneath the earth, the residence of the god of water. Here, in cool retreats they passed their hours in calm and placid enjoyment, undisturbed by the cares and vexations of the world. For those who died of other diseases, a place of utter darkness was set apart. The spirits sent hither suffered no punishment, and received no pleasure; they were as though they had ceased to exist. With such a creed, it is no wonder that the Mexicans became a nation of warriors.

The government of the Mexicans was a pure despotism; the power of the monarch was absolute. When one king died, another was immediately elected by the nobles, from the royal family, to fill his place. After the new king had been solemnly installed, and had taken an oath to govern according to the religion and laws of his ancestors, he made an expedition to obtain prisoners to sacrifice at his coronation. A reign thus barbarously commenced could not long be peaceable. In fact, the Mexican kings were always engaged in fighting with their enemies or in oppressing their subjects.

The laws which they made were very severe. Almost all crimes were punished with death. Young persons who were guilty of getting drunk were put to death; but the nobles in a much more cruel manner than the common people; for they said the former sinned more in not setting a good example. But old men, after they had arrived at the age of seventy years, were allowed to drink as much as they pleased; for they said that it was a pity to deprive them of this pleasure, when it could do them no harm. Slanderers were punished by having a part of their lip cut off, and sometimes also of their ears, to show the danger of speaking or listening to evil.

We have before said that the Mexicans were a nation of warriors. They believed that all who died in battle enjoyed the greatest happiness hereafter, and therefore the prospect of such a death had nothing terrible in it.

The armor which the soldiers wore to defend themselves from the weapons of the enemy, consisted of a thick coat of cotton, which covered the body and

part of the legs and arms; a helmet or headpiece, made to imitate the head of a tiger, in order to inspire terror into their enemies; and a shield made of strong canes interwoven with thick cotton threads.

The weapons of attack were bows and arrows, slings, spears, and swords. All these, except the last, were very much like those used in our armies at the present day. The sword of the Mexicans was very different from that

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used by the soldiers of our modern times.

The standards of the Mexicans were formed of gold and beautiful feathers; each company had its particular standard, which they preserved with great care. But the grand ensign of the empire was an object of especial veneration; when this was lost, all hope of victory was given up, and the soldiers threw down their arms and fled. We have already told how Cortez took advantage of this feeling in the natives, and thus saved his little army.

Since the people of Anahuac were so often engaged in war, it seems natural that they should have a good knowledge of medicine and surgery. This, however, was not the case. The remedies of their physicians consisted mostly of a few simple medicines obtained from herbs. They understood the art of blood-letting, and used for the purpose sharp lancets made of a sort of flint. But their grand specific for all kinds of sickness was the vapor-bath. It was built of unburnt bricks, very much in the form of a dome. It was about six feet high and thirty round. At one side was an entrance, large enough to allow a man to enter by creeping on his hands and knees. Opposite to the entrance was a small furnace, which was joined to the bath by a kind of soft stone, easily heated. When a person was about to take the bath, a fire was kindled in the furnace, by which the soft stones were made hot. Then, taking off all his clothes except his girdle, he entered, and threw water on the heated stones. A cloud of steam at once filled the bath, and the patient stretched himself on a mat or cushion, which was spread in the centre of the room, to enjoy the soft and copious perspiration into which he was instantly thrown. This vapor-bath often proved an effectual remedy for some of their most obstinate diseases.

We have now given a short account of the history, manners and customs of the ancient Mexicans. Their character you can easily estimate, from what we have told you concerning them. You must not imagine, however, that, like the Indians of some parts of the United States, they are entirely extinct. Though much reduced by the cruelty and oppression of their conquerors, yet they still form much the largest class of inhabitants in the Mexican republic. Perhaps the long period of their slavery and degradation has been intended by a just Providence as a punishment for their own cruelty toward their conquered enemies. But, now that they have been declared free citizens of a great and independent republic, with the same rights and privileges as their former masters, we may hope that the night of their humiliation is passed, and that a brighter day is about to dawn on the minds of the poor degraded Mexicans, than ever shone even on the first glorious years of the reign of Montezuma.

House-Building.

WHAT a strange thing it would be if we had no houses to live in, and were forced to sleep on the tops of trees, in caves, or among the clefts and crannies of rocks and mountains! Many ages ago, mankind, then in a savage state, were obliged to make use of such wild retreats; they had not learned to *build houses;* and were, in this respect, not so well off as the birds, which, you know, mostly manage to build a nice warm nest, in which they bring up their young. The first houses were, in all probability, cut out of the sides of crags or banks; after this it was found, perhaps, more advantageous to build them of branches of trees, set up on end, and leaning to-

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gether in a point at the top; movable houses were also made of the skins of beasts, stretched over a pole of a similar form. These were the earliest tents; but how long ago it is since the eastern nations, who were the first inhabitants of this earth, had such kinds of habitations, is not known.

We know that, at the present day, all savage nations have rude houses. The Icelanders build them of snow, as seen in pictures; and the Indians of America, as well as the savages of the South Sea islands, of the wilds of Africa and New Holland, form their huts in the rudest manner. We know, also, that the Irish *mud cabins*, and the Scotch *hovels*, and some of the English *cottages*, are not a great deal better than the huts of savages.

But, if you look at the buildings in our towns and cities, you will find them to be very different from the rude hut, wigwam, or snowhouse; you will observe that they are much larger, and of far greater beauty.

It is of some interest for us to inquire how houses are *built*, and about the materials of which they are *made;* and, lastly, of the different styles of architecture: for houses and temples were built of different forms in different ages, and are now very different in *Asia* from what they are in *Europe* and *America*.

Houses have *walls*, *roofs*, *doors*, *chimneys*, *rooms*, *passages*, *stairs*, *floors*, *closets*, *sinks*, *cellars*, *pantries*, *kitchens*.

The *roof* of a house is the top of it, and is built aslant, so that when it rains the water may run off. A frame-work of wood is made, which is first covered with boards, and afterwards with shingles or slates.

The *walls* of a house are made either of bricks or stones, laid one on the top of the other, and joined together by cement or mortar, or of wood.

The *chimneys* proceed from the fireplace to the top of the house, and come out through the roof, above which they are carried up several feet; on their top is often an earthen pot, called a chimney-pot. The use of a chimney is to carry off the smoke. Chimneys have not been thought of above a thousand years; before this time the smoke used to go out at a hole in the roof. This is the case now in the worst of Scotch and Irish cabins.

The *doors* of houses are made of *pine* or *oak*, and sometimes of *mahogany;* they swing on *hinges*, and have *locks* and *catches* to fasten them. Their use is to keep the cold out, and to connect one room with another, or the house with the street.

The *rooms* of houses are of various kinds. The houses of very poor people serve them for parlor and kitchen, and bed-room, which is very unhealthy. The house of a tradesman generally consists of a shop, a back parlor, a drawing-room, and several bed-rooms, with kitchen and cellar.

The houses of people who are rich consist of a great variety of apartments:—a saloon, a hall, a picture-gallery, a large dining-room, library, dressing-rooms, breakfast-rooms, and many others. The house, or dwelling, of a king, a prince, is called a *palace*, which is generally very large, and contains many other apartments, fitted up in the most splendid manner.

The *passages* in a house lead from one room to another; the stairs lead to the bed-chambers, or other upper apartments; the floors of the rooms are generally made of pine or oak. The former are usually covered with painted canvass called *oil-cloth*, and the latter with *carpet*.

The *cellar* of a house is generally under ground, and is used for keeping coals, wood, beer, and wine in. *Closets* are for the purpose of placing clothes and linen in security; the *pantry* and *larder* are for provisions of various

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kinds; and the *kitchen* is a place to cook our food in.

Edwin, the Rabbit-Fancier.

"Edwin was a very tender-hearted boy, and very eager about a thing when he took it into his head; but his enthusiasm very often left him just at the time it ought to have remained with him. Thus he never pursued any study or amusement for any length of time with profit to himself, and often fell into very grievous errors.

"'Oh! dear mamma,' said he one day to his mother, 'I do wish so that I had something for a pet; there is Charles Jones has a sweet little bird, and cousin James has a squirrel. I should so like something for a pet. Do, mamma, buy me something—a Guinea pig, or a couple of pigeons, or a rabbit. Oh! I saw such a beautiful white rabbit yesterday!

"'Ay, my dear,' said his mamma, 'I am afraid you would soon grow tired of your rabbit, as you did of your gun, and bow and arrow, and ship, and rocking-horse.'

"'Oh, but a rabbit is quite different, mamma; you can love a rabbit, you know, and coax it, and feed it, and make it happy. I should go out early in the morning, and pick some nice clover for it, and some thistle, and dandelion, and marsh-mallows. I know how to feed rabbits—I have learned all about it. I must not give them too much green stuff, but some nice bran and oats; and then I could make a little trough for it to eat from, you know; and—and—'

"'I am sure, my dear, it would be too much trouble to you; rabbits require a great deal of care and attention, and you so soon get tired of anything you take up, that I fear it would soon suffer from neglect.'

"'I am sure I should never *neglect* it, mamma; and, if you will give me a shilling, I can buy a beauty—a real white French rabbit, with red eyes, and a coat like swansdown. Do, dear mamma, give me a shilling.'

"'No, my dear,' said she, 'I really must refuse you.'

"Now, although Edwin was a little boy, he said to himself, 'I know it is only because mamma wishes to save her money; 'tis not because she really thinks I shall neglect the rabbit, but because she does not like to part with her money.'—He thought himself very cunning; did he not?

"So Edwin began to pout and whine, and to tease his mamma, being determined to let her have no peace.

"'You know, mamma,' said he, 'I shall be so fond of it; I will make it a house; and then I could cut down some grass, and dry it, and make hay for it to lie upon; and I could sow some oats for it in my garden; I should not want anything else to amuse me all the year round.'

"Whether to humor Edwin, or to teach him a lesson, I will not say, but his mamma gave him a shilling, and off he ran, and purchased the milk-white, red-eyed rabbit.

"Joyful enough was he when he brought it home: he paraded it round the house, showed it to every member of the family, housemaid, gardener, footman, and cook; and everybody praised the rabbit, and said it was a most beautiful creature.

"The next morning Edwin rose betimes, and began to look for wood to build his rabbit-hutch. He procured saw, nails, and hammer; and at last found some old planks, and began to saw them, and cut them, and chisel and plane, till his little arms ached again.

"He had soon cut two or three pieces of board up, but to no purpose; one was

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too short, and another too long; a third had a knot in it; and a fourth was spoiled in splitting. Vexed with his want of success, Edwin said, 'I shall not make him a house to-night—he must be content with being fastened in the coal-hole to-night—he will have plenty of room to run about.'

"So Bunny was put into the coal-hole with a handful of cabbage-leaves, and told to make himself happy till the morning; and, as it happened to be a holiday, Edwin went to amuse himself by letting off fireworks.

"In the morning Edwin went to the coal-hole to look after Bunny. There it was, sure enough; but instead of its being a beautiful white rabbit, by hopping about among the coals it had become almost as black as the coals themselves.

"'Well, I never!' said the little boy—'what a dirty little thing it is;' and so he tried to catch it; but Bunny, not liking to be caught, led the youngster a fine dance in the coal-hole, and at last he fell over a large lump of coal, and dirtied his clean frill and white apron

"It was difficult to say which was the dirtiest of the two, Edwin or his rabbit. The little boy, however, being quite out of patience, made no further effort, but shut the coal-hole door, and in great trouble ran to the nursery-maid to put him into cleaner trim. He did not go again into the place where the rabbit was that day, and so the poor thing was kept without food, for Edwin totally forgot he had not fed his pet.

"However, the next day he again repaired to the place, and, having caught Bunny, took it into the stable-yard, and put it into an unoccupied pig-sty. The first intention of making a house was quite given up, and Edwin began to think his rabbit a great plague; he, however, gave it some *more cabbage-leaves*, and left it.

"The fact was, Edwin was getting tired of his rabbit; he, however, bought it a few oats, and gave it a little hay. He went out for a few mornings and gathered a little clover, but in less than a week this was thought to be a great deal of trouble; besides which, the rabbit seemed lame, and did not look so pretty as it did at first.

"At last, Edwin quite forgot his rabbit for two days, and when he went to look at it he was surprised to find it lying on its side. He called, Bunny, Bunny. The poor thing looked at him, and seemed pleased to see him, for its long ears moved as if it was.

"Edwin took it up; it seemed to have lost the use of its hind legs; it squeaked when it was touched; and so the little boy laid it down again. He felt it all over—it was very thin, and seemed half starved.

"Edwin now ran and got a saucerfull of oats, and placed it beside the poor thing; he also ran to the next field, and plucked some nice sow-thistle, and gave it to eat. Bunny looked grateful, and tried to eat, but could not.

"Edwin, in placing his hand down by its side, felt the beatings of its heart; it went beat, beat, beat—throb, throb, throb, quicker than a watch; and every now and then its head twitched, and the skin of its jaw drew up, as if it were in great pain.

"And yet the poor animal seemed glad to have some one by its side, and rubbed its nose against Edwin's hand; and then it panted again, and its eyes grew dim: it was dying. Poor little Edwin now began to cry.

"'Oh! my poor dear, dear, dear Bunny,' said he, 'what shall I do to make you well?—oh! what would I give? Oh! I have killed you, for I know I have. Oh! my poor dear Bunny—let me kiss you, dear Bunny.' Here the little fellow stooped down to kiss his rabbit. Just

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at that moment it gave a struggle—in the next it was dead.

"Edwin's eyes were full of tears, and when he could see through them, and found out what had happened, he broke out into loud sobs and cries, till he roused the whole house. 'Oh! my dear rabbit—oh! I have killed my rabbit—oh! what shall I do?' he uttered in deepest grief.

"'Ay,' said his mamma, who was called to the spot by his outcries; 'I feared it would be thus:—who would think a house-bred rabbit could live in a damp pig-sty? The poor thing has been destroyed by *neglect*.'

"'Oh, yes, dear mamma, do not scold me; I know I have been very naughty. Oh, I do love my dear rabbit;—I love it more now it is dead than I did when it was alive;—but is it really dead, mamma?—no; is it?—it is quite warm, and may get well again,—say it will, there's a dear, dear mother;' and then he cried again.

"The rabbit was, however, dead; and had caught its death in the way Edwin's mamma supposed, by being ill fed, and kept in a damp place, by thoughtless, if not cruel *neglect*.

"Edwin was overcome with grief,—but it was now too late. Sad was the next night to him, for something told him he had been cruel to that which he had promised to love. He got no sleep; and early in the morning he arose, and went to the place where his pet was laid.

"He wept all the next day; and, in the evening, he dug a grave in his own little garden, close by the side of a young rose tree. Then he wrapped the body in some nice hay, and laid it in its narrow cell, and placed rose-leaves upon it, and covered it gently with the earth;—and his heart was like to burst when he heaped the mould over it, and he was forced to pause in his task by the full gushing of his tears.

"'My child,' said his mamma, who watched him at his sorrowful task, 'if you had taken half the trouble for Bunny, when alive, as you do now he is dead, he would have been alive now.'

"'Yes, yes, dear mamma,—I know—I know; but do tell me, pray do,—will not rabbits go to heaven? Is there not some place where they can be happy? I hope my poor dear Bunny may;'—and here the little fellow sobbed again.

"'Give me a kiss, my dear boy,' said his mamma; 'come, leave this spot;' and so she led him gently away from the rabbit's grave."

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next morning was fair, and we glided rapidly down the river. The banks on each side were hilly, and presented several small towns to our view. At length we noticed on the western border a tall blue mountain, which seemed to rise up like a vast thunder-cloud. This I was told was called the Kattskill. It consists of many peaks, with deep ravines, and beautiful waterfalls between them. The scenery among these mountains is so wild and interesting that many people visit them every year. Opposite to these mountains is the city of Hudson. We stopped there about an hour. I found it quite a small place then, but now it has seven thousand inhabitants.

Having taken on board three or four persons, with a quantity of butter, cheese, and other articles for New York, we departed and proceeded down the river. The scenery was still very beautiful. The river wound between tall mountains, which came down to the water's edge, and seemed sometimes to encircle it, so

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as to make it appear like a lake. But, as we proceeded, the vast mountains appeared to recede, and open a passage for us. Frequently we passed close to the shore, and I could not but admire the wonderful beauty of the trees that clothed the sides of the mountain. It was autumn, you remember, and the leaves were of many colors; some were yellow, some red, some purple, and some green. There was something sad about all this; for we knew that these bright hues are but the signs of coming death. We knew that this coat of many colors which is thrown over the mountain, making it appear so gay, is but a gaudy mantle that will soon give place to the winter winding-sheet of snow. But still, even though the woods in autumn may be a little melancholy, I do not like them the less for that. As I passed along the mountain slopes, catching glimpses between the trees into the valleys, or far away between the tops of the peaks, seeming to float in a sea of azure, I felt as if I could make the woods my home forever!

The next day we passed by a lofty cliff, called West Point, where old Fort Putnam is situated, and where there is now an academy in which young men receive a military education. This was a famous place in the revolutionary war. Here was the scene of Benedict Arnold's treachery. He was entrusted with the command of this fort by Washington, who had great confidence in him; but Arnold was a bad man, and he secretly agreed to give up the fort to the British, if they would pay him a large sum of money, and give him a command in their army. Major André, a British officer, came up the river from New York, and met Arnold one night to arrange the scheme.

On his return, André was taken by some Americans, and brought before Washington. He was tried as a spy, and, being convicted, was sentenced to death, this being according to the usages of war. André was a fine young officer, and Washington wished very much to save his life. But this he could not accomplish consistently with his duty to his country.

André was confined at a house in the town of Bedford, next to Salem, and my friend Mat Olmsted recollected perfectly well to have seen him there. He described him as a tall young man, with blue eyes, his hair powdered white, and wearing a red coat. Matthew told me a great many stories about him. He said all the people were very sorry to have him executed. When he passed along between the files of soldiers to the scaffold, there was scarcely an individual who did not weep. Tears even rolled down the rugged cheeks of the soldiers, who had been accustomed to scenes of battle and bloodshed.

André alone seemed firm and collected. He walked erect, and such was his presence of mind when he ascended the scaffold, that happening to soil his coat by pressing against one of the posts, he calmly took out his handkerchief and brushed the dust away. This was a kind of sign and illustration of his life and character. Though he was a spy, he did not die dishonored; but the dignity of his bearing brushed away the soil upon the soldier, and he perished amid the regrets of those whom war had made his enemies, leaving behind him thousands of hearts to mourn his untimely fate.

The day after we passed West Point we saw something coming up the river, paddling through the water, and smoking away at a great rate. Mat said it must be a Dutchman, and a cousin to our Captain Volcano; but we were told it was a steamboat! I had heard of such a thing, but had never seen one. There had been a good deal said in the news-

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papers about one Robert Fulton, who was trying to make vessels go by fire and water, instead of wind. Most people thought Fulton either crazy or a fool, to attempt so hopeless a task. He was laughed at and ridiculed, particularly by that class of people who think themselves the wisest, and who imagine that the only way to live is to make money and keep it.

But Fulton was a great man, whose mind was above all this littleness. So, letting the world make itself merry at his expense, he went calmly and patiently on. If he met with a difficulty he labored till he overcame it; sneers, scoffs, gibes, could not turn him from his purpose. He persevered, and at last he triumphed. The engine began to turn the crank, the wheels went round, the paddles took hold of the wave, the boat moved forward, and steam navigation was accomplished!

This was the greatest invention of modern times. I am speaking of what happened in 1808, only thirty-four years ago. There are now many thousand steamboats throughout the world. The great rivers are navigated by them, and even the Atlantic is now traversed by steam power. The journey of a week is at present but the trip of a day—a voyage of two months is but the passage of a fortnight. This very Hudson river, upon which Fulton achieved his noble invention, before but a pathway for a few straggling vessels, is now the thoroughfare of millions. It is a literal fact that millions of persons pass up and down this river every year, where before only a few hundred annually performed the trip. Before, it was often a fortnight's work to get a vessel from New York to Albany; now a steamboat with five hundred passengers will accomplish it in twelve hours!

Such are the mighty results, proceeding from one man's labors. Let us all reflect a moment upon this. What a great blessing is a great man who devotes himself to the good of his country! How ought such a man to be honored! How paltry, how base is that littleness of soul which leads some persons to run down the great and the good—the public benefactor!

Let the story of Fulton teach us all another lesson, which is this—When we feel that we are right in our devotion to any cause, let not the scoffs of the world move us. Even though there may be dark days, when we seem given up to ridicule by the world around; when even friends desert us, and poverty besets us, and slander assails us, and sorrow and gloom seem gathering around our path, let us look to the beautiful example of Fulton and be comforted. Let us say to ourselves, "Fulton persevered, and we will persevere. Fulton met with difficulties and suffered from poverty; but he met them patiently, and at last he triumphed." Let us imitate his steadfastness, and gather confidence from his success.

The little steamboat approached us rapidly. Never in my life have I felt a deeper excitement than at that moment! All the people on board our little sloop were leaning over the side, straining their eyes to watch this wonder of the water. On she came, cutting the current and seeming like a thing of life, moving by her own power. She came nearer and more near. I have seen other steamboats since; those that were ten times as large; but never one that touched my imagination like that. We passed close to her side. There was a tall, slender man standing upon her deck. His face was dark, and careworn; his eye black, deep-set, and sparkling; his hair black and curling—though perchance a little grizzled. It was Robert Fulton! His name was spoken by our captain, and instantly a

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cheer broke from every man on board our little vessel. "Fulton! Fulton!" was the cry; and the name was echoed a hundred times among the hills. This was a bright spot in my life. I shall never forget it—I could not tell my feelings then—I cannot express them now. I have often thought of this scene: the image of Fulton, calm, thoughtful and modest in that day of triumph, always comes back as distinctly to my memory, as when he stood before me then. It has not been to me a barren incident; for in my humble career, I too have had difficulties, cares, sorrows; and I have drawn comfort, I trust composure, from his example. The humblest plant may extract beams from the sun—and Robert Merry would say to his readers, that he, poor as he is, humble as he is, has a sort of feeling that Robert Fulton, though dead and departed, comes to cheer him in his lonely journey through life. Often, in some dark hour, has his image broke in upon him like a ray of light; thus converting gloom into sunshine. I know that this may seem to be a mere fancy, yet there is reason in it, or, if not, there is comfort in it.

In a day or two after meeting the steamboat, we arrived at the city of New York. Nearly ten years had elapsed since I had left it. I recollected very little of it. It was indeed like a new place to me at first. I felt as if I had never seen it before, until, after a day or two, it became familiar to me as if I had once seen it in a dream. Though it was then a great city, New York was much smaller than it is now. It had not more than one fourth part as many inhabitants.

Nothing of importance occurred here, and after three days, Matthew and I entered a sloop and sailed to Norwalk, in Connecticut. Having landed, we immediately set out on foot for Salem, which is a distance of about twenty miles. I had now been gone a month, and was exceedingly anxious to get home. I had a great desire to see my uncle; for although I had not much intercourse with him when at home, still he was always kind to me, and I was so accustomed to his good-humored face, that I seemed solitary and homesick without it.

As I began to approach the village, my heart beat quick at the idea of getting home, of meeting my uncle, and seeing my friends and companions once more. Not a thought of evil fortune crossed my mind. I expected to see them all well and happy as when I left them. When we reached the village, it was night. We met no one in the street—all was still and solitary. We came to the tavern. There was a bright light in the bar-room, and it looked as cheerful as ever. I was about to enter, when a dusky figure took hold of my arm and said, "Go not in there. Come with me." I perceived in a moment that it was old Sarah of the mountain. She led me to the front door, and as we passed along, she said, in a low, but solemn tone, "He is gone, lad, he is gone. There is trouble for you here. When it is all over, come and see me in the mountain."

I was struck with horror, and stood still for a moment. I was alone, for Matthew had gone into the bar-room. I was convinced that my uncle was dead. I grew giddy, and the dim objects that were near me seemed to swim around. I recovered, however, lifted the latch and went in. The entry was dark, and I was obliged to grope my way to the stairs. I ascended and approached my uncle's chamber. It was partly open, and there was a dim light within. I was about to enter, but paused a moment at the threshold and looked round. On a low couch lay the lifeless form of my uncle, and at a little distance sat Raymond, pale as marble, and wrapped

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in profound meditation. My step was so light that he did not hear my approach, but my quick and convulsed breath roused him. He instantly came to me, but spoke not. Words were indeed vain. Nothing could break the force of the stern reality. My uncle, my kind-hearted uncle, my only relative, —he who had been to me as father and mother, was no more.

I cannot dwell upon the scene, nor could I describe my feelings, should I attempt it. For nearly an hour my heart was stunned, my mind bewildered. But tears at length came to my relief, and after a time I was able to hear from Raymond the sad story of my uncle's death. He had died in a fit, cut down without a moment's warning, and, as I afterwards learned, in consequence of his intemperate habits.

The funeral took place the next day. I walked in the procession to the burial ground, but I was so completely overwhelmed with my loss as scarcely to notice anything around me. But when the coffin was let down into the ground and the earth was thrown upon it, I felt such a pang at the idea of being forever separated from my uncle, as almost to distract me. For a moment, I was on the point of leaping into the grave and asking to be buried with him; but it was closed, and the procession moved away. I returned, and I was then alone, without a relative in the world, so far as I knew.

A few days after these events, an examination of my uncle's affairs was made, and it was discovered that his estate was insolvent. Every dollar of my own property was gone, and I was now a beggar! These facts were told me by Raymond; they did not, however, immediately make a deep impression upon me; but I soon learned what it is to be without parents, without money, and without a home.

Who planted the Oaks?

The truth that no animal is created but for some wise purpose, is beautifully illustrated in the case of the squirrel. It is a singular, but well authenticated circumstance, that most of those oaks that we call spontaneous, are planted by this little animal, in which way he has performed the most essential service to mankind, and particularly to the inhabitants of Great Britain. It is related in some English work, that a gentleman walking out one day in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, his attention was attracted by a squirrel, which was on the ground at no great distance from him. He stopped to observe his motions: in a few moments, the squirrel darted to the top of a tree, beneath which he had been sitting.

In an instant, he was down again with an acorn in his mouth, and after digging a small hole, he stooped down and deposited the acorn; then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do, as long as his observer thought proper to watch him. This industry of the little animal is directed to the purpose of securing him against want in winter; and it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spot in which he had deposited every acorn. He, no doubt, loses a few every year; these few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. Thus is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel for her pride, her glory, and her very existence.

A Bull.—A son of Erin once commenced the translation of Cæsar's Commentaries thus: "All Gaul is quartered into three halves!"

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The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXI.

Holy week at Rome.—A Roman tavern.—Strange crowds at St. Peter's.—Description of the church.—The Pope.—The Coliseum.—A fox among the ruins.—The Vatican—its splendor and immense extent.—General description of the city.—Cheapness of living.—Oddities of the tradesmen.—The malaria.—Climate and salubrity of Rome.

This was Holy Week, the season of the most pompous and showy display of religious ceremonies and festivities at Rome: on which account the city was full of strangers. People flock to Rome to see these sights, far and near. English travellers and Roman country people crowded the streets. All the hotels appeared full to overflowing, and I thought myself lucky to find at last a snug little tavern on the banks of the Tiber, with the sign of the *Albergo del Orso*, or the "Bear's Hotel." This was a very good name, for it was not much better than a bear's den. The entry was a stable; and the kitchen stood where there should have been a parlor. I had no choice; so, depositing my trunk in this same den of the bears till better quarters could be found, I set off for a ramble through the city.

To a traveller who enters Rome as I did, at the waste end of the city, where he sees nothing but mouldering walls and heaps of grass-grown ruins, it is quite a matter of wonder to find, at the other extremity, such a collection of populous streets and splendid structures. My first steps were directed to St. Peter's church, that ornament and wonder of modern Rome, the most magnificent edifice that the world ever saw. Vast crowds of people were moving in the same direction, so that I had no difficulty in going straight to the spot. The near approach to it is most imposing. An immense circular piazza is in front, surrounded with rows of columns and adorned with two beautiful fountains, which are constantly in play, throwing the water up to an immense height. This grand area, and all the other avenues to the church, were thronged with a motley population, which seemed to have flowed thither from the four quarters of the earth. Priests, soldiers, pilgrims and beggars, in variegated costume and manner, were mingled up together in picturesque confusion. Cardinals, in red dresses, rolled along in their gilt coaches, drawn by such fat, sleek, black horses as we never see on this side of the Atlantic. Capuchin friars, in dingy brown woollen gowns, tied with bits of bedcord, bare legs and sandaled feet; friars, of other denominations, in black, white and gray—shaven crowns, Quaker broad-brims and three-cornered scrapers; Swiss guardsmen in steel armor; Roman militia in red baize regimentals and coffee-pot hats; little hump-backed *gobboes* like the black dwarf; ragged Roman peasants in straw and oakum spatter-dashes; country girls in square flat caps and tawdry finery; strapping fellows in red breeches and cocked hats, who look like major-generals, but are only livery servants,—all these, and a hundred other varieties impossible to describe, gave such a diversity and animation to the scene as to constitute it one of the most striking spectacles in the world.

But all description must fall short of the reality when I attempt to offer my impressions of the interior of St. Peter's. The first view, on entering, overpowers the spectator with magnificence and beauty: but many days are requisite to see the whole building. It is a mountain of architecture, and the eye can take in, at once, nothing but a small fragment. All that human labor and

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human genius can expend upon a work of art—painting, sculpture and every other species of ornament—are here lavished with a richness and profusion characteristic of an edifice constructed at the expense of the whole Christian world. The walls glitter with mosaics, costly marbles, gems and gold. The great dome rises like heaven above your head. The long nave, or central aisle, stretches out before you an eighth of a mile in length. Immense arches open on every side, and lead the eye off into recesses of unknown extent. Everything adds to the general impression of overpowering grandeur and sublimity. The world will never see another structure like this!

In the midst of an immense crowd the Pope was brought into church on a litter, supported on men's shoulders. A lofty canopy was held over his head, and on each side of him was carried an enormous fan of ostrich feathers. He was a little decrepit-looking old man, with a benevolent expression of countenance. After going through various ceremonies, he was carried into the balcony in the front of the church, where he pronounced a blessing on the multitude below, who all fell upon their knees. At night the church was illuminated, the great dome being covered with lamps, and looking like a mountain of fire.

On ascending to the roof of the church I almost imagined myself among the streets below. Long rows of domes extended right and left, which cannot be seen from below; such is the enormous extent of the building. Workshops and dwelling-houses were built there for the masons and carpenters, who find constant employment in repairing damages and keeping the roof in order. There is even a fountain of water constantly running here. It is quite a town up in the air. Formerly the dome suffered much by lightning, but since the erection of lightning-rods it has never been struck.

Next to St. Peter's, in interest, is the great ruin of the Coliseum, that enormous edifice, which could contain 80,000 spectators, besides the area in the centre where wild beasts were hunted, and where gladiators killed each other, for the amusement of the Roman populace. These walls are now overgrown with weeds and flowers, lonely and desolate. During the day they resound only with the notes of the birds who nestle among the stones, and in the night you may hear the owls hooting out of their dark recesses. Travellers visit it by moonlight, when the spectacle is very solemn and striking. For a great distance around this building are scattered the ruins of the palaces of the Roman emperors, triumphal arches, baths, theatres and gigantic structures, that fill us with amazement in the contemplation of the ancient splendors of the city. While I sat on a broken column, among the ruins of Nero's golden palace, a fox peeped out from a crumbling arch, and, fixing his sharp eyes on me for a minute, gave a whisk with his tail and bounded off across a bed of artichokes which a gardener was cultivating on the Palatine Hill. The poor man complained that he had lost all his chickens by the depredations of these marauders.

Everybody has heard of the Vatican. This is an immense palace adjoining St. Peter's, formerly the residence of the Pope, and now famous for its pictures and statues. I hardly knew which of the two struck me with the greater astonishment—St. Peter's, with its stupendous architecture and gorgeous embellishments, or the Vatican, with its endless treasures of art. Gallery, hall and saloon open upon you, one after another, till there seems literally to be no end of statues, vases and columns of precious marble and porphyry. Beautiful foun-

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tains of water are playing in the pavilions, and long vistas of sculpture carry the eye a quarter of a mile in length. The apartments amount to many thousands: the wonder is that any man ever undertook to count them. All description of this place seems an utterly vain attempt. It is realizing the dreams of fairy splendor to wander over it.

After the ceremonies of the Holy Week are over, strangers generally leave the city, and Rome becomes a quiet place. There is little traffic or industry here, although the population is nearly double that of Boston. No rattling of carts over the pavements, no throng of busy passengers in the streets, give tokens of active business. The shopkeepers sit idly at their counters, and look as if a customer would astonish them. Two or three little feluccas lie at a landing-place in the Tiber, unloading coffee and sugar from Marseilles, and this is all that looks like commerce. Rome has nothing to export but rags and *pozzolana*, or volcanic sand, which, mixed with lime, forms the composition known as Roman cement. At sunset the genteel classes ride out in their carriages to the gardens in the neighborhood of the city, and this gives some appearance of life to the place at that time. But far the greater part of the day the streets are lonely and still. The shopkeepers close their doors after dinner and go to sleep.

Rome is full of splendid palaces and churches, profusely and magnificently adorned with pictures, sculptures, precious stones, gilding, and every other sort of embellishment. The shrines of the saints are very curious. They are covered all over with votive offerings from persons who have been sick or have escaped from accidents. If a man is in danger of drowning, or is run over by a horse, or gets a bang on the shin, or has a sore finger, he makes a vow to his favorite saint, and, after his escape or recovery, gives him a present of a little silver ship, or leg, or finger, which is stuck up in the church as a memento of the saint's intercession and the man's gratitude. In this manner you may see the walls of a church covered, for many yards square, with silver legs, toes, arms, hands, fingers, hearts, ears, noses, and nobody knows what else. A traveller unacquainted with the fact might take them for hieroglyphics. All sorts of rich offerings are made to these shrines. I have seen the figure of a saint in a glass case completely covered with gold watches, rings, bracelets, necklaces, &c. When the saint finds himself so overloaded with ornaments as to leave no room for any more, he allows himself to be stripped. The watches and jewels are sold, and the shrine is open for new presents. It is easy to see how, in a long course of years, this practice, and others similar, have brought into the treasury of the church that abundance of wealth which has been lavished upon the magnificent edifices of this country. The votive offerings above described are so numerous and constant that the silversmiths have always for sale, heads, legs, hearts, arms, &c., of all sizes, to suit the customer as to wealth or devotion. Sometimes the offering is accompanied with a painting descriptive of the event commemorated; and you see a portion of the church walls covered with the oddest pictures in the world. A man is tumbling down a ladder; another is run over by a carriage; another is knocked on the head with a club; another is kicked by a horse; another is running for life, with a mad bull at his heels; another is sick abed, with a most alarming array of doctors and apothecaries around him, &c.

Fountains are abundant throughout the city: and it is most agreeable, in the hot weather which prevails here for the

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greater part of the year, to hear the murmur and bubbling of the rills and jets of water which adorn every street. When we consider the enormous sums of money which the ancient Romans expended upon their aqueducts, and behold the immense lines of arches that stretch across the country, we cannot be surprised that the modern city is better supplied with water than any other place in the world. It is brought from a great distance, as the water in the neighborhood is very bad. In one of my rambles, a few miles from the city, I passed a stream running into the Tiber, which appeared almost as white as milk, and had a strong smell of sulphur. All the country round here is of volcanic origin; yet there has been no eruption or appearance of subterranean fire within the memory of man.

Rome is a fine residence for a person with a small income, no business to do, and the wish to get as much as possible for his money. House-rent is as low as one can reasonably desire. You may lodge in a palace with galleries paved with marble and the walls covered with the finest paintings; for the Roman nobles are poor and proud; they will not sell their palaces or pictures, even though threatened with starvation; but they let their best rooms to lodgers, and live in the garrets. In all Rome I saw but one new house:—a sure sign of the low value of real estate. The markets are cheap; clothing costs about half what it does in America. The people have some queer ways in buying and selling. Many things sell by the pound, which we never think of putting into scales: apples, cherries, green peas, firewood, charcoal, &c. I inquired as to a pair of woollen stockings at a shop, and the goods were weighed before I could be told the price. I bespoke a pair of boots, and calling one day to see if they were done, I found the shoemaker at work upon them, but the leather had never been colored. "Body of Bacchus!" said I—for that is the current Roman exclamation—"I don't want yellow boots, Signior Lapstonaccia!" I was surprised, however, to be told that the Roman cobblers always made the shoes first and colored the leather afterwards.

The greater part of the *campagna* or open country about the city is kept waste by the *malaria* or unwholesome air of summer. What is the cause or nature of this noxious vapor, no one has yet been able to discover. The soil is perfectly dry, and there is no marshy land or stagnant water in the neighborhood which can impart unhealthy moisture to the atmosphere. The sky is beautifully clear in almost every season, and each breeze that blows seems to savor of nothing but balmy purity. Nevertheless, the country for miles is uninhabitable, and shows a desolate plain, with a field of wheat here and there, or a few scattered willow trees and thickets of bramble. Shepherds feed their flocks among the ruins during the healthy season; but there are no villages till you come to the hills of Albano, Frascati and Tivoli, in which neighborhood the Romans have their country seats.

The malaria also infests the city, particularly the ruinous portion. Strangers seldom pass the summer in Rome on this account, although I was told there is no danger of sickness for any one who does not go out at night, and takes care to sleep with the windows shut. The unhealthy season is from June to September. During the remaining months Rome is thought to be as healthy as any spot in the world. The winter is delightful, being mostly like the finest October weather in New England.

I could fill a book with stories about this wonderful place; but the brief space allotted to me makes it necessary to pass on in my story.

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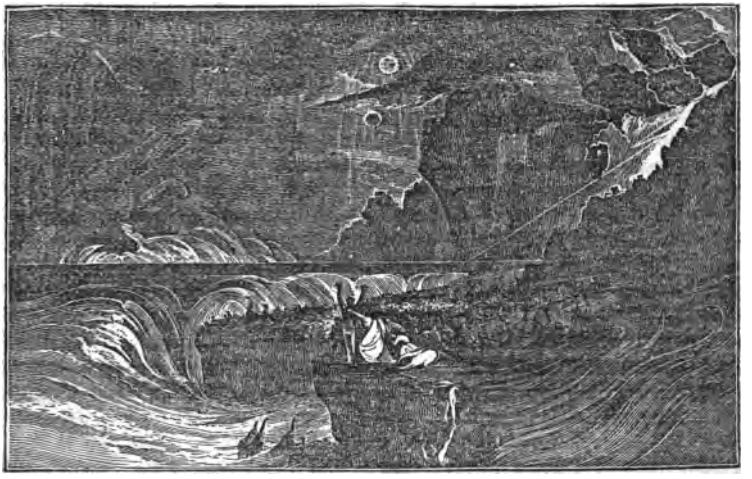

The Deluge.

THIS event, described in the sixth and seventh chapters of Genesis, is one of the most wonderful that is recorded in the history of the world. It was a judgment sent upon the earth by the Almighty, in consequence of the great wickedness of mankind. His purpose was to destroy not man only, but the animal tribes, except a pair of each species, so as to repeople the earth, after having thus set before the world, for all future time, a fearful warning against disobedience of his commands.

This great catastrophe occurred 1656 years after the creation, and more than 4000 years ago. We have not only the testimony of the Bible to assure us that this event actually occurred, but most nations, particularly those of high antiquity, have either historical records or traditions of such an occurrence. The account given of it in Genesis is one of the finest pieces of description that has ever been penned; but it is very general, and gives us few details, or minute incidents. Yet the imagination can easily portray many affecting scenes that must have been witnessed in the fearful overthrow of the great human family.

Noah, who was a good and wise man, was forewarned of the coming destruction, and, by the command of God, he built an ark, of vast dimensions, and which cost him the labor of a hundred years. It was a sort of bark, being shaped somewhat like a chest or trunk. It was larger than the largest vessels of modern times. It is a large ship that measures a thousand tons, yet Noah's ark measured forty-two thousand tons!

Into this ark Noah collected his family, and a pair of each kind of bird, each kind of quadruped, and each kind of reptile. Under the guidance of the Almighty, this vessel and its numerous inhabitants floated safely on the water for a whole year. Here they were fed, and here the lion was made to lie down with the kid. When, at last, the waters had subsided, and the ark rested upon the land, then they all came forth.

This story of Noah and his family is

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not only interesting as a wonderful piece of history, but it conveys to us an important lesson. It teaches us that wisdom is imparted to the children of God, which is not enjoyed by the wicked; that there is an ark of safety provided for the true believer, while the scoffer is left to work out his own destruction.

ANECDOTE.—On Saturday last, says the Philadelphia North American, Lord Morpeth visited the Philadelphia Alms-House, Blockley. Considerable anxiety was manifested among the inmates to obtain a sight of the distinguished stranger. After he had departed, a little boy, the son of Mr. S——, who was present, remarked to his mother that "he did not know that there were two Lords—he thought there was but one, who lived up in the sky."

A Page for Little Readers.

ONE of my young black-eyed friends, who has just learned to read, has asked me to give some simple stories, in the fashion of Peter Parley. I have promised to comply with this, and therefore give two pieces from "PARLEY'S PICTURE BOOK," a little volume full of pictures and stories, which may be found in the bookstores.

BOYS AT PLAY.

HERE are three boys at play. Each boy has a hoop, which he strikes with a stick, and it rolls along. It is very pleasant to roll a hoop. If you strike it hard, it flies along very fast, and you must run with all your might to catch it.

You must take care not to drive your hoop among horses. I once knew a little boy playing with his hoop in a street. A horse was coming along, but the boy was looking at his hoop, and he did not see the horse. His hoop rolled close to the horse's fore feet, and the boy ran after it.

The horse was going fast, and he struck the boy with his foot. The boy fell down, and the horse stepped on his leg. The poor boy's leg was broken, and it was many weeks before he got well.

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THE GIRL AND KITTEN.

"Come, pretty Kit, come, learn to read;
Here with me sit; you must indeed.
Not know your letters! fie, fie! for shame!
The book I 'll hold; come! spell your name!
Now try to say K I T, Kit;
For you may play where you think fit,
Upon the bed, or on the tree,
When you have said your A B C."
' T was snug and warm in Mary's lap,
So pussy thought she'd take a nap.
She went to sleep,—the lazy elf!
And Mary read the book herself.
She learned to read, she learned to spell,
And said her lesson very well.
And now, my little reader, say,
If you from books will turn away,
And be like Kit, an idle thing,—
Now catch a mouse, now twirl a string;
Or will you learn to read and spell,
And say your lessons very well?

Varieties.

Musical Dialogue.—"*Major*," said a *minor* to an elderly gentleman, "I must say your speech to-day was very *flat*." "That," said the major, "is very *sharp for a minor*."

Singular, not plural.—The mayor of a small town in England, thinking that the word *clause* was in the plural number, always talked of the last *claw* of parliament.

A Dutchman.—A Dutchman was seen one day bidding an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and gave as a reason, "Dat ash he loffd to rise early, he had nothing to do but bull the string, and he could wake himself."

Long Bills.—Gentlemen of the medical profession in London are said to be called *snipes*, from the unconscionable length of their bills.

Poetry and Prose.—"I say, Pomp, wat be de diffrence 'ween *poetry* and de wat you call *plank verse?*"

"Why, I gib you something, Sip, I think will be lustratious of de subject:

'Go down to mill-dam
And fall down slam'—

dat be *poetry;* but

'Go down to mill-dam,
And fall down whapp'—

dat be *blank verse*."

Good.—"Bill, lend us your knife." "Can't; have n't got any; besides, want to use it myself."

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WIT.—Three gentlemen meeting to sup at a hotel, one of them wished for partridges. A brace was accordingly brought, and set upon the table, which he accordingly began to carve. He deliberately took one of them upon his own plate, leaving the other one for his two friends. "Hold!" cried one of them; "that is not fair!" "Perfectly fair, I think," said the gentleman; "there is one for *you* two, and here is one for *me* too."

To my Correspondents.

ALMOST every person has some trouble, real or imaginary. I have seen a story of a philosopher who travelled over the world in search of a person who was perfectly happy. He visited the halls of the rich and the hovels of the poor, and everywhere found each individual afflicted with some rooted sorrow, care, or vexation. At last, as he was about giving up the search in despair, he fell in with a shepherd who seemed perfectly free from every evil. He had a pleasing wife, lovely children, a competent support, and good health. What could he desire beside?

"Nothing—nothing," said the philosopher; but when he asked the shepherd if he was happy—"Alas! alas!" said the man; "I am far from it. There is a black sheep in my flock that is forever running off and leading the rest astray. While I am awake, that black sheep is the torment of my life; and when asleep, it disturbs my dreams!"

It is said that Sir Walter Scott was talking on this subject, one day, with some gentlemen—he contending that no one was perfectly happy, and they maintaining the reverse—when a half-witted fellow, whom they knew, came up. It was agreed to settle the question by appealing to him.

"Good day to ye, Sawney!" said Sir Walter. "Good day," said Sawney, in reply. "Well now, Sawney," said Sir Walter, "how does the world use you?"

"Well—well, your honor."

"Have ye plenty to eat?"

"Yes."

"And to drink?"

"Yes."

"Good clothes?"

"Yes."

"Then you have nothing to trouble you?"

"No—nothing but the bubly Jock," (a cock-turkey.)

"Ah, what of the bubly Jock?"

"Oh, he is always running after me; night or day, asleep or awake, I can always see him—gobble, gobble!"

"There!" said Sir Walter to the gentlemen; "the decision is in my favor. This poor simpleton, though he is provided with every comfort, is still beset by a tormentor. It matters not that it is invisible—that it exists only in his fancy—it is to him a real bubly Jock, and as truly disturbs his peace as if it were a thing of flesh, and strutted forth in feathers."

And now I must tell of my troubles. Perhaps you will laugh—but one thing that frequently makes me very fidgety, is an itching in the great toe of my wooden leg! If you think this nonsense, just ask any old soldier who has lost a limb, and he will tell you, if it is a foot or a hand, that he has all the sensations of heat or cold in the fingers or toes of the absent member, just as distinctly as if it was in its place and as sound as ever. This is no joke—it is a reality that you can easily verify.

Well, now, it seems to me that my lost foot is really where it used to be; and the worst of it is this, that, when it itches, I can't scratch it! It does no good to apply my fingers to the wooden stick, you know; this only reminds me

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of my misfortune, and brings on a fit of the blues. But there is one thing to be considered—there is medicine, if a person will seek it, for almost all diseases, whether real or fanciful; and, thanks to my young friends who write me letters, I find these very letters a pretty certain cure for the fidgets which I spoke of. When I sit down to read them, and find them full of kind and pleasant feelings, I readily forget the cares, the vexations—the dark weather of life, that beset even such a humble career as mine.

So much for the introduction—and now to business.

The following letter is very welcome. Can Harriet venture to tell us who the author of this capital riddle really is?

Newport, March 28, 1842.

FRIEND MERRY:

In looking over, a few days since, some old papers belonging to my father, I found the following riddle. My father informs me that it was written many years ago, by a school-boy of his, then about fifteen years old, and who now occupies a prominent place in the literary and scientific world. If you think it will serve to amuse your many black-eyed and blue-eyed readers, you will, by giving it a place in the Museum, much oblige a blue-eyed subscriber to, and a constant reader of, your valuable and interesting Magazine. HARRIET.

RIDDLE.

Take a word that 's much used,—'t is a masculine name,
That backward or forward doth spell just the same;
Then a verb used for dodging—a right it will claim
That backward or forward it spells just the same;
The form of an adjective, none can exclaim
That backward or forward it spells not the same;
Then a chief Turkish officer's title or name,
That backward or forward doth spell just the same;
The name of a liquor, its friends all will claim
That backward or forward is still just the same;
Then a word used for jest, or doth triumph proclaim,
That backward or forward still spells just the same;
Then a verb in the imperfect, which also doth claim
That backward or forward it spells just the same;
The name of a place which geographers fame,
That backward or forward doth still spell the same;
Then a very queer word, 't is a Spanish ship's name,
That backward or forward doth spell just the same;
Then a verb that 's well known, I refer to the same,
That, backward or forward spelt, makes but one name;
Then a name that is given to many a dame
That backward or forward still spells just the same.

A Set of initials the above will afford—
R-Ove through them in order, they form a droll word.
I L-eave you to solve it—'t will cure a disease;
De-Velop the riddle—'t will set you at ease.
D-Espair not, but hope; 't is easily guessed:
L-Ike etching on copper in gay colors dressed,
E-Tch it down on your hearts, and there let it rest.

Elizabeth Town, N. J., April 9, 1842.

DEAR SIR:

Though perhaps not so young as the generality of your admiring readers, I am confident that there can be none who are more delighted than myself with your works, and particularly your Museum, which is now being published. Of course, I was the more pleased when I noticed the addition of a "puzzle column," of which I am decidedly fond. I have solved with correctness all the puzzles that have appeared in your Museum, with the exception of Puzzle No. 5 in the April number, which so far passes my comprehension, that, after repeated endeavors after its solution, I have flattered myself that it is a hoax; but if it is not, I must confess it is the hardest puzzle I have seen for some time. Are not the following correct answers to the April puzzles?—No. 1, "Mother." No. 2, "Charles Dickens." No. 3, "Boston and Worcester Railroad." No. 4, "Prince de Joinville;" and Master Bare-Head's, "Massachusetts." I forward you an original puzzle, for which I do not profess any very extraordinary difficulty.

I am a name of 23 letters.

My 5th, 21st, 7th, 10th, 22d, is a Russian noble.

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My 17th, 18th, 20th, 20th, 12th, 2d, is a valuable metal.

My 1st, 10th, 15th, 16th, is a legal writing.

My 4th, 14th, 13th, 17th, 12th, is a pleasant amusement.

My 11th, 3d, 8th, is seen whenever it is not invisible.

My 2d, 12th, 21st, 4th, 12th, 2d, is what if all men were, the world would be happier.

My 19th, 12th, 7th, 7th, 23d, 9th, 19th, 6th, 9th, 12th, 6th, 19th, is the title of a justly celebrated periodical.

My 22d, 3d, 9th, 9th, 14th, 6th, is a street where my whole is found.

If you think the above worthy a place, you can publish it. You may hear from me again soon. My sheet is full, so I have but to subscribe myself, Very respectfully,

W. F. W.

Saturday, April 8, 1842.

DEAR SIR:

I have taken the liberty to send you this puzzle, which I suppose almost any of your readers can unravel.

I am a name of 13 letters.

My 1st, 5th, 6th, 4th, and 2d, is a girl's name.

My 3d, 5th, 10th, and 11th, is what every bird has.

My 9th, 6th, 4th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, is what physicians often use.

My 3d, 4th, 3d, and 5th, is a number.

My 11th, 5th, and 3d, is also a number.

My 13th, 8th, and 1st, is a color.

My whole is the name of a distinguished orator and statesman.

From a constant reader, who signs himself,

Respectfully yours,

ALEXIS.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have been trying my hand at puzzles since the reception of the April number of the Museum. I have guessed out No. 4, as you will see below. SARAH.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE NO. 4, IN THE APRIL NUMBER OF THE MUSEUM.

The first, the "*mechanic*," I doubt not a bit,
Is the *joiner*, well known by rustic and cit;
The second, a word highly prized by us all,
For all would be *loved*, whether great, whether small;
The third, Mr. Puzzler, a *pin*, I should *guess*,
For fastening a plank, or a fair lady's dress;
The fourth—let me see; I'll think in a trice—
I have it at last! it is very fine *rice*;
The fifth, it is said, "*is French for a city*,"—
Now that must be *ville*—how exceedingly pretty!
The sixth, and the last, it seems very clear,
Will never spell *Yankee*, but p-e-e-r.

Prince de Joinville.

Gloucester, April, 1842.

MR. MERRY:

I have found out the answers to the puzzles in the April number, as follows: 1st puzzle, the answer is, Mother; 2d, Charles Dickens; 3d, Boston and Worcester Railroad; 4th, Prince de Joinville; 5th, ————; 6th, Massachusetts. And now, Mr. Merry, I take the liberty to send you one, which, if you think worthy, I should like to have you publish in your Magazine, and oblige

YOUR BLUE-EYED FRIEND,

F. W. C.

I am a sentence of 11 letters.

My 6th, 4th, 7th, and 8th, is a fruit.
My 1st, 10th, 7th, and 3d, is used for fuel.
My 11th, 2d, 9th, and 9th, is a loud screech.
My 2d, 7th, and 3d, is what every one does.
My 9th, 4th, 7th, and 1st, is a long stride.
My 1st and 7th is an abbreviation for father.
My 3d, 7th, 6th, 10th, and 8th, is a small light.
My 4th, 7th, 5th, and 9th, is a person of rank.
My whole has written many interesting books.

DEAR SIR:

My little daughter has handed me the following puzzle to send to you for your next number, which please insert, and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

My 8th, 2d, 9th, 19th, 24th, 4th, was a celebrated English poet.

My 3d, 26th, 14th, 16th, 27th, is one of the elements.

My 21st, 11th, 6th, 7th, 26th, 8th, exists only in imagination.

My 14th, 9th, 10th, 5th, 19th, is a gaudy flower.

My 4th, 11th, 20th, 13th, 17th, 16th, 26th, 9th, was a Swiss philosopher.

My 19th, 1st, 5th, 22d, is various in form and expression.

My 9th, 15th, 28th, 26th, 14th, is an article of extensive commerce.

My 12th, 13th, 9th, 4th, 19th, 24th, 27th, was strikingly exemplified in

My 4th, 7th, 8th, 1st, 26th, 4th, 6th, 14th, 1st, 16th, 14th, 15th, 5th, 4th, 6th.

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My 19th, 26th, 19th, 26th, 3d, is a foreign production.

My 14th, 16th, 23d, 10th, was a famous archer.

My 13th, 14th, 26th, 14th, 9th, 16th, is pale and motionless.

My 24th, 26th, 25th, 18th, 23d, is much used in one of the polite arts.

My 6th, 2d, 13th, 14th, 14th, 1st, 2d, 9th, 26th, 8th, 8th, 2d, 22d, 6th, asks your opinion of my whole.

Philadelphia, April 6, 1842.

MR. MERRY:

You will pardon the liberty that one of your juvenile admirers has taken, by sending you a puzzle for your invaluable Museum. The subject is one that you are very familiar with, and as I have but just made it my subject, perhaps full justice may not have been done to its character. I have at least tried to make the best of it. ELIZABETH.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 4th, 8th, 6th, is the retreat of a wild beast.

My 9th, 2d, 4th, is the name of the Creator.

My 4th, 2d, 5th, is a female deer.

My 6th, 8th, 4th, is a nickname for a boy.

My 3d, 2d, 8th, is what cloth is made from.

My 1st, 3d, 5th, is a scripture denunciation.

My 7th, 5th, 9th, is a part of the human frame.

My 9th, 2d, 9th, is a record kept by seamen.

My 2d, 4th, 8th, is a piece of poetry.

My 4th, 3d, 6th, is a Spanish title.

My 4th, 2d, 9th, is a sagacious animal.

My 9th, 8th, 7th, 6th, is a romantic spot.

My 6th, 3d, 4th, is where Adam's first son went and dwelt.

My 7th, 8th, 6th, 4th, is an act of friendship.

My 4th, 3d, 1st, 6th, is an article of commerce.

My 9th, 3d, 1st, 6th, is a female dress.

My 9th, 2d, 1st, 8th, 6th, is a Scottish name for a small flower.

My 8th, 4th, 5th, 6th, is the first spot inhabited by human beings.

My 9th, 3d, 2d, 4th, is what all people should be.

My whole is what my friend Robert Merry has found very useful to himself in moving through the world.

Utica, April 9, 1842.

MR. MERRY:

I am a subscriber to your Museum, and have been very much pleased with it. I write to let you know that I wish very much to have you continue the story of Philip Brusque. I wish to know whether the people lived contented under the government of M. Bonfils, and if they ever got away from the island. I live at Utica, and was much pleased with the account of your visit to this place thirty-five years ago.

FROM A BLUE-EYED FRIEND,
SAMUEL L********.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

If it is not too much trouble, I should like to know what became of Brusque, and if Mr. Bonfils made a good king. With some assistance, I have found out the answers to three of those puzzles which were in the last Magazine. The first is MOTHER, the second CHARLES DICKENS, and the fourth PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

If the following be worthy a place in your Magazine, by inserting it you will oblige

A NEW HAMPSHIRE BOY.

I am a name of 11 letters.

My 10th, 11th, 8th, is a useful grain.

My 3d, 4th, 8th, is an industrious insect.

My 1st, 2d, 7th, 4th, is an ancient city.

My 6th, 2d, 5th, 11th, is a name often given to a royalist in the Revolution.

My 9th, 2d, 3d, 3d, 4th, 5th, is a bad man.

My whole, Mr. Merry, you know better than I do.

I offer my best thanks for the letters from the following friends: "One of your blue-eyed readers in New York;" "A little subscriber in Canandaigua," whom I shall always be happy to hear from; E. D. H——s, of Saugus; C. W., of Millbury; C. A. S. and L. B. S., of Sandwich; L. W——e, and W. B. W——e; and "A Subscriber."

S. L.'s letter about the postage, dated Utica, April 22, was duly received.

H. E. M. thinks that Puzzle No. 5, in the April number, is either a hoax, or that the solution is NANTUCKET. We think it is a little of both: that is, that our friend who sent it to us intended it for Nantucket; but about that time it was "all fools day," and the unlucky types of the printer seem to have made a very good puzzle, as sent to us, into "an April fool."

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ROBERT MERRY'S

MUSEUM.

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH,

AUTHOR OF PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

VOLUME IV.

BOSTON:

BRADBURY, SODEN, & CO.,

No. 10 School Street, and 127 Nassau Street, New York.

1842.

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KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 1.

The Sense of Taste.

The tongue, which has so much to do with talking, has a good deal to do with tasting. It is indeed one of the chief instruments by which the sensation of taste is experienced. The palate is also another organ of importance in the perception of taste.

The tongue is always moistened with saliva, which instantly dissolves the surface of anything that is put into the mouth. Some portion of the particles being taken upon the tongue, this latter is pressed against the roof of the mouth, thus bringing them in contact

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with the nerves which coat the surface of the mouth and palate. It is by means of these nerves that the qualities of substances are perceived and the sensation which we call taste is excited.

It will be perceived that the saliva of the mouth is one great cause of all taste. When the tongue is rendered dry by disease, or any other circumstance, the sense of taste is either imperfect or lost. The pressure of the tongue against the surface of the mouth seems also to be important in producing the sense of taste; for if you put anything into your mouth, and hold it open, the sensation is hardly produced. It is from the effect of this pressure that the act of chewing and swallowing gives us so much pleasure.

There is a great difference in people, as to the degree of perfection in which they possess this sense; for in some, it is very blunt, while in others, it is very acute. There is a difference also as to the things that people like. Some are fond of cheese, and others cannot endure it. The Esquimaux are delighted with the flavor of blubber oil; the Indians of Guiana feast upon monkeys; the negroes of south-western Africa are fond of baked dogs; the Chinese eat rats, lizards and puppies; the French rank snails and frogs among their nicest tit-bits; yet all these things are revolting to us.

This diversity arises chiefly from custom and habit; for originally our perceptions are, no doubt, nearly the same. It is certainly so with animals; for every horse and every ox, in a natural state, eats or rejects the same species of food.

The word taste is frequently used in what is called a metaphorical sense, for the purpose of expressing the feelings of the mind. A person who loves poetry is said to have a taste for poetry; by which is meant that he has a mind which feels and appreciates the qualities of poetry, just as the tongue feels or appreciates the qualities of food.

It is in the same sense that we say, a person has a taste for painting, or music, or any other art. When we say a person has fine taste, we mean that his mental perceptions are very acute.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER IX.

Agreeably to their plan, the sable-hunters continued at the hut, following the game, day after day, with the greatest ardor. The forest proved to be very extensive, stretching out for miles upon both sides of a little river that flowed into the Lena. It was the depth of winter, and snow fell almost every day; yet they were seldom prevented from going forth by the weather. They were very successful in their hunting, and a day seldom passed in which they did not bring home some game. They killed several bears and wolves, and a great number of sables, ermines, martens, squirrels and lynxes.

In all their expeditions, Alexis was among the most active, persevering, and skilful of the party. It was a great object in obtaining the finer furs, to kill the animals without breaking the skin of the body. In this art, Alexis excelled; for he could shoot with such precision, as to bring down his game, by putting only a single shot through the head. But he was of an ardent temper, and sometimes his zeal led him into danger. One day, being at a distance from his party, he saw a silver fox, and he pursued him for several hours, entirely forgetting that he was separated from his friends, and wandering to a great distance, amid the mazes of the woods.

At last, in pursuing the fox, he entered a wild and rocky dell, where perpendic-

ular cliffs, fringed by cedars and hemlocks, frowned over the glen. Plunging into the place, which seemed like a vast cavern, he soon came near the object of his pursuit, and brought him to the ground. Before he had time to pick up his game, he saw a couple of sables peering through a crevice in a decayed oak that had rooted itself in the rocks above. Loading his gun, he fired, and the animals immediately disappeared within the cavity. Believing that they were killed, he clambered up the steep face of the precipice with great labor and no little danger. At length, he reached the foot of the tree which leaned from the cliff, over the dark valley beneath. Immediately he began to ascend it, hardly observing, in his eagerness, that it was rotten to the very root, and trembled throughout its whole extent, as he ascended.

Up he went, heedless of all but the game, until he reached the crevice, where two sables, of the largest kind, lay dead. He took them out, and, for the first time, looked beneath. He was touched with a momentary thrill of fear as he gazed down and perceived the gulf that yawned beneath him. At the same moment, he heard a crackling at the roots of the tree, and perceived a descending motion in the limbs to which he clung. He now knew that he was falling, and that, with the vast mass, he must descend into the valley beneath. The moment was almost too awful for thought: yet his mind turned to his father and sister, with a feeling of farewell, and a prayer to Heaven for his soul. How swift is the wing of thought in the moment of peril! He felt himself rushing downward through the air; he closed his eyes; there was a horrid crash in his ears, and he knew no more. The sound of the falling oak rung through the glen, and in the space of a few minutes the figure of a man, clothed in furs, was seen emerging from one of the caverns, at a little distance. He approached the spot where Alexis had fallen; but at first nothing was to be seen save the trunk of the tree, now completely imbedded in the snow. The man was about to turn away, when he saw the fox lying at a little distance, and then remarked one of the sables, also buried in the snow. Perceiving that the animal was warm, as if just killed, he looked around for the hunter. Not seeing him, the truth seemed at once to flash upon his mind; and he began to dig in the snow beneath the trunk of the tree. Throwing off his bear-skin coat and a huge wolf-skin cap, and seizing upon a broken limb of the tree, he labored with prodigious strength and zeal. A large excavation was soon made, and pretty soon he found the cap of Alexis. This increased his zeal, and he continued to dig with unabated ardor for more than an hour. Buried at the depth of eight feet in the snow, he found the young man, and with great labor took him out from the place in which he was imbedded, and which, but for this timely aid, had been his grave. The surface of the snow was so hard as to bear the man's weight, provided as he was with the huntsman's broad-soled shoes of skins. Still it was with great difficulty that he could carry Alexis forward. He, however, succeeded in bearing him to his cave. Here he had the satisfaction of soon finding that the youth was still alive; that he was indeed only stunned, and otherwise entirely unhurt. He soon awoke from his insensibility, and looking around, inquired where he was. "You are safe," said the stranger, "and in my castle, where no one will come to molest you. You are safe; and now tell me your name."

For a moment, Alexis was bewildered, and could not recollect his name, but after a little time, he said falteringly, "Pultova,—my name is Alexis Pultova."

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"Pultova!" said the stranger, with great interest; "are you of Warsaw—the son of Paul Pultova?"

"I am" was the reply.

"Yes," said the other, "you are, I see by your resemblance, you are the son of my noble friend, General Pultova. And what brought you here?"

"I am a hunter," said Alexis.

"Alas, alas," said the man, "and so it is with the brave, and the noble, and the chivalrous sons of poor stricken Poland: scattered over this desolate region of winter—this wild and lone Siberia—banished, forgotten, save only to be pursued, crushed by the vengeful heel of power. Oh God! O Heaven! how long will thy justice permit such cruelty toward those whose only crime is, that they loved their country too well?" Saying these words, the stranger's bosom heaved convulsively, the tears fell fast down his cheeks, and, as if ashamed of his emotion, he rushed out of the cavern.

Alexis was greatly moved, yet his curiosity was excited, and he began to look around to ascertain what all this might mean. He now, for the first time, recollected his fall from the tree. He perceived that he was in a lofty cavern, in which he saw a bed made of skins, a gun, and various other trappings belonging to a hunter. He justly concluded that he had been rescued by the stranger; and when he returned, as he did in a few minutes, he poured out his grateful thanks to him for saving his life.

The two now fell into conversation: and Alexis heard the details of his own rescue, as well as the story of the hunter. He was a Polish nobleman, who had taken part in the struggle for liberty, and who had also shared in the doom of those patriots who survived the issue. While they were conversing, they thought they heard sounds without, and going to the mouth of the cave, they perceived voices in the glen. Alexis soon recognised the piercing tones of Linsk, and immediately answered him. The old hunter, with his two sons, soon came up, and there was a hearty shaking of hands all round. The whole story was soon told, and the hunters were invited by the stranger into the cave.

The evening was now approaching, and Linsk, with his party, being pressed to spend the night at the cave, cheerfully accepted the request. A fire was soon kindled, a haunch of fat bear's meat was roasted, and the company sat down to their meal. There was for a time a good deal of hilarity; for, even in comfortless situations, a sense of deliverance from peril breaks into the heart, scattering with its brief sunshine the gloom that is around. So it was with the hunters, in the bosom of that dark cavern, and in that scene and season of winter; the laugh, the joke, and the story passed from one to the other. Even the stern and stony brow of the stranger relaxed at some of the droll remarks and odd phrases of Linsk, and unconsciously he became interested in the passing scene.

When Linsk had done ample justice to the meal, he hitched back a little from the circle which sat around, and, wiping his greasy lips and hands, using the sleeve of his wolf-skin coat instead of a pocket-handkerchief, he said, "Well, master Alexis, this jump of yours, from the top of a mountain into the middle of a valley, beats all the capers of that kind which I ever heard of; but as to your going eight feet into the snow, that's nothing. I once knew a fellow who spent a winter at Kamschatka, and he says that the snow falls there to such a depth as sometimes to cover up houses, He told one thumping story of what happened to himself."

"What was it?—tell it," was uttered by several voices. Thus invited, Linsk proceeded to relate the following tale.

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"The man I spoke of was one of your short, tough little runts, and very like a weasel—hard to catch, hard to kill, and worth very little when you've got him. I forget now what it was led him off to such a wild place as Kamschatka; but I believe it was because he was of a restless make, and so, being always moving, he finally got to the end of the world. Nor was this restlessness his only peculiarity—he was one of those people to whom something odd is always happening; for you know that there are folks to whom ill-luck sticks just as natural as a burr to a bear's jacket.

"Well, Nurly Nutt—for that was the young fellow's name—found himself one winter at Kamschatka. It was far to the north, where the sun goes down for six months at a time, and brandy freezes as hard as a stone. However, the people find a way to melt the brandy; and, by the rays of the moon, or the northern lights, which make it almost as light as day, they have their frolics, as well as other people.

"It chanced to be a hard winter, and the snow was very deep. However, the people tackled up their dogs, hitched them to their sledges, and cantered away over the snow like so many witches. Nurly was a great hand at a frolic, especially if the girls were of the mess; and he went on at such a rate as to become quite a favorite with the softer sex. But it so happened, that, just as the girls became eager to catch Nurly, he would n't be caught, you know—a thing that's very disobliging, though it's very much the way of the world.

"There was one black-eyed girl that particularly liked our little hero; and he liked her well enough, but still he would n't come to the point of making her an offer of his heart. Well, they went on flirting and frolicking for some time, and a great many moonlight rides they had over the snow-crust. Well, one night they were out with a party, skimming over the vast plain, when they came to a steep ridge, and the leader of the train of sledges must needs go over it. It was hard work for the dogs, but they scrabbled up one after another.

"Now Nurly and his little lass were behind all the rest, and, for some reason of their own, they were a good deal behind. However, they ascended the hill; but, as luck would have it, just as they got to the top, the sledge slipped aside, and tipped the pair over. The sledge went on, and all the more swiftly that the dogs had a lighter load; but down the hillside went Nurly and the girl, her arms around him, as if she had been a bear and he a cub. At last they came to the bottom with a terrible thump, the crust broke through, and in a moment they were precipitated down some five and twenty feet! Both were stunned; but soon recovering, they looked around. What was their amazement to find themselves in a street, and before a little church! Just by their side was an image of the Virgin!

"'What can it mean?' said Nurly.

"'It is a warning!' said the lass.

"'And what must we do?' said the other.

"'Why, Nurly, don't you understand?' replied the girl.

"'I'll be hanged if I do,' said the youth.

"'Shall I tell you?' said the girl.

"'Certainly,' said he.

"'Well, Nurly,' replied the lass, 'we have been a good deal together, and we like each other very well, and yet we go on, and nothing comes of it. We dance and ride, and ride and dance, and still nothing comes of it. Well, one night we go forth in the sledge; the train passes on; it courses over a hill. They all go safely. You and I alone meet with a miracle. We are hurled to the valley—we descend into a new world; a church is before us—we are alone—

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saving the presence of the blessed Virgin, and she smiles upon us.' The girl hesitated.

"'Go on,' said Nurly.

"'Well—the Virgin smiles—and here is a church—'

"'Well, and what of it—pray what does it all mean?' said the fellow.

"'You are as stupid as a block!' said the lass, weeping.

"'I can't help it,' said Nurly Nutt.

"'You can help it—you must help it!' replied the girl, smartly. 'We must make a vow. Take my hand and say after me.' He now obeyed.

"'We do here take a most holy vow, before the blessed Virgin, and at the door of the church, that we will love each other till death, and, as soon as we can find a priest, that we will mutually pledge our vows as man and wife, forever: and so may Heaven help us.'

"'Whew!' said Nurly; but at the same time he kissed his betrothed.

"They then began to look around. They saw a passage leading to some houses. They passed along, and there found a village all buried beneath the snow. There were paths dug out along the streets and from house to house. Here the people dwelt, as if nothing had happened. They had herds of deer, and plenty of bear's meat; and thus they lived till spring came to melt away the snow, and deliver them from their prison. Nurly and his little wife stayed in the village till spring, and then went to their friends. They had been given up as lost;—so there was great rejoicing when they got back. Nurly was laughed at a little for the advantage taken of his ignorance and surprise by the lass of the black eyes; but he was still content, for she made him a good little wife. He brought her all the way to Okotsk, and settled there. It was at that place I saw him, and heard the story. It sounds queer—but I believe it true."

When Linsk had done, the stranger made some remarks, alluding to his own history. Linsk, in a very respectful manner, begged him to state the adventures of which he spoke, and the man went on as follows:—

"I am a native of Poland. You see me here, clothed in skins, and a mere hunter like yourselves. I am but a man, and a very poor one, though the noblest blood of my country flows in my veins. I had a vast estate, situated almost thirty miles from Warsaw. I there became acquainted with a Russian princess, and loved her. My love was returned, and we vowed fidelity to each other for life. The revolution broke out, and I took an active part in it. My suit had been favored by the emperor before, but now I was informed that he frowned upon my hopes and wishes, and that he looked upon me with a special desire of vengeance. Twice was I assailed by ruffians in the streets of Warsaw, hired to take my life. In battle, I was repeatedly set upon by men, who had been offered large rewards if they would kill or capture me; but I escaped all these dangers.

"The princess whom I loved was in the Russian camp. I was one of a party who broke in, by a desperate assault, and surrounded the house where she dwelt. We took her captive, and carried her to Warsaw. She was offended, and would not see me. She contrived her escape; but I was near her all the time, even during her flight. As we were about to part, I made myself known to her, and asked her forgiveness. She wept, and leaned on my breast.

"Warsaw had that day fallen; the hopes of liberty had perished; Poland was conquered; the emperor was master over the lives and fortunes of the people, and too well did we know his cruel nature to have any other hope than that of the gallows, the dungeon, or Siberia.

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"I told these things to the princess. She heard me, and said she would share my fate. While we were speaking, a close carriage and six horses came near. It was night, but the moon was shining brightly. I perceived it to be the carriage of Nicholas, the emperor; but at the moment I recognised it, it was set upon by four men on horseback, who rushed out of an adjacent thicket. They were heavily armed, and, discharging their pistols, killed the postillion and one of the guard. There were but three of the emperor's men left, and these would have been quickly despatched, had I not dashed in, with my two attendants, to the rescue. One of the robbers was killed, and the others fled.

"Though Nicholas is harsh, he is no coward. He had just leaped from the carriage, when the ruffians had escaped. He was perfectly cool, and, turning to me, surveyed me for an instant. He had often seen me at court, and I think he recognised me. 'To whom do I owe my safety?' said he. 'To a rebel!' said I; and we parted.

"The carriage passed on. The princess had witnessed the whole scene, though she had not been observed by the emperor's party. I returned to her. She seemed to have changed her mind, and begged me to see her conducted to the emperor's camp. 'You are now safe,' said she. 'You have saved the Czar's life, and that insures you his forgiveness—his gratitude. I know him well. In matters of government he is severe; but in all personal things he is noble and generous. I will plead your cause, and I know I shall prevail. Your life, your fortune, your honor, are secure.'

"I adopted her views, though with much anxiety. I conducted her near to the Russian camp, and she was then taken in safety to the Czar's tent. Soon after, she went to St. Petersburgh, since which I have heard nothing of her. The judgment of the enraged emperor fell like a thunderbolt upon the insurgents of Poland. The blood of thousands was shed upon the scaffold. Thousands were shut up in dungeons, never more to see the light or breathe the air of heaven. Thousands more were banished to Siberia, and myself among the number. The emperor's hard heart knew no mercy. Here I am, and here, alone, am I resolved to die."

This story was told with such energy, and with an air so lofty and stern, as to make all the party afraid to speak. Soon after, the stranger left the cave for a short time, as if the thoughts excited by his narrative could not brook the confinement of the cavern. He soon returned, and all retired to rest. In the morning the hunters took leave, Alexis bearing with him a rich present of furs from the hermit, several of them the finest of sables. One of these was carefully rolled up, and Alexis was instructed in a whisper to see that, if possible, it should be sent to the princess Lodoiska! At the same time, he was told never to reveal the name and character of the stranger whom he had met, and was also requested to enjoin secrecy upon his companions.

Linsk and his party went back to their hut; and in a few weeks, having obtained a large amount of rich furs, they took advantage of the sledges of some Tungusians, going to Yakoutsk, and returned to that place, making a brisk and rapid journey of several hundred miles in a few days. Alexis little expected the news which awaited his arrival.

The following complimentary toast to the ladies was given at a railroad celebration in Pennsylvania: "Woman—the morning star of our youth; the day star of our manhood; the evening star of our old age. God bless our stars!"

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Hay-Making.

No part of the business of farming is more pleasant than hay-making. It is true, that to mow the grass, and make the hay in the broiling sun of July, is rather hard work; yet, after all, hay-makers are usually a cheerful, merry, frolicsome set of people.

There are few sounds more pleasant than those produced by the whetting of the mower's scythe. This proceeds from the ideas that are associated with it. It is then that the summer flowers are in full bloom; it is then that their sweet perfume is borne upon every breeze; it is then that the song of the boblink, the meadow-lark, the oriole, and the robin, is heard from every bush, and field, and tree.

When, therefore, we hear the ringing of the mower's scythe, ideas of the flowers, of their fair forms, and lovely hues, and delicious fragrance; of the birds, and their joyous minstrelsy, come thronging into the mind, thus producing very agreeable emotions.

Nor is this all—the hay-making season is a time when children can go forth to roam in freedom where they will; to chase the butterfly, or pluck the flowers, or dabble in the brook, or stoop down and drink from the rivulet, or sit at leisure beneath the cooling shade of the trees. It is a time when the poor are relieved from the pinches of Jack Frost; when the young are gay, and the old are cheerful. It is the time when people saunter forth at evening, and feel that they might live in the open air,—when the merry laugh is heard in the village, at sunset; when the notes of the flute steal through the valley, and many a musical sound comes down from the hill.

Hay-making, then, is a season of many pleasures, and the word brings to our minds, perhaps, more agreeable associations, than almost any other.

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Limby Lumpy;

OR, THE BOY WHO WAS SPOILED BY HIS MAMMA.

LIMBY LUMPY was the only son of his mamma. His father was called the "pavier's assistant;" for he was so large and heavy, that, when he used to walk through the streets, the men who were ramming the stones down, with a large wooden rammer, would say, "Please to walk over these stones, sir." And then the men would get a rest.

Limby was born on the 1st of April; I do not know how long ago; but, before he came into the world, such preparations were made! There was a beautiful cradle; and a bunch of coral, with bells on it; and lots of little caps; and a fine satin hat; and nice porringers for pap; and two nurses to take care of him. He was, too, to have a little chaise, when he grew big enough; after that, he was to have a donkey, and then a pony. In short, he was to have the moon for a plaything, if it could be got; and as to the stars, he would have had them, if they had not been too high to reach.

Limby made a rare to do when he was a little baby. But he never was a *little* baby—he was always a big baby; nay, he was a big baby till the day of his death.

"Baby Big," his mamma used to call him; he was "a noble baby," said his aunt; he was "a sweet baby," said old Mrs. Tomkins, the nurse; he was "a dear baby," said his papa,—and so he was, for he *cost* a good deal. He was "a darling baby," said his aunt, by the mother's side; "there never was such a fine child," said everybody, before the parents; when they were at another place, they called him "a great, ugly, fat child."

We call it polite in this world to say a thing to please people, although we think exactly the contrary. This is one of the things the philosopher Democrates, that you may have heard of, would have laughed at.

Limby was almost as broad as he was long. He had what some people call an open countenance; that is, one as broad as a full moon. He had what his mamma called beautiful auburn locks, but what other people said were carroty; —not before the mother, of course.

Limby had a flattish nose and a widish mouth, and his eyes were a little out of the right line. Poor little dear, he could not help that, and, therefore, it was not right to laugh at him.

Everybody, however, laughed to see him eat his pap; for he would not be fed with the patent silver pap-spoon which his father bought him; but used to lay himself flat on his back, and seize the pap-boat with both hands, and never let go of it till its contents were fairly in his dear little stomach.

So Limby grew bigger and bigger every day, till at last he could scarcely draw his breath, and was very ill; so his mother sent for three apothecaries and two physicians, who looked at him,—told his mamma there were no hopes; the poor child was dying of over-feeding. The physicians, however, prescribed for him—a dose of castor oil!

His mamma attempted to give him the castor oil; but Limby, although he liked sugar plums, and cordial, and pap, and sweetbread, and oysters, and other things nicely dished up, had no fancy for castor oil, and struggled, and kicked, and fought, every time his nurse or mamma attempted to give it to him.

"Limby, my darling boy," said his mamma, "my sweet cherub, my only dearest, do take the oily poily—there 's a ducky, deary—and it shall ride in a coachy poachy."

"Oh! the dear baby," said the nurse,

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"take it for nursey. It will take it for nursey—that it will."

The nurse had got the oil in a silver medicine-spoon, so contrived, that if you could get it into the child's mouth the medicine must go down. Limby, however, took care that no spoon should go into his mouth; and, when the nurse tried the experiment for the nineteenth time, he gave a plunge and a kick, and sent the spoon up to the ceiling, knocked off nurse's spectacles, upset the table on which all the bottles and glasses were, and came down whack on the floor.

His mother picked him up, clasped him to her breast, and almost smothered him with kisses. "Oh! my dear boy," said she, "it shan't take the nasty oil—it won't take it, the darling;—naughty nurse to hurt baby: it shall not take nasty physic;" and then she kissed him again.

Poor Limby, although only two years old, knew what he was at—he was trying to get the mastery of his mamma; he felt that he had gained his point, and gave another kick and a squall, at the same time planting a blow on his mother's eye.

"Dear little creature," said she, "he is in a state of high convulsions and fever—he will never recover!"

But Limby did recover, and in a few days was running about the house, and the master of it; there was nobody to be considered, nobody to be consulted, nobody to be attended to, but Limby Lumpy.

Limby grew up big and strong; he had everything his own way. One day, when he was at dinner with his father and mother, perched upon an arm chair, with his silver knife and fork, and silver mug to drink from, he amused himself by playing drums on his plate with the mug.

"Don't make that noise, Limby, my dear," said his father. "Dear little lamb," said his mother, "let him amuse himself. Limby have some pudding?"

"No; Limby no pudding—drum! drum! drum!"

"A piece of pudding was, however, put on Limby's plate, but he kept on drumming as before. At last he drummed the bottom of the mug into the soft pudding, to which it stuck, and by which means it was scattered all over the carpet.

"Limby, my darling!" said his mother; and the servant was called to wipe Limby's mug, and pick the pudding up from the floor. Limby would not have his mug wiped, and floundered about, and upset the castors and the mustard on the table-cloth.

"Oh! Limby Lumpy;—naughty boy," said his father.

"Don't speak so cross to the child;—he is but a child," said his mother: "I do not like to hear you speak so cross to the child."

"I tell you what it is," said his father, "I think the boy does as he likes; but I do not want to interfere."

Limby now sat still, resolving what to do next. He was not hungry, having been stuffed with a large piece of pound cake about an hour before dinner; but he wanted something to do, and could not sit still.

Presently a saddle of mutton was brought on the table. When Limby saw this he set up a crow of delight. "Limby ride," said he, "Limby ride;" and rose up in his chair, as if to reach the dish.

"Yes, my ducky, it shall have some mutton," said his mamma; and immediately gave him a slice, cut up into small morsels. That was not it. Limby pushed that unto the floor, and cried out, "Limby on meat! Limby on meat!"

His mamma could not think what he meant. At last, however, his father recollected that he had been in the habit

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of giving him a ride occasionally, first on his foot, sometimes on the scroll end of the sofa, at other times on the top of the easy chair. Once he put him on a dog, and more than once on the saddle; in short, he had been in the habit of perching him on various things; and now Limby, hearing this was a *saddle* of mutton, wanted to take a ride on it.

"Limby on—Limby ride on bone," said the child, in a whimper.

"Did you *ever hear?*" said the father.

"What an extraordinary child!" said the mother; "how clever to know it was like a saddle—the little dear. No, no, Limby—grease frock, Limby!"

But Limby cared nothing about a greasy frock, not he—he was used enough to that; and therefore roared out more lustily for a ride on the mutton.

"Did you ever know such a child? What a dear, determined spirit!"

"He is a child of an uncommon mind," said his mother. "Limby, dear—Limby, dear—silence! silence!"

The truth was, Limby made such a roaring, that neither father or mother could get their dinners, and scarcely knew whether they were eating beef or mutton.

"It is impossible to let him ride on the mutton," said his father: "quite impossible!"

"Well, but you might just put him astride the dish, just to satisfy him; you can take care his legs or clothes do not go into the gravy."

"Anything for a quiet life," said the father. "What does Limby want?—Limby ride?"

"Limby on bone!—Limby on meat!"

"Shall I put him across?" said Mr. Lumpy.

"Just for one moment," said his mamma: "it won't hurt the mutton."

The father rose, and took Limby from his chair, and, with the greatest caution, held his son's legs astride, so that they might hang on each side of the dish without touching it; "just to satisfy him," as he said, "that they might dine in quiet," and was about to withdraw him from it immediately. But Limby was not to be cheated in that way—he wished to feel the saddle under him, and accordingly forced himself down upon it; but feeling it rather warmer than was agreeable, started, lost his balance, and fell down among the dishes, soused in melted butter, cauliflower, and gravy—floundering, and kicking, and screaming, to the detriment of glasses, jugs, dishes, and everything else on the table.

"My child! my child!" said his mamma; "oh! save my child!"

She snatched him up, and pressed his begreased garments close to the bosom of her best silk gown.

Neither father nor mother wanted any more dinner after this. As to Limby, he was as frisky afterwards as if nothing had happened; and, about half an hour from the time of this disaster, *cried for his dinner.—Martin's Holiday Book.*

Lime.

Lime, in combination with the acids, is applied to a great number of useful purposes. It is employed in making mortar for building; by the farmer as a manure; also by bleachers, tanners, sugar-bakers, and others; it is used also in medicine.

In agriculture, it is used for its properties of hastening the dissolution and putrefaction of all animal and vegetable matters, and of imparting to the soil the powers of imbibing and retaining moisture necessary for the nourishment and vigorous growth of plants.

In tanning leather, it is used to dissolve the gelatinous part of the skin, and to facilitate the removal of the hair, for which purpose the hides are immersed in a solution of lime.

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In refining sugar, it is used to destroy a certain acid, which would else prevent the crystallization of the sugar.

In the manufacture of soap, it is mixed with the alkali, in order to deprive it of its carbonic acid, to render it caustic, and by this means fit it to combine with the oil or tallow, which is thereby converted into soap.

In the manufacture of glue, lime is used to prevent its becoming flexible by the absorption of moisture, and to add to its strength.

The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXII.

Journey to Florence.—Face of the country.—Narni.—A thunder-storm among the Appenines.—Strange method of stilling a tempest.—Crossing the mountains.—Spoleto.—The Clitumnus.—Foligno.—A town shaken by an earthquake.—Perugia.—The battle of Thrasymenus.—Tuscany.—The Italian Yankees.—Florence.—Beauty of the city.—Manners of the people.

On the morning of the 18th of May, I left Rome for Florence. The coachman pays all expenses of meals and lodging on the road, which secures the passengers from the impositions of the innkeepers, who will generally make the most exorbitant charges when they get a traveller in their power. My companions were a couple of jolly Italian priests; a young Frenchman, full of *harum scarum* liveliness; a grave old Polander, and a Roman country girl. The sun rose gloriously over the Appenines as we left the city behind us, and the soft, balmy breeze of the morning seemed to give life and freshness to everything. The lofty peaks of the Appenines, however, were covered with snow. After leaving the desert level of the Campagna, we came to a delightful country of green meadows, interspersed with fields of wheat, and long ridges of blue mountains at a distance. People were mowing in the field: and the patches of wheat were curiously spotted over with red poppies. Beyond this the country became still more beautifully picturesque. Several old towers, with crumbling ruins and grass-grown walls, added to the variety and interest of the landscape. As we approached the Appenines, the country grew wilder, but everywhere exhibited a succession of enchanting views. There appeared little cultivation: the trees were chiefly olive and ilex. The mountains were covered with trees of a stunted growth.

On the afternoon of the second day we stopped at Narni, a village standing on a high rocky cliff, overlooking the vale of Terni. From the window of our inn, as I looked up the valley, I discerned a black thunder-cloud gathering on the mountains, and advised our driver not to go forward for the present. Presently the cloud began to roll down the valley toward us, spreading out its dark folds so as to fill the whole extent of the vale. I contemplated the approach of this mountain giant with feelings of sublimity and awe. The air, which at first had been in a dead calm and burning heat, now began to move, with cool breezes, which rapidly increased to a furious gale. In the midst of the tempest I was struck with a noise of what I supposed to be a clap of thunder, but which exactly resembled the report of a musket. Presently another, and another, and another, like a running fire of musketry, caused me to doubt whether it was really thunder. Casting my eyes up the steep sides of the crag on which the town is built, I saw muskets popping out and firing from the windows of every house. "What is the meaning of this?" asked I of a little boy who stood by. "To break the gale," he replied. "See how

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it blows:—in a minute or two the wind will all go down." Sure enough, in a few minutes the wind ceased, and a tremendous shower of rain, with thunder and lightning, followed; after which the clouds swept off, and all was clear and serene.

The villagers informed me that this was always done at the approach of a thunder-cloud; and that their guns never failed to break the storm and bring down rain. Strange as this may appear, it is easily explained. The explosion of firearms has the effect of thunder in giving a shock or electrical impulse to the air, and condensing the vapor into rain. There is no doubt that many of our dry storms might be converted into copious showers by the firing of cannon.

Our road now led us among the most savage and rugged portion of the Appenines. The ascent in many places was so steep that we took oxen at the country houses to assist our horses in dragging the carriage up the hills. Our conductor told us of a robbery that, a week before, had been committed here upon a company of English travellers. We also took notice of the crosses and piles of stones set up here and there, where murders had been committed. These would not be thought very comfortable things to amuse a traveller among the wild and lonely mountains. Towards night we met a company of malefactors, in chains, guarded by a file of soldiers. All these things gave a touch of romance to our travelling. But we passed the time very agreeably. The priests were saying their prayers and cracking jokes alternately, so that it was hard to tell whether they were most devout or waggish. That night we slept at a lonely house up in the mountains. We were not disturbed by robbers, and I was lulled to sleep by the song of the nightingales, who made the woods echo with their sweet melody all night long.

We set out early in the morning, and, descending the mountains, passed through Spoleto, a city whose romantic situation, with the blue mountain peaks towering above it, struck me with delight and admiration. During a short stay here for breakfast, my ghostly companions carried me off to the house of the bishop, who was greatly delighted to see a man from the new world. Americans hardly ever take this city in their route. Beyond Spoleto, we crossed the little stream of the Clitumnus, famous of old for the clearness of its waters. We stopped to dine at Foligno, a town which had been shaken by an earthquake a few months previous. The walls of the houses were twisted all out of shape, and in many of the streets great beams of wood extended across from wall to wall, to keep the houses from tumbling down.

A comical blind fellow, as he called himself, came begging after me in the streets. I was about to give him some money, but observed he had a marvellous instinct in stepping over all the puddles that lay in his way. I asked him how it happened that blind men never wet their feet. He answered that they could always smell the water. "Yes," replied I, "and I can sometimes smell an impostor." We went on as far as Perugia, an ancient Etruscan city, standing, as almost all these cities do, on the top of a hill, and having clean and neatly paved streets. The walls of this city are three thousand years old. In the morning our road descended the hills into a beautiful plain. The women were in the fields, spinning and tending sheep. We came in sight of the lake of Perugia, the ancient Thrasymenus, and found a thin white fog lying on the surface of the lake, just as it was on the morning of the terrible battle, when Hannibal overthrew the Romans with such slaughter that the rivulet, which flowed through the battle-field, ran with blood. It thence

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received the name of *Sanguinetto*, which it bears at this day.

This was the only fog I saw in Italy. Early in the forenoon, it vanished before the rays of the sun; and as we passed along the shores of the lake we contemplated with deep interest this fine sheet of water, diversified by a few little islands and skirted with green hills. All the scenery was rural, peaceful and soothing; and it was strange to think that on the verdant banks of this silvery lake, two mighty armies had once contended for the empire of the world! Beyond the lake, our path wound up a steep hill, where we stopped at the custom-house, for here we were to take leave of the Pope's territory. While the officers were examining our passports, I read over Livy's admirable description of the battle, the field of which lay directly at my feet. I could almost imagine I saw the furious hosts in actual conflict. The concluding passage is remarkable.

"Such was the terrible shock of the conflicting hosts, and so absorbed was every mind in the tumult of the battle, that the great earthquake of that day, which prostrated many cities in Italy, stopped the course of rivers, raised the ocean from its depths, and overthrew mountains,—passed unheeded by a single one of the combatants!"

A few miles brought us into Tuscany; and here we were struck with a remarkable improvement in the appearance of the people and the face of the country. The inhabitants are tidily dressed, clean and industrious. The roads are in excellent repair., The towns and villages are neat and thriving. The Tuscans, in fact, are the Yankees of Italy, and their country stands in much the same relation to the rest of the peninsula, that New England does to the other portion of the United States. It has a hard, rugged soil, and a comparatively cool climate. But the inhabitants are industrious, shrewd, inventive and persevering. They are also remarkable for their civil and obliging manners. It was a real enjoyment to see their cheerful faces after being accustomed to the sombre looks and reserved manners of the Romans.

All along the road were rows of mulberry trees, with vines gracefully trained in festoons from tree to tree. The hillsides were covered with olive groves. The oxen in the fields were all white, and curiously ornamented with headdresses of red tassels. From Castiglione, a little town on the top of a mountain, I had a most enchanting view of the Val di Chiana at my feet. It is skirted by lofty mountains and covered with rich green fields, dotted with innumerable white houses, that made me think of New England. From this place to Florence, the road goes constantly up and down hill, with perpetual variations of fine scenery, rich cornfields, vineyards, and hills crowned with groves of olive. We were now in the Val d'Arno, and saw additional marks of the industry of the Tuscan peasantry. All the productive land was under excellent cultivation, and the country-houses were neat, tidy and comfortable. I was struck with the peculiar shape of the chimneys, which are not, as with us, mere square blocks of masonry, but carved into graceful and picturesque shapes, like the turrets of a castle, so as to be highly ornamental. Two or three other large towns lay in our way, but my limits will not allow me here to describe them. The road led along the Arno, which is here a narrow stream, with high rocky banks. It is shallow, and little used for navigation above Florence.

This beautiful city is surrounded by lofty hills, covered with vineyards, olive groves, gardens, country seats and palaces. Everything around it is beautiful: the landscape is fresh, verdant and smil-

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ing; the buildings are neat and picturesque, and all looks thriving and comfortable. "Florence the fair" deserves her title. From the summit of one of the surrounding hills, you look down upon the white walls of the city, crowned with domes and towers, and trace the windings of the Arno into the rich green valley below. The interior does not disappoint these favorable impressions. The houses are all well built, and the streets neatly paved with flat stones, as smooth as a floor. This feature is characteristic of all the old Etruscan cities. Fellows with little donkey carts, brooms and shovels, are constantly going up and down the streets, picking up every particle of dust, so that the streets are kept perfectly clean. The smooth pavements make it impossible for horses to run fast over them, but so much the better for foot-passengers.

Florence is full of old palaces, with immense thick walls, and heavy, massive architecture. They are, in fact, so many castles, and were built in turbulent times, when the city was disturbed by civil wars and factions, and the nobles intrenched themselves in their castles. The eaves of the houses project six or eight feet; and during showers you have little need of an umbrella, as the water shoots from the roofs into the middle of the street. All the buildings are of stone: a brick is never seen, except occasionally for a hearth, or in the tiling of a floor. The fine buildings are for the most part of *macigno*, a stone much like Quincy granite in color, but not so hard. The common houses are of rough stone, stuccoed and painted. The Duomo or cathedral, is cased with panels of black and white marble. It is a stupendous and imposing edifice, but, though begun five or six hundred years ago, it is not yet finished. The front, which was designed to be the most splendid part of the edifice, is a mere plastered wall, because the builders could not decide upon anything rich enough at first, and so left it to their posterity to finish.

The Florentines seem never to sleep except from dinner-time to sunset. All night long they are in the streets, singing and pursuing their amusements. Midnight is the noisiest portion of the twenty-four hours. People in the streets, however, are never rude or offensively boisterous; they are only merry and jovial. Nothing can be more civil and decorous than their behavior, both out of doors and in. A female, young or old, may walk the whole length of the city at any hour of the night without fear of being insulted. There was a great gala during my stay here, on occasion of the grand duke's wedding. All the population was collected at the Cascine, or public gardens, just without the city gates. The festivities were kept up all night: the trees were hung with thousands of colored lamps; tables were spread everywhere, and universal merrymaking and jollity prevailed till the morning light. During all these diversions I did not witness a single act of rudeness or impropriety of behavior on the part of any person. No noisy brawling, drunken revelry, indecent language or impertinent puppyism of demeanor, such as are too apt to disgrace popular assemblages of miscellaneous persons in other countries.

Our Leghorn straws come chiefly from Florence. A great part of the employment of the poorer classes of the city and neighborhood is braiding straw. There are also many manufacturers of silk here. In the market you may see, every day, bushels of cocoons brought in by the country people for sale. There appears, however, to be little wholesale business done here; most of the traders being small shopkeepers. Living is cheaper than even at Rome, with the single exception of house-rent, but that

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is not extravagant. There is quite an appearance of wealth here: the number of carriages kept by private persons is surprising. Almost all have livery servants and footmen, and you see these great strapping fellows, in regimentals and cocked hats, with swords at their sides, engaged in the exalted employment of standing behind a carriage, opening doors and holding ladies' parasols. The cost of keeping a coach, two horses and a coachman is about a dollar a day! The common soldier's pay is about a cent per day.

I cannot stop to describe the pictures and statuary of this city, though these are the very things which bring most travellers to Florence. Even without these attractions the place would be the most agreeable residence in all Italy. The government is liberal to foreigners, well knowing that they spend much money here. The inhabitants are exceedingly civil and obliging, both from native amiability of disposition, and the wish to keep good customers among them. In consequence of this, Florence has always a great many foreigners permanently residing in the city and neighborhood. The banks of the Arno, above the city, and the hill on the slope of Fiezoli are covered with elegant villas, many of which are inhabited by English residents.

It is a common proverb, in allusion to the superior fertility of the Roman soil over the Tuscan—that the Pope has the flesh of Italy, and the Grand Duke the bones. The Tuscans are industrious; and the Romans are lazy. I prefer the bones to the flesh!

QUERE.—A writer on school discipline says that it is impossible to make boys *smart* without the use of the rod. What do you think of *that, my young friends?*

Similes.

"PRAY, mother, what are *similes?*

They are resemblances, my child; the word simile means a thing that is like another. We often use them to give clearness and energy to our ideas. I will tell you some similes in common use, and put into rhyme so that you may remember them.

As proud as a peacock—as round as a pea;
As blithe as a lark—as brisk as a bee.
As light as a feather—as sure as a gun;
As green as the grass—as brown as a bun.
As rich as a Jew—as warm as toast;
As cross as two sticks—as deaf as a post.
As sharp as a needle—as strong as an ox;
As grave as a judge—as sly as a fox.
As old as the hills—as straight as a dart;
As still as the grave—as swift as a hart.
As solid as marble—as firm as a rock;
As soft as a plum—as dull as a block.
As pale as a lily—as blind as a bat;
As white as a sheet—as black as my hat.
As yellow as gold—as red as a cherry;
As wet as water—as brown as a berry.
As plain as a pikestaff—as big as a house;
As flat as the table—as sleek as a mouse.
As tall as the steeple—as round as a cheese;
As broad as 't is long—as long as you please."

Proverbs and Sayings of the Chinese.

WHAT is told in the ear is often heard a hundred miles.

Riches come better after poverty, than poverty after riches.

Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it.

Old age and faded flowers, no remedies can revive.

One lash to a good horse; one word to a wise man.

A truly great man never puts away the simplicity of a child.

He who toils with pain, will eat with pleasure.

A wise man forgets old grudges.

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Pocahontas rescuing Captain Smith.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Indians in the United States—of Virginia.—Powhattan.—Arrival of Captain Smith—taken by the Indians—saved by Pocahontas.—Some account of her.—War of the colonists.—Indians.—Fate of the latter.

A LITTLE more than 200 years ago, all the country which now belongs to the United States of America, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, was inhabited by a race of savage Indians, who roamed, free and independent, through the vast forests which then covered the land, and gained a scanty subsistence, mostly by the arts of hunting and fishing. They were warlike and cruel, always delighting in blood, and never forgiving an injury; cunning in their plans against their enemies, and very crafty in concealing them. But towards their friends they were fair and honest, always keeping their word when once pledged.

They were not, like the Mexicans, united in one nation, living under the same sovereign; but they were broken up into a multitude of small independent tribes, under their own chiefs, and almost always at war with each other. But in their appearance, their manners and customs, they were all very much alike. We will, therefore, give a short history of some of their principal tribes, and then an account of the manners and customs of the whole.

If we begin at the southern part of North America and go north, we shall find that the farther we proceed, the Indians will be fewer in number, and more barbarous and ignorant; at the same time that they are broken up into many more and smaller tribes. In Mexico, for instance, we find a great, and, as we may say, civilized nation, living in large cities, and cultivating the earth for a subsistence. Farther north, we come to the great southern tribes of the United States. These are the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Creeks, and the Choctaws.

When the country was first settled by the English, these tribes were all large and powerful; but now they are greatly reduced by their wars with their white neighbors, the English and French,

and by the vices introduced, by these: still they comprise several hundred warriors, and large tracts of land in some of the southern states. These states naturally dislike to have such large, independent tribes within their borders, and are also desirous of obtaining the fine land of the Indians, which is known to contain several valuable gold mines. The government, therefore, is endeavoring to induce them to remove beyond the Mississippi, by offering them large sums of money, and a fine tract of land for their new country.

Many have accordingly removed; but there are some yet unwilling to leave their farms, their firesides, and the graves of their fathers, to seek new homes and new fields in a strange and distant land. It will, perhaps, be better that they should go; for, as long as they remain where they now are, they must expect to be oppressed and insulted by their more powerful and more civilized neighbors.

North of these tribes, were the Indians of Virginia. They were called the *Powhattans*, and were governed by a king of the same name. In his country, the first English colony in America was settled, in the year 1607, under the direction of Captain John Smith, a bold and sagacious man. The manner in which the first interview between Smith and Powhattan took place, was romantic and singular.

Smith had gone out in a boat, with a small number of men, to procure provisions for the colonists, who were almost starving. After sailing up the river as far as he was able, he left the boat in the care of the crew, and went out himself to shoot some game for their supper. But the men whom he had left with the boat were very careless; they all left it, and wandered along the shore. On a sudden, the Indians set upon them, wounded several, and took one man prisoner. This man, after they had compelled him to inform them which way Smith had gone, they put to death with cruel tortures.

They then followed after Smith. When he first saw them coming, he attempted to escape to the boat. The Indians pressed on him; but he used his firearms so well that he soon laid three dead on the ground, and compelled the rest to keep so far off that their arrows had little effect. But unluckily, as he was retreating hastily towards the river, he suddenly sunk up to his middle in a marsh, whence he found it impossible to get out. After struggling in the cold mire until he was almost frozen, he threw away his arms and surrendered.

The savages instantly seized upon him and dragged him out in triumph. They began at once to make ready to put him to death by torture; but here his sagacity was a means of saving his life. He took out a round ivory compass, and showed it to them, explaining by signs, as well as he could, its properties and use, while the Indians listened and stared in wondering silence. They looked with curiosity at the needle which always pointed to the north; but when they attempted to touch it, and found their fingers stopped by the glass, which they could feel, but not see, they shouted with amazement. They concluded that the instrument must be the white man's god, and that he was a great medicine, or conjurer; they therefore resolved to carry him to their king, and know his will in disposing of their wonderful captive.

Accordingly, after leading him in triumph through all the principal towns, they brought him to a place called Wecowocomoco, where Powhattan resided. Here Smith was introduced to the royal presence. Powhattan, a majestic and finely formed savage, sat at the farther end of the hall, on a seat something like a

bedstead, clothed in an ample robe of raccoon skins, with all the tails hanging over him. Along each wall of the house sat a row of women, and a row of men in front of them. When Smith was led in, a female of rank brought him water to wash his hands, and another a bunch of feathers for a towel. The chiefs then held a long consultation as to his fate.

The result was against him;—he was condemned to die. Two great stones were laid before Powhattan, and Smith was compelled to lie down, and place his head upon them; a huge savage stood ready with a club uplifted, to dash out his brains,—when Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, and with tears besought her father to spare the life of the white man. The royal savage refused;—the fatal club was about to descend; and the Indian girl, as a last resource, knelt by the side of Smith, threw her arms around him, laid her head on his, and declared that she would perish with him.

The heart of the stern chief relented, and he consented to spare the victim. Smith was released, and soon after sent home to Jamestown.

From this time, as long as Smith remained in the colony, peace was kept up between the English and the savages. This was owing, mostly, to the vast ideas which the natives had been led, by certain fortunate accidents, to form concerning the power of the colonists, and especially of Smith. The following is one of them:

A pistol having been stolen, Smith seized upon one of the natives, and threatened to hang him, if it were not returned. The poor fellow was shut up in a dungeon, with some victuals and a fire, while his brother went out to seek for the pistol. In a short time, he returned with it; but when they went to liberate the poor prisoner, they found that the smoke of his charcoal fire had spread into the room and nearly smothered him. As it was, he lay, to all appearance, dead, while his brother was almost distracted with his loss. Smith, in order to quiet his grief, promised that if he would behave well and never steal any more, he would bring his brother to life again. The delighted savage made all sorts of vows and protestations; and the captain, although he had hardly any hope of being able to recover the smothered man, ordered him to be carried to his house; where, by a good use of various remedies, and a sound sleep by the fire, he was completely restored to his senses. The next morning, the two Indians departed, rendered happy by the gift of a small piece of copper, and spread among their tribe the belief that Captain Smith could make a dead man live.

A few such lucky events inspired the simple Indians with so great a fear of the captain, that as long as he remained in the colony, they continued to be friendly; but soon after he departed for England, the savages began to harass the settlement; at first they refused to trade, until the colonists, not receiving their usual supply of corn, began to suffer from famine; the Indians next attacked and cut off many stragglers from the colony, and shut up the rest in the town. They were now threatened with absolute starvation; many died of hunger; and of six hundred emigrants, only sixty at last remained alive.

At this critical period, two ships arrived from England, bringing supplies; they were received by the colonists, as may well be imagined, with transports of joy. The next thing, of importance, was to make peace with Powhattan. A good opportunity, as they thought, soon presented itself. They heard that Pocahontas, was now on a visit to the wife of a chief, on the banks of the Potomac. They thought that if they should be able

to get possession of the favorite daughter of the king, he would be willing to redeem her at the greatest ransom.

A small vessel was soon prepared; and Captain Argall ascended the river to the place where Pocahontas was residing. He easily found means of enticing her on board, and then suddenly set sail for Jamestown. The captive princess was, at first, much alarmed and offended. But the kind words and good treatment of her captors soon soothed her agitation, and she waited with patience the effect of an embassy which was sent to Powhattan, with the tidings.

But the haughty savage, much as he loved his child, disdained to yield to the emotions of his heart; he would not allow his enemies to obtain any advantage from their treacherous seizure, and for many months no message was received from him at Jamestown. During this time, a young gentleman, of good birth and fine person, named John Rolfe, conceived a warm affection for the engaging Indian girl, who returned it with equal ardor. When Powhattan heard of this, he was highly pleased; he sent his permission to their union, and from this time, till his death, continued ever the firm friend of the English.

You will, doubtless, wish to hear something more of his interesting daughter. After her marriage, she lived one or two years in Jamestown, during which time she became a convert to the Christian religion, and was baptized by the name of Rebecca. She afterwards, with her husband, made a voyage to England, where she was received by the queen, and other noble ladies, with all the attention due to her high rank and her charming character. But she soon became sick of the crowd, the noise, and the smoke of a large city, and longed for the fresh air and green forests of her own country, which, alas! she was never more to see. As she was about to embark, with her husband, for America, she was taken ill, and died, in the twenty-second year of her age. Her death caused the greatest sorrow among her friends on both sides of the Atlantic, who knew her rare virtues, and who hoped that through her means a lasting peace might be secured between her father's subjects and her husband's countrymen.

Powhattan was succeeded by his brother, Opitchipan, a weak and infirm old man. But the whole power was in the hands of a chief, named Opechancanough, who is said to have emigrated to Virginia from a country far to the south-east, perhaps Mexico. In his intercourse with the English he showed much art, lulling all suspicion by his open and friendly conduct, while all the time he was preparing for a sudden and deadly blow.

On the 22d of March, 1622, the savages were observed to enter the English plantations in rather unusual numbers. But as they came apparently unarmed, and merely for the purpose of trading, no suspicion was excited. They were allowed even to enter the houses, and lodge in the bedchambers. On a sudden, the signal was given, and the work of destruction began; hundreds of armed Indians, from the woods, rushed on to aid those who were already on the spot. Great numbers of the English were slain; neither age nor sex—man, woman, nor child, was spared; and, but for the information of a Christian Indian, who betrayed the plot to the English, every man in the colony would have perished. As it was, more than three hundred of the whites were slaughtered, and, of eighty plantations, six only were saved.

From the time of this massacre, a deadly war raged between the natives and the English, in which no mercy was shown on either side. It ended, as might be expected, in the destruction of the former. Opechancanough was taken prisoner, his subjects defeated, their

villages plundered, and their cornfields burnt. The feeble remnants of this once powerful tribe lingered for awhile around the scenes of their former greatness, and were finally destroyed by pestilence and the sword, or went to join their more fortunate brethren of the north and west.

CHAPTER XX.

Account of the Delawares.—The Mingoes.—Unite and become the "Five Nations."—Their bravery and cruelty.—The Five Nations, or Iroquois make war on the Delawares.—Craft of the Iroquois.—Subjection of the Delawares.—Arrival of William Penn.—His interview with the Indians.—Their love and respect for him.—Wars with the English colonists.—Destruction of the Indian nation in Pennsylvania.

When William Penn, the good Quaker, landed in the country called from him Pennsylvania, he found it inhabited by a great tribe of Indians, whom he called the *Delawares*. The name which they gave themselves was the *Lenni Lenape*, which means—"*original people;*" and they declared that their tribe was the main stock, or, as they called it, *grandfather* of all the other tribes in the United States, except the Mingoes or Six Nations, of New York. The account which they give of themselves, before the arrival of the English, as we find it in the history of the good missionary, Heckewelder, who lived among them more than forty years, seems very probable.

They say that many hundred years ago, their ancestors resided in a very distant country in the western part of the American continent. For some reason or other, they determined on migrating to the eastward, and accordingly set out together in a body. After a very long journey of several years, they at length arrived at the Mississippi, or "*river of fish,*" where they fell in with the Mingoes, who had likewise emigrated from a distant country, and had struck upon this river somewhere higher up. They were also proceeding to the eastward, in search of a better country.

They found the region on the other side of the Mississippi occupied by a powerful nation, the *Alligewi*, who dwelt in large towns, and had many extensive fortifications; some of these are yet to be seen in Ohio, and several of the other Western States. This people, seeing such a numerous body of strangers about to enter their country, resolved to oppose them. Accordingly, as the Lenni Lenape were crossing the river, they received from the Alligewi such a furious attack, they were in great doubt whether to force a passage by arms, or to return to their former country.

While they were thus hesitating, at a loss what to do, they received from the Mingoes a promise of assistance, provided they would share with them the land which they should attain. This was at once agreed to: and the two nations together, succeeded after many bloody contests, in utterly defeating their enemies, and driving them down the Mississippi. The conquerors then divided the land between them; the Mingoes* taking the country about and north of the great lakes, and the Lenape,

* The fear created by the Mingoes, of which the Mohawks were a part, appears to have continued to a late date. Colden, in his "History of the Five Nations," says, "I have been told by old men in New England, who remembered the time when the Mohawks made war on their Indians, that as soon as a single Mohawk was discovered in the country, their Indians raised a cry, from hill to hill—a Mohawk! a Mohawk!—upon which, they all fled like sheep before wolves, without attempting the least resistance.

"The poor New England Indians immediately fled to the Christian houses, and the Mohawks often pursued them so closely, that they entered along with them, and knocked their brains out in the presence of the people of the house. But if the family had time to shut the door, they never attempted to force it, and on no occasion did any injury to the Christians."

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that to the southward, lying on the Delaware and Susquehannah rivers.

The Lenni Lenape, or Delawares, as we shall hereafter call them, remained for a long time in peace and prosperity, increasing in number, and enlarging in territory. Their grand *council-fire* always remained on the banks of the Delaware; but they sent out colonies as far as Maine on the north, and the Potomac on the south. The tribes of New England, the Narragansetts, the Mohicans, and the Pequots, acknowledged their descent from them; the Shawanese and the Miamis of Ohio, and even the Sacs and Foxes of the far north-west, called them *grandfather*.

The Mingoes, on the other hand, remained still but an insignificant tribe on the banks of the St. Lawrence. They were more cruel and savage in their customs than the Delawares, but at the same time less warlike and civilized. In a war which they carried on against the powerful tribe of Adirondacks, they were completely worsted, and compelled to retreat over the St. Lawrence, to the land where is now the State of New York.

Till this time, the Mingo nation had consisted of five independent tribes, unconnected with each other, except by the bond of mutual danger. While suffering under defeat, it came to the minds of some of the chiefs, that if they should all be united, and always act in concert, they would be much more powerful, and less easily conquered, than while each tribe acted, as seemed best to itself, without reference to the others. Accordingly, they proposed to the tribes, a strict union, both in war and in peace. After a long debate, this proposal was assented to; and thus arose that celebrated Indian confederacy, the *Five Nations*, who so long carried on a triumphant and desolating contest, with the other tribes of the continent, and even the whites themselves, and spread the terror of their arms from Labrador to Florida.*

They first tried their united strength against the petty neighboring tribes. Some they exterminated, others they expelled from the country, and a few were taken into the union. They next turned their arms against their old enemy, the Adirondacks. Here, also, they were successful; this haughty and once powerful nation was defeated with great loss, and compelled to beg the aid of the French, who had just began to settle in Canada. But the numbers and courage of the conquering Iroquois, as the Six Nations were called by the French, prevailed even over civilized arms and discipline. The Adirondacks were exterminated, and Montreal, the chief colony in Canada, was taken and sacked by them.

The victorious Iroquois now turned their arms against their southern neighbors. But their conquests in this direction were speedily checked by a nation of warriors as haughty and brave as themselves. Their ancient allies, the Delawares, with their numerous dependent tribes, opposed their farther progress; and a war ensued between the two nations, in which the Mingoes, or Iroquois, were worsted.

They now, according to the Delaware traditions, determined to resort to stratagem. They represented to the Delawares, that the Indians of the continent were gradually destroying themselves by their continual wars, and that if a speedy end were not put to the desolating contests, they would soon be too much weakened to resist the encroachments of the whites; it became them, therefore, as members of the same great

* The *Five* Nations consisted of the *Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneydas,* and *Mohanks.* The *Tuscaroras,* a southern tribe, afterwards joined them, and they were then called the *Six* Nations.

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family, henceforth to bury the hatchet, and live as brothers in peace and contentment. But, in order to bring about this desirable end, it was necessary that some great nation, feared for its power, and respected for its wisdom and antiquity, should take upon itself the office of mediator, between the rest. Such a nation was the Delawares, whose warriors were like the leaves of the forest, and whose origin was lost in the darkness of ages.

By such flattering speeches, the Delawares were at length prevailed upon, in an evil hour, to lay aside the hatchet and act as mediators in the native wars; in the Indian phrase, they consented to become *old women;*—for among these nations wars are never brought to an end, except by the interference of females. For they think it unbecoming a warrior, however tired of the contest, while he holds the hatchet in one hand, to sue for peace with the other.

By consenting to become *women*, the Delawares gave up all right of fighting, even in their own defence. Henceforth, they were to devote themselves to the arts of peace, while the Six Nations were to protect them from their enemies. But the deluded Delawares soon found that the protection which they afforded, was worse than their open enmity. The treacherous Mingoes first secretly excited other nations to war against their defenceless *grandfather*, and then, instead of standing forth to protect him, they left him to the mercy of his enemies.

At the same time, say the Delawares, the English, landing in New England and Virginia, and forming alliances with the deceitful Mingoes, began to add their persecutions to those of their savage foes, and this once powerful and warlike nation, attacked from every quarter, knew not where to turn for relief. In this distressed situation they were, when the good Penn first landed in their country.

When they first saw him coming with his crowd of followers, they naturally expected only a renewal of the ill-treatment and oppressions which they had already suffered from his countrymen. But when they heard his mild and friendly words, and understood his kind offers of peace and brotherly alliance, their delight at this unexpected and happy fortune was unspeakable. It was under the wide-spreading branches of a lofty elm, near the place where now rises the great city of Philadelphia, that the good and the joyful Delawares made their famous treaty of peace and friendship, which was to last as long as the sun and moon should endure. On the part of the Indians, at least, it has never been broken; and to this day, when they see the broad-brimmed hat, and square coat of a Quaker, they say, with a mournful pleasure, "He is a son of our good father Miquon,* the friend of the Indians."

But the friendship of their father Miquon, could not save them from the fate which sooner or later overwhelms the native tribes of this country. The power of their enemies finally prevailed; their lands were seized, their council-fire extinguished, and they, themselves, were driven to seek a refuge in the cold climes of Canada, or in the regions beyond the Mississippi.

A like fate soon overtook their chief enemies, the Six Nations. During the revolutionary war, this people remained always faithful to the English cause, and suffered severely from the arms of the Americans. Since that time, they have rapidly declined, both in numbers and power; some have emigrated to Canada, —but the greater part of the remnant of

* When the Delawares learned the meaning of the word *Pen* in English, they always called their white friend, Miquon, which means quill in their language.

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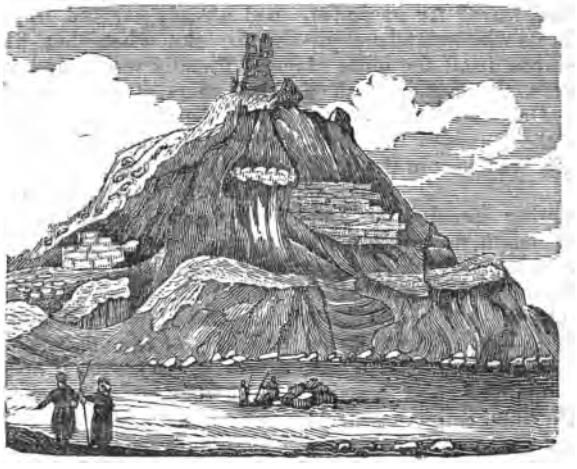
this warlike nation still remains, sunk in crime and wretchedness, on a few tracts of land which have been reserved for them in the State of New York.



Ruins of Babylon.

Babylon, one of the most famous cities of ancient times, is now a heap of ruins, consisting, chiefly, of immense mounds of bricks. These are situated on the banks of the river Euphrates, and near the modern city of Bagdat.

In one place there is a heap of brick-work 126 feet high, and 300 feet in circumference; to this is given the name of Nimrod's palace. Another mound is 140 feet high, and 2200 feet in circumference. Among these ruins are found pieces of pottery and fragments of alabaster, carved in various forms.

Another mound, called Birs Nimrod, or tower of Babel, consists of a heap of rubbish 200 feet high, on the top of which is a tower 60 feet high.

How vast must have been the edifices, which have left such mighty heaps of ruins! And yet how complete is the destruction and desolation of this famous city —which once was forty-eight miles in circuit; defended by walls fifty feet in height; filled with thousands of people; the seat of luxury, pride, and pleasure; the abode of princes; embellished with palaces, and hanging gardens, and temples, and all that could delight the eyes of a luxurious nation.

Alas! "Babylon is fallen!" "The glory of kingdoms" is departed. The fearful prophecy of Isaiah, uttered thousands of years ago, when Babylon was still a great and proud city, has been literally fulfilled. "The wild beasts of the desert shall lie there," says he, "and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."

Modern travellers, who have visited the spot, tell us that the scene is just what is here depicted. Even the very animals, spoken of by the prophet, are to be met with amid the caves, and ruins, and desolation of the place. What a striking instance is this, of the fulfilment of prophecy!

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Adam and Eve.

The story of Adam and Eve—their residence in the Garden of Eden; their temptation; their fall; their expulsion from the place which was so beautiful, and where they had been so happy; their incurring the displeasure of their Divine Benefactor; their going forth—with prospects so changed—where toil and care should attend them; where thorns and briars must be in their path, and where they must thereafter get their bread by the sweat of the brow,—all this is a picture at once exceedingly touching, and at the same time full of instruction.

Most people are very apt to think that if they had been situated like this first human pair, they should have behaved more wisely. But do we not all of us have nearly the same experience as our first parents? We are all capable of living innocently—and of enjoying the bliss, the Eden, the paradise—which innocence bestows. But we voluntarily cast away our innocence; we eat the forbidden fruit; we commit sin; we become degraded; we lose the favor of God; we stand before him as sinners!

Like Adam and Eve, then, we are cast out; like them we find thorns and briars in our way; like them we encounter cares, and doubts, and fears, and sorrows, in our journey through life. We eat our bread by the sweat of the brow.

Who is there, that does not feel that his errors are his own—that he, and he only, is responsible for them? Instead, therefore, of saying that if we had been placed in another's situation, we had done better than he has done, let us rather look to ourselves—and instead of palliating or hiding our faults, let us confess them before God, with an humble, and contrite, and obedient heart—and ask forgiveness for them in the name of the Redeemer.

The mole.—It is said that the mole, in its movements under ground, always turns its back to the sun, burrowing from east to west in the morning, and from west to east in the evening.

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Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XX.

A MONTH passed away after my uncle's death, during which I was in a sort of maze; I did not know what to do, and now, after many years are gone, I can hardly recollect anything that occurred during that period. I only know that I wandered over the house, from one room to another; I then went into the fields; rambled about the farm, and seeming by a sort of instinct to avoid everybody. I did not wish to speak to any one. I seemed lost, and it was not till the day came when the tavern was to be sold, with all its furniture, that I was fully recalled to consciousness.

I remember that day well. The sale was by auction, and the place which had been a home to me for years, was knocked off to the highest bidder. The purchaser was a stranger to me, and took immediate possession. I still remained in the house; and it was not till three or four days after he and his household had come, that the idea entered my head that I was to leave it. The man said to me one day—"Well, Mr. Merry—when do you intend to go?" I did not understand him at first, but in a moment it rushed into my mind, that this was a hint for me to depart.

I felt a sense of mingled insult and shame; for it seemed that it was almost turning me out of doors, and that by my stupidity, I had subjected myself to such an indignity. I made no reply—but took my hat and left the house. I wandered forth, hardly knowing which way I went. In a short time I found myself ascending the mountain, toward old Sarah's cave. It now came suddenly to my recollection that the hermitess had invited me to come and see her, if at any time I was in trouble.

Although she was not, perhaps, the wisest of counsellors, yet, in my present disturbed state of mind, it suited me well enough to go to her. Indeed, I felt so miserable, so lonely from the loss of my uncle, so helpless from the loss of my property, that I thought of taking up my abode with the gray old dame of the rock, and living there the rest of my life. With these strange notions running in my head, I approached her den.

It was a chill December evening, and I found her in her cave. She bade me welcome, and I sat down. "I knew it would come to this," said she: "I knew it long ago. Your uncle was kind-hearted, as the world say; but is it kind to spend what is not one's own? Is it kind to waste the property of the orphan, and leave one's sister's child to beggary? Is it kind to eat, drink, and be merry, when another's tears must pay the reckoning?"

"Nay, nay;" said I, "You must not speak in this way. My uncle is dead, and I will not hear his name mentioned, but in words of kindness and charity. Oh, do not blame him; it was his misfortune, not his fault, to lose my property, as well as his own. At all events, he loved me; he ever spake kindly to me; he was to me as a father; he could not have done more for a son than he did for me."

I could say no more, for tears and sobs choked my utterance, and old Sarah then went on. "Well, well; let it be so, let it be so. But I must tell you, Master Merry, that I knew your mother well. We were both of the same country, both natives of England, and we came to America in the same ship. She was a good woman, and in the dark days of my life, she was kind to me. I will repay it to her child." Saying this, she went to the end of the cave, and took a small wooden box from a crevice in the rock. This she opened, and handed a parcel to me, adding; "this will repair your loss." I looked at her in some doubt. "Exam-

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ine what I give you," said she, "and you will understand me."

I opened the parcel, which consisted of a roll, with a covering of silk. I found in it several thin pieces of paper, resembling bank notes, and reading them as well as I could by the dim light which came in at the entrance of the cave, I perceived that they were government bills, of a thousand dollars each. "I am glad for your sake," said I, handing back the parcel to Sarah—"that you have so much money, but I cannot consent to take it from you."

"And what do I want of it?" said she, quickly. "It has been in my possession for forty years, yet I have never seen the need of it. This rock has been my shelter—this rock is my bed. The forest yields me food, and charity gives me raiment. Oh no; that money can never be used by me. It would feed my pride and tempt me back into the paths of folly. I have sworn never more to use it, and if you do not take it, it will perish with me."

I endeavored to persuade the hermitess to change her views and her mode of life. I urged her, as she had so much money, to leave her cave, and procure the comforts and luxuries which her age and infirmities required. But she was fixed in her purpose, and my reasoning was without effect. We talked till the night was nearly gone. At last I consented to take a part of the cash, but she insisted that I should take the whole; and believing that she would never use it, I received it, intending to reserve, at least, a portion of it for her use, in case of need. The kind-hearted old creature seemed much delighted, and my own heart was lightened of a heavy burthen. I felt, not only that I had again the means of independence, but that I had also a sure and steadfast friend.

It did not diminish my pleasure that this friend was a gray old dame, clothed in rags and regarded with contempt by the world; poor as she seemed, she had done for me what no rich person would ever have done. The rich will seldom give away their money, or if they do, it is sparingly and with reluctance. The song says—

"'Tis the poor man alone,
When he hears the poor's moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give."

My own experience has verified the truth of these touching words. The rich consist usually of those who have a supreme love of wealth, and who sacrifice everything else to obtain it, or keep it. A person who eagerly pursues riches all his life time; who gives nothing away; who turns a deaf ear to the calls of charity; who never opens his purse to a friend; who never feels the appeals of society to his liberality—or if he does these things, does them narrowly and selfishly—and in his charities regards himself alone; such a one is almost sure to be rich in purse, though he is more certain to be poor in soul. Such a person may live and die rich in this world, but he goes a pauper into the other—

"Not one heaven current penny in his purse."

But poor Sarah parted with the good things of this life, and no doubt, she laid up riches in that world where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

I left her the next morning, with many thanks, and a heart overflowing with gratitude. I descended the mountain, and entered the high-road. It was about three miles to the village, and feeling fatigued from my imperfect repose upon Sarah's bed of rock, I asked a fat gentleman, who was riding along luxuriously in a coach, drawn by two sleek horses, to let me ride. He did not deign to open his lips, but shook his head, and the coach rolled on. I had not gone far before a poor man, with an old wagon and

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a thin, raw-boned horse overtook me. The whole establishment bespoke poverty; yet, when I asked the man to grant me a ride, he cheerfully complied with my request, as if it gave him real satisfaction to do an act of kindness. "Here it is again," thought I; "if you want a favor, ask it of the poor. The rich man, in his easy coach, and with his fat horses that have hardly enough to do to keep them from apoplexy, possesses a heart as hard as flint; while the humble wagoner, with a beast that drags one leg painfully after another, is ready to slave himself and his horse, out of mere good nature. Thus it is that riches turn the soul to stone; thus it is that poverty keeps the heart soft, and, like a generous, well cultivated soil, ever prepared to yield good fruits."

I soon reached the village, and immediately went to see Raymond, to tell him of my interview with the hermitess. Having related what had happened, I took out the money, and placed it in his hands. Guess my surprise and disappointment, when he told me that the ten bills of a thousand dollars each, were "*Continental notes*," and not worth a farthing! They had been issued by the government during the war of the revolution, but had depreciated, so that a thousand dollars of this paper, were sold for a single dollar in silver! The government had, indeed, made some provision for the payment of such notes as were brought forward before a certain time, but these had been withheld beyond the period, and were now utterly without value.

I had, of course, no suspicion that Sarah was aware of this fact. The money was once good; and having lived apart from the world, she had not known the change that had come over the currency. Having no want of money, it was all the same to her, whatever might be its worth; and it was only till she desired to do an act of kindness to the child of an early friend, that what was once a fortune to her, came into her mind.

I therefore felt no diminution of my gratitude to the poor old woman, when I learnt that her gift was all in vain, and that it still left me a beggar. Concealing the fact from her, I took counsel of Raymond as to what I must do. I was perfectly helpless; it was my misfortune that I had been brought up to think myself rich, beyond the need of effort, and in fact, above work. This silly idea had been rather encouraged by my uncle, who, being an Englishman, had a little aristocratic pride in me as a member of the family, and one born to be a gentleman, or, in other words, to lead an idle and useless life. His feelings, and purposes were kind, but short-sighted. He had not foreseen the destruction of my property; and, besides, he had not learned that, whether rich or poor, every person, for his own comfort and respectability, should be educated in habits of industry and in some useful trade or profession.

After a good deal of reflection, Raymond advised me to go to New York, and get a situation as a clerk in a store. This suited my taste better than any other scheme that could be suggested, and I made immediate preparations to depart. I went to take leave of Bill Keeler, who was now a thriving shoemaker, with a charming wife, and two bright-eyed laughing children. I bade them good-bye, with many tears, and carrying with me their kindest wishes. How little did I then think of the blight that would come over that cheerful group and that happy home! It is true I had some fears for Bill, for I knew that he loved the bar-room; but it did not enter my imagination that there was a thing abroad in society so nearly akin to the Evil Spirit, as to be able to convert his good nature into brutality, and

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change an earthly paradise into a scene of indescribable misery.

Having taken leave of all my friends—and now it seemed that I had many—I set out on my journey to New York on foot, provided with two or three letters of introduction, furnished by Raymond and his brother, the minister, and with about five dollars in my pocket; the whole amount of my earthly portion!

Gaza.

This city is often mentioned in the Bible, and is particularly noted for the feats which Samson performed there, in carrying off its gates, and in pulling down the temple of Dagon, upon which occasion he lost his life. (See Judges chap. xvi.) It is situated about forty-five miles southwest of Jerusalem, and not far from the Mediterranean Sea. The high road from Syria, and other eastern countries, to Egypt, passes through it: it has therefore been often taken in the wars that have been waged in these regions.

When Alexander, the Macedonian conqueror, made his famous expedition against Cyrus, he besieged Gaza, which was in his route. It made an obstinate resistance of five months; but it was at last taken by storm, its brave defenders were slaughtered at their posts; their wives and children were sold as slaves; and the city was repeopled with inhabitants, drawn from the surrounding country.

The crusaders found it in ruins, but they erected a castle here, and entrusted it to the Knights Templars. From that time, it began to revive: it soon passed into the hands of the Saracens, and then to the Turks, who still hold it. Dr. Robinson, a very learned American minister, has lately visited the place. He says there are now fifteen or sixteen thousand people there, which makes it a larger city than Jerusalem. He says the city is built upon a small hill, and bears few marks of its former greatness. Its walls have entirely disappeared, and most of the houses are miserable mud huts.

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Knights Templars, and other Orders of Knighthood.

In a former number of the Museum (p. 145) we have given an account of the order of Knights Templars, with an engraving representing their appearance. In this number we give another picture, delineating more accurately their dress and armor.

We have stated that the order of Knights Templars originated about the period of the crusaders: but other orders of knights existed long before. So early as the year 506, history tells us that knights were made in England, with great ceremony. A stage was erected in some cathedral, or spacious place near it, to which the gentleman was conducted to receive the honor of knighthood. Being seated on a chair decorated with green silk, it was demanded of him, if he were of good constitution, and able to undergo the fatigue required of a soldier; also, whether he was a man of good morals, and what credible witnesses he could produce to affirm the same.

Then the bishop, or chief prelate of the church, administered the following oath: "Sir, you that desire to receive the honor of knighthood, swear, before God and this holy book, that you will not fight against his majesty, that now bestoweth the honor of knighthood upon you; you shall also swear to maintain and defend all ladies, gentlemen, widows, and orphans; and you shall shun no adventure of your person in any way where you shall happen to be."

The oath being taken, two lords led him to the king, who drew his sword, and laid it upon his head, saying, "God and Saint George (or whatever other saint the king pleased to name) make thee a good knight." After this, seven ladies, dressed in white, came and girt a sword to his side, and four knights put on his spurs. These ceremonies being over, the queen took him by the right hand, and a duchess by the left, and led him to a rich seat, placed on an ascent, where they seated him, the king sitting on his right hand, and the queen on his left. Then the lords and ladies sat down upon other seats, three descents under the king; and, being all thus seated, were entertained with a delicate collation; and so the ceremony ended.

The famous order of the Garter, which is still conferred as a badge of honor, by the kings of England, upon such as they desire to favor, was instituted in 1344. The Knights of the Bath, another famous order, also still continues: this originated in France, and took its name from the ceremony of bathing, which was practised by the knights previous to their inauguration.

The Knights of the Thistle is a Scottish order; that of the Knights of St. Patrick was instituted by George III., in 1783. There are a great multitude of other orders, and among these, that of the Bear, the Elephant, and the Death's Head. In former times, as I have told you, knights went about in quest of adventures, or they were devoted to warlike enterprises. But in modern times, being a knight is nothing more than to have a sash, or ribbon, or star, with a few diamonds or precious stones attached to it, conferred by a king or queen, with some ceremonies of no great meaning.

A Page for Little Readers.

How well Ben remembered what his mother told Tim.

There are some little boys, and little girls too—some with black eyes and some with blue—who remember a great deal better what their parents tell their broth-

ers and sisters, than what is told to themselves. Once upon a time there were two boys, one named Benjamin, and the other Timothy—but called Ben and Tim—whose story will afford a good instance of what I refer to.

These were nice little boys, and about as good as children in general; and they loved their mother very much; but still, they did a good many little mischievous things, that gave her trouble. She had a neat little garden, and in it were some pretty flowers—especially some red roses, which were very beautiful.

Now these two boys picked some of these roses, and, as their mother wished to keep them, she told them both not to pick any more. Well, for a day or two they obeyed; but at last little Ben, who was the eldest, saw a beautiful little rose, and it looked so pretty, he yielded to temptation, and plucked it. Tim saw him, and he plucked one too.

They said nothing about it, for a time; but the next day little Ben, who was very fond of telling tales, came out with the story, so far as Tim was concerned. "Mother," said he, "did n't you tell Tim not to pick any more roses?"

"Yes, I did," said the mother.

"Well, he did pick one yesterday."

"I did n't!" said Tim.

"I say you did!" said little Ben.

"I say I did n't!" said Tim.

"Oh, mother, he did, for I seed him pick it: it was a beautiful red rose; and when he 'd picked it, he smelt of it; and then he pulled it all to pieces!"

Here Tim began to cry. "Well," said he, "you picked one too!"

"Oh-o-o-o-o!" said Ben.

"I say you did pick a rose; you picked one first, and if you had n't picked one I should n't have picked one, and so there!"

Here Ben began to snivel. "I see how it is," said the mother. "It is too often so, my dear Ben: it is too often so. You remember very well what I tell Tim, but you forget what I tell you. Now I forbade you both to pick the roses; and it seems you were the first to disobey; and in this you were more to blame than Tim, for you led the way to disobedience, and thus, by a bad example, made Tim disobey also.

"But, what is worse than all, your love of telling tales induced you to tell of Tim, when you were more to blame yourself. Fie, for shame, Ben! This is all wrong, very wrong. You ought to remember better what I tell you, than what I tell Tim, for you are the oldest; you ought to be more ready to receive blame, than to bring it upon your little brother."

Poor Ben was in tears, and his little heart was very sad, and he could not be comforted till his mother forgave him, and took him to her bosom, and said she hoped he would never do so again. This he promised, and then he brightened up, and the two children went to their play.

Now I suppose that Ben was really sorry for his fault, and no doubt his promise not to do so again was very sincere; but when once a child has got a bad habit, it is very hard to get rid of it. It was, therefore, a long time before he could remember what was said to him, better than what was said to Tim. He however mastered this difficulty, and at last, when his mother laid her commands upon him, he was sure to take them to heart, and obey them.

Now I recommend it to all blue-eyed, and black-eyed, and gray-eyed children, to think of this little story, and see that they are sure to remember better what their parents tell them, than what they tell any one else. Let them learn the story of Ben and Tim by heart, and heed the lesson it conveys.

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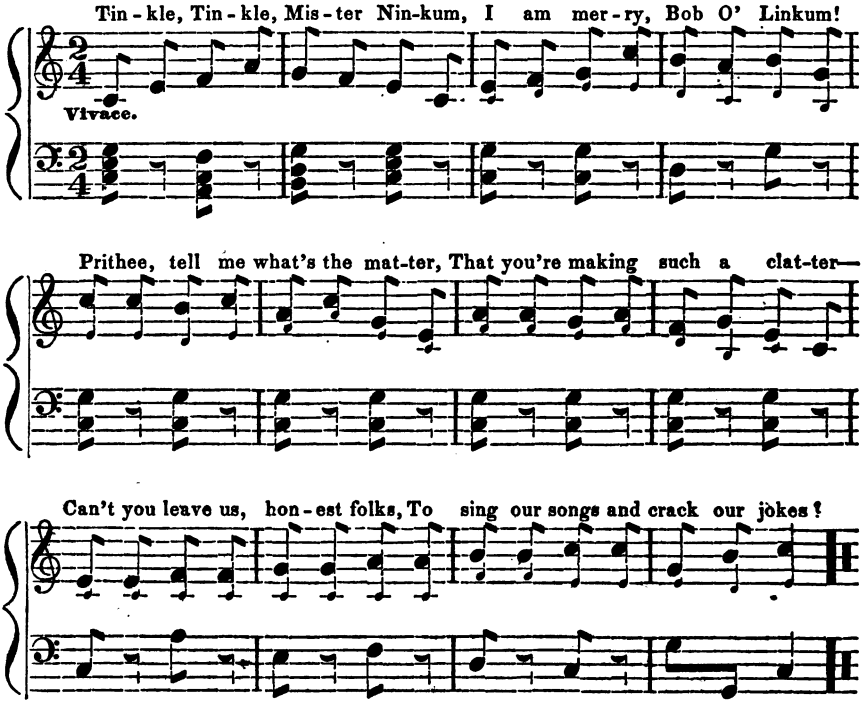
A Word to Correspondents.

We are obliged to defer replying to our numerous Correspondents till the next number, where the reader will find answers to the puzzles, and something more to task his Yankee faculty of *guessing*.

BOB O'LINKUM'S SONG TO THE MOWER.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.


Tin-kle, Tin-kle, Mis-ter Nin-kum, I am mer-ry, Bob O' Linkum!
Vivace.
Prithee, tell me what's the mat-ter, That you're making such a clat-ter—
Can't you leave us, hon-est folks, To sing our songs and crack our jokes?

It is cruel, Mr. Ninkum,
Thus to bother Bob O'Linkum—
I had thought the meadow mine,
With its blossoms all so fine,
And I made my little nest
'Neath the clover, all so blest.

But you come, oh naughty Ninkum,
All unheeding Bob O'Linkum—
And you swing your saucy blade
Where my little nest is made—
And you cut the blooming clover,
Which did wrap my young ones over.

Get you gone, oh ugly Ninkum—
Leave the field to Bob O'Linkum;
Let him on his light wing hover
O'er the summer scented clover—
Let him sing his merry song,
And he'll thank you all day long.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 2.

The Sense of Touch.

The sensations of smelling, tasting, hearing, and seeing, are conveyed by distinct organs, severally devoted to these objects, and all confined to the head. But the sense of *touch*, or *feeling*, extends over almost every part of the body. Though we may call every sensation *feeling*, yet what is properly denominated the sensation of *touch*, consists of the feeling or sensation excited by bodies brought in contact with the skin, and especially the tips of the fingers.

It is by the sense of touch, that men and other animals are able to perceive certain external qualities of objects. It is by this sense that we acquire ideas of

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hardness, softness, roughness, smoothness, heat and cold, weight and pressure, form and distance.

The accuracy of this sense is much improved by habit. In some cases, when persons have become deaf or blind, the sense of touch has grown so acute as partially to supply the loss of the sense of seeing or hearing. Blind persons have sometimes been able to determine the qualities of objects, with wonderful accuracy, by touch, and even to distinguish the colors of cloths, by being able to discriminate between the substances used in giving these their hues.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XXI.

With a heavy and doubting heart, I proceeded on my way to New York. My situation was, in every respect, gloomy and depressing. I was alone in the world, and utterly unpractised in taking care of myself. I was cast forth to work my way in the rough voyage of life. I was like a person, who, while sailing confidently upon a raft, sees it suddenly sink in the waves, leaving him no other resource than to swim for his life, and that too, without preparation or practice.

It is, however, true, that necessity is, not only the mother of invention, but of exertion also, and by degrees I began to brace myself up to the emergency in which I was placed. It is a great thing—it is, indeed, the first requisite in order to obtain success—to have the *mind* and feelings prepared. I saw and felt that I had no other dependence now, than myself; that even my food, my clothing, my shelter, must henceforth, be the fruit of my own toil. It was a strange and startling position; and it was necessary for me to go over the events which had recently transpired, again and again, before I could realize a state of things so utterly at variance with the whole tenor of my life, my education, and my habits of thought.

It was long before, I could bring my pride down to my humble condition; it was long before I could resolve to grapple earnestly and heartily with the burthen which a life of toil presented to my imagination. I had heard of a punishment of criminals in Holland, in which they were obliged to work at a pump incessantly, to save themselves from being drowned; if they relaxed for a moment, the fatal element would rise over their heads and they would be lost forever. In my hour of distress, I looked upon my condition as little better than this. But necessity, necessity, that stern teacher, admonished me hour by hour, and at last its lesson was indelibly written on my heart. From that moment, fully estimating my dependence, I felt assured, and with a firmer step pushed on toward the place of my destination.

The day after my departure from Salem, as I was passing through the town of Bedford, I came to a handsome white house, the grounds of which seemed to bespeak wealth and taste on the part of its owner. It was at this moment beginning to snow, the flakes falling so thickly as to obscure the air. It was evidently setting in for a severe storm, and I was casting about for some place of shelter, when a tall, thin gentleman, of a very dignified appearance, approached me. There was that air of kindness about him, which emboldened me to inquire if he could tell me where I could get shelter till the storm was over.

"Come in with me, my friend," said he kindly; at the same time opening the gate, and walking up the yard toward the house I have mentioned. I did not hesitate, but followed on, and soon found myself in a large room, richly carpeted, bearing every aspect of ease and luxury.

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Being desired to take a seat, I placed myself by the cheerful fire, and waited to be addressed by the hospitable host.

"It is a stormy day," said the old gentleman; "have you far to travel?"

"I am on my way to New York, sir;" said I.

"Indeed! and on foot?" was his reply; "then you had better stay here till the storm is past." He then proceeded to make some inquiries, and soon learnt my story. He had known my uncle well, and seemed on his account to take some interest in my behalf. The day passed pleasantly, and when evening came, there was quite a circle, consisting of the members of a large family, gathered around the fireside. The conversation was lively and entertaining. The host appeared to be about sixty years of age, but he had a look of calm dignity, an aspect of mingled simplicity and refinement, which made a strong impression on my mind. I had never seen any one who so much excited the feeling of reverence. I did not know his name, but I had a feeling that I was in the presence of a great man. The deference paid him by all around, tended to heighten this impression.

About ten o'clock in the evening, the servants of the family were called in, and all kneeling, the aged man offered up a simple, but fervent prayer to heaven. It seemed like the earnest request of a child to a father; a child that felt as if he had offended a parent whom he loved, and in whom he confided. The scene to me was very striking. To see a man so revered by his fellow-men—a man of such wisdom and knowledge—kneeling in humiliation, like a very child, and pouring out his soul in tears of supplication before the Father of the Universe, affected me deeply. It was one of those things which was calculated to have a decisive and abiding effect. I had then heard little of religion, except as a matter of ridicule. I have since met with the scoffer and the unbeliever; but the scene I have just described, taught me that the truly great man may be a sincere, meek, pious Christian; it taught me that the loftiest intellect, the most just powers of reasoning, may lead to that simple faith which brings the learned and the great to the same level as the unlettered and the humble—submission to God. If, in after days, I have ever doubted the truth of the Bible; if I have ever felt contempt for the Christian, that good man's prayer, that great man's example, have speedily rebuked my folly. These things have led me to frequent and serious reflection, and, during the subsequent stages of my life, have induced me to remark, that the unbeliever, the scoffer, is usually a person of weak mind, or ill-balanced judgment. I have met many great men, who were Christians. I never have met a great man who was a doubter.

In the morning the storm had abated, and after breakfast, I took my leave, having offered sincere thanks for the hospitality I had shared. As I was departing, the gentleman put into my hands a letter, addressed to a friend of his in New York; and which he requested me to deliver in person, on my arrival. This I promised to do; but candor compels me to say that I did not keep my promise; and bitterly have I had occasion to repent it. It is true, I sent the letter to the gentleman, but I *did not deliver it myself.* I had not yet learned the importance of a precise and accurate fulfilment of duty, and performance of promises. Had I done as I was directed, it would, no doubt, have altered the whole tenor of my life. I afterwards learned, but all too late to be of avail, that the letter was to an eminent merchant of New York, commending me warmly to him, and requesting him to take me into his counting-room; and this letter was from a

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man of such distinction,* that his request would not have been slighted. Yet, through my carelessness, I missed this excellent chance for getting forward in life.

I proceeded on my journey, but although I travelled very industriously, the snow was so deep, that at night I had made little progress. The fourth day after my departure, however, just at evening, I entered the city of New York, and took up my lodgings at a small tavern in Pearl street. Having taken supper, I went to the bar-room, where were about a dozen men, drinking and smoking. One of them, rather genteely dressed, came and sat by me, and we fell into conversation. After a little while, he ordered some flip, and we drank it. I felt my heart warmed, and my tongue loosed, and I told the stranger my story. He appeared to take great interest in me and pretty soon proposed to go into another room. Here were two other persons; and we sat down—my new friend ordering more liquor, and introducing me to the strangers. The liquor was brought, and also a pack of cards. In an easy way my companion began to shuffle the pack, and handed them to me to cut; seeming to take it as a matter of course that I would play. I had not the courage to refuse, and drew up to the table. The game went on, and in a very short time, I had lost every dollar in my pocket!

"Wit that is bought, is worth twice as much as wit that is taught," says the proverb. We have good counsels bestowed upon us, but words make a faint impression. It is only when these counsels have been despised, and we are made actually to suffer, that we obtain lessons which stick by us, and influence us. A father once warned his son against certain evil ways. "Why do you counsel me, thus?" said the boy. "Because I have tried these things and seen the folly of them," said the parent. "Well, father," replied the inexperienced youth, "I want to see the folly of them too!" Thus it is that we will not take the experience of others; we will not heed the warnings of wisdom; we must needs taste of evil, and then, but not till then, do we bear in mind the bitterness that is in the cup of indulgence.

So it was with me; I had heard the dangers of gambling, but I had not seen and felt the folly of it. But now the lesson of experience had come, and it was deep and bitter. I went to bed with a heavy heart. Sleep came not to my eyelids that long, long night. My fancy was filled with real and imaginary evils. The death of my uncle; the loss of my fortune; the desolation of my condition; my visit to old Sarah's cave; the bitter disappointment connected with the continental notes; my farewell to friends; my launching forth upon the sea of adventure;—all, came again and again to mind, each thought with oppressive force and distinctness. Ideas seemed like living images marching and

* I suppose that Robert Merry here refers to John Jay, one of the greatest and best men who ever lived; for about this period he dwelt in the town of Bedford, and was such a person as is described. He had filled many important offices; had been a member of congress, governor of New York, ambassador to Spain and England, and chief justice of the United States. At the period of Merry's journey from Salem to New York, he had retired to private life, devoting himself to religious and philosophical inquiries. In 1798, he negotiated a famous treaty with England, which was the subject of much discussion. There is a simple anecdote which shows the excitement on this subject, and exhibits Governor Jay in a pleasing light. One day being at market, the butcher said to him, "There is a great pother about this treaty of yours, governor; pray what sort of a treaty is it?" "Well, my friend," said Mr. Jay, "there is some good and some bad in it; but, on the whole, I think it a pretty good treaty: it is much like your beef—there's a streak of fat and a streak of lean—but it's very good beef after all."

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countermarching in fearful procession, through the grisly shadows of the night. Nor was this all. To these realities, were added the fantasies suggested by apprehension, the painful emotions of an offended conscience, and the bitter self-distrust, which a conviction of my weakness and folly, at the very threshold of active and responsible life, forced upon me. All these came in to increase my misery. In vain did I try to close my eyes in repose; in vain did I seek to shut out the truth from my mind. The more I courted sleep, the more wakeful I became; the more I tried not to think, the more bright and vivid were my conceptions. My soul was like an illuminated house, filled with bustle and noise, when the proprietor would fain have sought the silence and repose of the pillow.

Morning at last came, and with it something like comfort. "I have learnt a lesson," said I, "and will never gamble again." Such was the fruit of my experience, and it was worth all it cost me; for from that time I have kept my resolution. I went to deliver the letters which had been given me by Raymond and his brother. The persons to whom they were addressed, received me kindly, and one of them, a bookseller, took me into his shop as a clerk, on trial.

It is scarcely possible for any one to conceive of a youth so poorly qualified to be useful, as I was at this time. My education was very imperfect; I had no habits of industry; I was not accustomed to obey others; I had no experience in doing the thousand little things which are to be done, and which practice alone can render easy. On the contrary, I had grown up in idleness, or at least to work, or play, or do nothing, just as my humor might dictate.

Now those children who have had the guidance of parents, and who have been taught habits of industry and obedience, ought to be very thankful—for they will find it easy to get along in life; but, alas, I had grown up almost to manhood, and had been educated to none of these things; and now I was to reap the bitter fruits of my own neglect and the misfortune of having no parent and no friend, save a too indulgent uncle. How much I suffered, from these sources, I cannot express; but my experience may warn all children and youth against the foolish desire of being indulged in their wishes and humors. 'T is far better that they should learn to perform their duties, to help themselves, to be industrious, and to obey those in whose charge they are placed.

The bookseller with whom I was now placed, was named Cooke—a large man, with red hair standing out like bristles, and staring, fiery eyes. When he first spoke to me, he was soft as cream in his tones, but I soon learnt that when roused, he was hot as a volcano. For two or three days he was, indeed, very gentle, and I fancied that I should get along very well. But soon the fair sky was overcast with clouds, and a terrible tempest followed.

Irish wit.—A soldier in an Irish corps observed to his comrade that a corporal was to be drummed out of the regiment. "By my faith," said he, "I hope it 's the corporal that is so troublesome to our company." "Pray, what 's his name?" enquired the soldier. "Why, Corporal *Punishment*, to be sure, Pat!"

Mode of Invitation in China.—An invitation to a party or feast in China is sent several days before, on a crimson colored ticket to the person expected, on which is written the time appointed, and the guest is entreated to bestow the "illumination of his presence."

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Uncas and Miantonimo.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dutch settlement in New York.—Indian account of the matter.—Uncas, chief of the Mohicans.—His war with the Narragansets.—Philip.—His wars and death.—Present state of the Indians in New England.

The country around the mouth of the Hudson, and the island on which the great city of New York is situated, were first settled by the Dutch. They found the land occupied by a powerful tribe of Indians, descended from the Delawares, called the Mohicans, by whom they were received with the greatest kindness and respect. The natives give an amusing account of the first arrival of these strangers.

"A great many years ago," say they, "when men with a white skin had never been seen in this land, some Indians, who were out a fishing at a place where the sea widens, espied at a distance something remarkably large floating on the water, and such as they had never seen before. These Indians, immediately returning to the shore, apprized their countrymen of what they had observed, and pressed them to discover what it might be. They hurried out together, and saw with astonishment the phenomenon which now appeared to their sight, but could not agree upon what it was: some believed it to be an uncommonly large fish or animal, while others were of opinion that it must be a very big house, floating on the water.

"Runners were sent off in every direction with the wonderful intelligence, and the people crowded to the shore to view the strange appearance. They concluded that the Manito, or Great Spirit, himself was coming to visit them, in this huge vessel. All the idols and temples were put in order, and a grand dance and feast was prepared to entertain him. While in this situation, fresh runners arrived, declaring it to be positively a large house, crowded with beings of quite a different color from that of the Indians, and clothed differently from them; that, in particular, one of them was dressed entirely in red, who must be the Manito himself.

"The house, or as some say, large canoe, at last stops, and a canoe of smaller size comes on shore, with the man in red, and some others in it; some stay with the canoe to guard it. The chiefs and wise men form a circle, towards

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which the man in red clothes advances with two others. He salutes them with a friendly countenance, and they return the salute after their manner; they are lost in admiration at the dress, the manners, and the whole appearance of the unknown strangers; but they are particularly struck with him who wore the red coat, all glittering with gold lace, which they could in no manner account for. He surely must be the great Manito, but why should he have a white skin?

"Meanwhile a large bottle is brought by one of his servants, from which he pours out an unknown liquid into a small cup or glass, and drinks:—he then fills it again, and hands it to the chief nearest him, who only smells of it, and passes it to the next, who does the same; and the glass is about to be returned to the red-clothed Manito, untasted, when one of the Indians, a brave man and a great warrior, suddenly jumps up and harangues the assembly on the impropriety of refusing the request of Manito, and not drinking the liquor, when he had set them the example. For himself, he declared, that rather than provoke the wrath of the Great Spirit by this conduct, he would, if necessary, devote himself to death for the good of the nation.

"He then took the glass, and bidding the whole assembly a solemn farewell, drank up its whole contents: he soon began to stagger, and at last fell prostrate to the ground. His companions now bemoan his fate, thinking that he has expired; suddenly he wakes, jumps up, and declares that he has enjoyed the most delicious sensations from drinking the liquor, and asks for more. The whole assembly imitate him, and all become intoxicated.

"After they had recovered from the effects of this scene, the strangers distributed among them presents of beads, axes, hoes, &c., and then departed. In about a year they returned, and concluded to settle there: for this purpose, they only asked for as much land as the hide of a bullock, which was then spread before them, would take in. The Indians readily granted this slight request; but the whites then took a knife, and cut the hide into a long strip of rope, not thicker than a child's finger, with which they were able to encompass a large piece of ground. The Indians were surprised at the superior wit of the whites, but did not care to dispute about a little land, as they had still enough for themselves; and they lived for some time contentedly with their new neighbors." The Dutch, however, did not long keep possession of the country, which they had thus unfairly gained; about fifty years afterwards, it was taken from them by the English, who called it New York.

The first grand chief, or *sachem*, of the Mohicans known to the English, was called Uncas: he was a crafty and ambitious chieftain, brave and cunning in war, and cruel to his conquered enemies. He was always a firm friend to the English, probably because he saw that it was for his interest to be so; for he was generally at war with the Six Nations on the north, and the Narragansets, a numerous warlike people on the east, who inhabited the country now called the state of Rhode Island.

In one of these wars, Miantonimo, the Narraganset chief, suddenly invaded the country of the Mohicans, with eight hundred of his bravest warriors, giving Uncas only time to collect about half that number to meet him. He saw that if he should attempt to oppose him by main force, he should certainly be beaten; he therefore resolved to attempt a stratagem.

When the two armies had approached near each other, ordering his warriors to conceal themselves in the long grass, he advanced before them, and challenged

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his adversary to single combat, saying that it was a great pity that so many brave men should be killed, merely to decide a private quarrel. But Miantonimo knew well that he had the advantage in numbers, and he was resolved not to lose it. "My warriors," said the fierce chieftain, "have come a long way to fight, and they *shall* fight."

Uncas had expected this answer, and instantly fell flat to the ground. His men, rising, poured on their enemies a volley of arrows, rushed on them with a hideous yell, and soon put them to flight. Miantonimo was taken prisoner; he scorned to beg his life of his victorious enemy, and was put to death, but without cruelty, on account of the request of the English.

After the death of Uncas, which happened about the year 1680, his tribe gradually dwindled away, under their continual wars with the whites, and the other Indians, and their own evil passions, until the feeble remnant of a once powerful people was compelled to abandon their ancient hunting-grounds, and flee for protection to their *grandfather*, the Delawares, now almost as wretched and powerless as themselves; some even joined their old enemies, the Six Nations, by whom they were generously adopted into that warlike confederacy.

But the greatest and the most renowned of all the New England sachems, was undoubtedly the great chief of the Pokanokets, called by the English, KING PHILIP. He was the son of Massassoit, who ruled the Indians around Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers first landed. He received them kindly, sold them a large tract of land for their settlement, and made a treaty of friendship with them, which lasted unbroken for about fifty years.

The good feeling, however, of the old sachem did not descend to his son Philip, who succeeded him. He saw that the English were gradually encroaching upon the grounds of his race, and that, unless their progress should soon be arrested, the red man would not have where to lay his head in the country of his forefathers. He resolved, therefore, to unite, if possible, all the Indians of New England, from the Penobscot to the Hudson, in one last great attempt to recover from their white invaders their ancient dominions. In a short time, by this artful manœuvre, he had gained over to his cause the warlike nation of the Narragansets, and all the tribes of Maine, for two hundred miles along the coast. But the Indians of New Hampshire, for the most part, kept aloof from the contest, and the Mohicans, under their sachem Uncas, remained ever faithful to the English.

The war between the colonies and the English, commonly called Philip's War, broke out in the summer of 1675. The savage chief is said to have wept when he heard of the first outrage of the war. He called to mind the long, unbroken friendship, that for half a century had subsisted between the red man and the whites; and his stern heart relented, when he saw that it must now be broken, and forever. But it was too late to retreat. From that hour he never smiled; but his whole soul was bent upon the business before him.

At first, his success was tremendous; in a short time the country was in flames, from one end of the colonies to the other. Thirteen towns were entirely destroyed; seven hundred dwelling-houses burnt; and as many Englishmen killed. There was not a family throughout New England, which did not mourn the loss of a relation. But his good fortune did not continue long; the colonies gathered all their strength to meet him; the Mohicans assailed him from the south; and the Mohawks on the north were his implacable enemies. He was

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defeated in several battles; his allies deserted him; his friends and relations were killed or made prisoners by the English; and he himself was hunted, like a spent deer by blood-hounds, from place to place. Still, even in his worst days, he would not think of peace; one of his attendants, who dared to propose it to him, he killed with his own hand. It was by the brother of the same man, that he was himself slain.

A few minutes before his death, he is said to have been telling his few remaining friends of his gloomy dreams, and urging them to leave him, and provide for their own safety. On a sudden, the swamp in which he lay concealed, was surrounded by the English, and in attempting to escape, he was shot.

With this great man and noble warrior, perished the last hopes of the natives of New England. From that moment they rapidly melted away before the advance of the whites, and finally became extinct, or mingled with other nations of the west; who, in their turn, sunk under the power of their civilized invaders. A few Indians still remain, scattered about in various parts of Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, and Connecticut. At Marshpee, on Cape Cod, and on Martha's Vineyard, there are still a few hundreds; but they have forgotten their ancient habits and language. They are mostly in a wretched state, idle and dissolute. A number of the young men, however, are employed in the whale fishery, and are skilful and industrious. The powerful tribe of the Narragansets are reduced to about four hundred persons, who live at Charlestown, in the southern part of Rhode Island.

Death of Tecumseh.

CHAPTER XXII.

What has been told.—The Western sachems.—Pontiac and Tecumseh.—Account of their tribes.—Alliance with the French.—Pontiac attacks the white men.—Tecumseh and Elkswatawa.—Their efforts against the Americans.—Death of Tecumseh.

We have seen how, as the tide of European emigration poured on, the tribes of the Atlantic coast gradually disappeared before it, either retreating into the depths of the western forests, or dying in bold but fruitless attempts to recover from the hand of the grasping European the land of their forefathers. The flood of civilization still rolled on; and again the savage girded himself to meet it. The desperate struggle for life and freedom,

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for wealth and power, which had crimsoned the waters of the Connecticut, the Delaware, and the Potomac, with blood, was to be repeated on the banks of the Ohio, the Wabash, and the Mississippi.

We have seen how Powhattan in the south, and Philip in the north, strove with all the powers of their great minds, to unite the numerous tribes of their race in a great effort, to stay the encroachments of the whites; but in vain. In like manner, among the numerous tribes of the West, there arose, from time to time, men of wisdom and bravery, to guide their councils and turn their arms towards the same great purpose. Such men were Pontiac and Tecumseh.

Before we proceed to give an account of the lives of these great men, we must first say something about the tribes of Indians to which they belonged, or with which they were connected.

The native tribes which lived beyond the Allegany range, and north of the Ohio, were all nearly related to each other, being descended from the same grandfather, the Delawares. The Wyandots or Hurons, however, claimed to be the most ancient of all the great Indian family, and were always addressed by the Delawares as their *Uncle*.

The Shawanese were a warlike and powerful people, dwelling on the Ohio, in the southern part of the State of the same name. They formerly inhabited the southern country near Savannah, in Georgia. From their restless and ferocious disposition, they were constantly engaged in wars with their neighbors, who, at length, tired of being continually harassed, formed a league to expel them from the country. The Shawanese, seeing their danger, fled for protection to their grandfather, the Delawares, who received them kindly, and assigned them lands upon the river Ohio. Here their bold and turbulent spirit soon involved them again in a constant warfare with their neighbors, both Indians and whites. This was the tribe of Tecumseh, the Indian Bonaparte.

The Miami and Wabash tribes lived on the rivers of the same names in Ohio and Indiana; they were formidable in bravery, and could bring into the field many hundred warriors. The Wyandots or Hurons inhabited the country around Detroit, partly in Michigan and partly in Canada. They were not many in number, but possessed great influence, from being acknowledged as the head of the great Indian family.

The Ottawas, Chippeways, and Potawattomies were three tribes, scattered along the shores of the great lakes, in Michigan and the Northwest Territories. They were strong in numbers and bravery, and were always united in the bonds of friendly alliance. Of the first of these, Pontiac was chief, and his influence extended over the other two.

During the French war, which ended in the conquest of Canada by the English, 1762, the natives, with the exception of the Six Nations, were almost all on the side of the French. Hence, when the war was finished in a manner so disastrous to their white friends, it was no wonder that the Indians should be extremely dissatisfied, and ill-disposed towards the conquerors.

Pontiac, an artful and ambitious chief, and a great warrior, saw this feeling, and resolved to take advantage of it to unite the various tribes in an attempt to recover from the English their newly-acquired possessions. He used every art and inducement that he knew would have power over the minds of his savage brethren; he reminded them of the long series of wrongs which they had received from the hands of the English; he showed them that while two hostile European nations were settled in the country, each would court the friendship of the Indians, by kindness and favors;

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but when all was in the hands of one, they would have nothing to do but to wrench from the feeble grasp of the red man, their few remaining possessions. Above all, he pretended that the Great Spirit had made a revelation to a man of the Delaware tribe—commanding the Indians to unite and drive their white invaders from the land.

By such means, he succeeded in forming the greatest league ever known among the native tribes of America. Besides the numerous tribes of the west as far as the Mississippi, he had obtained the assistance of many of the Delawares and Six Nations in Pennsylvania and New York, and the Messissagas, far in the north of Canada.

His plans were as grand as his means. On the same day, throughout an extent of more than a thousand miles of frontier, from Lake Superior to the Potomac, every British fort was to be taken; every Englishman killed. His plan, however, through the treachery of his allies, was only partially successful: as it was, nine of the English forts were taken, and nearly all the garrisons put to death; the whole line of frontier settlements was wrapt in blood and flames.

In all their undertakings, the savages like better to succeed by cunning, than by open force. Henry, the traveller, gives a lively account of the manner in which the fort at Michilimackinac was taken, and the garrison destroyed.

This being an important post, its capture was committed to the united forces of the Sacs and Chippeways. They made use of the following stratagem. "On a certain day, the warriors collected in great numbers around the fort, as they had been accustomed to do, in a friendly manner. They then began a game of *baggatiway*, or ball, a favorite amusement with the Indians; and the soldiers of the garrison poured out to see the sport. Suddenly the ball was knocked, as if by chance, over the wall of the fort, and the crowd of players and spectators rushed in, pell-mell, to obtain it—no one caring to prevent them.

The savages were now secure of their prey; on a sudden, the war-cry was given and the work of destruction commenced. At this time Henry was engaged in writing: suddenly he heard a confused noise, followed by a loud Indian war-cry. Rushing to his window, he saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found; and he could plainly witness the last struggles of some of his intimate friends.

His heart died within him at the horrid sight. He knew that it would be vain for him alone to resist, and resolved to make an attempt to escape. He saw many of the French villagers looking out of the windows at the scene, without being in any manner molested by the savages. The thought struck him, that he might find a refuge in one of their houses; accordingly, he managed to reach unseen the nearest of them, and concealed himself behind some birch-bark vessels in the garret.

When the massacre in the fort was over, the Indians scattered themselves about the village in search of new victims. Henry heard them enter the house in which he was, and inquire if there were any Englishmen within. The Frenchman answered that he did not know of any; they might look for themselves. He heard them approach the garret; they entered, and began to search around the room. The trembling Englishman thought that his last hour was come. But the darkness of the place saved his life; and his bloody pursuers departed without finding him."

Such was the fate of Michilimackinac; but at Detroit, the assailants were not so successful, though led by Pontiac himself. A few days before the time ap-

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pointed for the attack, an Indian woman, grateful for some kindnesses which she had received from the commandant, revealed to him the whole plot. She told him that Pontiac would soon present himself before the fort, with a long train of followers, having each his rifle concealed under his cloak, and request to be admitted to an interview with the commandant; that at the end of his speech, the chieftain would present to him a belt, *the wrong side outwards.* This would be the signal for a general massacre of all the English.

The officer rewarded the woman for her information, and took his measures accordingly. Exactly as she had said, Pontiac soon appeared before the gates with a large retinue, and was admitted, at once, to an interview. His speech was bold and threatening, and his manner vehement and angry; but just as he arrived at the critical moment when the belt was to be presented, the drums at the door of the council-house suddenly rolled the charge, the guards levelled their pieces, and the British officers drew their swords. The heart of the bold chief failed him, at this evident proof that his treachery was discovered. He trembled, gave the belt in the usual manner, and retired without striking a blow.

Thus foiled in his stratagem, Pontiac resolved to try the effect of a siege; and he actually maintained it for several months. But this is a method of warfare which an Indian can by no means endure, and he soon found himself deserted by his allies; while the garrison still continued to hold out. At the same time he heard that an army of English was advancing to the relief of the fort. He was compelled to raise the siege, and retreat with all possible despatch. Soon after, he concluded a peace with the British; and thus his mighty efforts, his grand designs, his long series of cunning stratagems, bold surprisals, and ruthless massacres, were worse than vain.

For a long time after the death of Pontiac, no wars of any consequence took place between the whites and the Indians. But about the year 1804, there arose among the natives two men, chiefs of the warlike and restless tribe of the Shawanees, who conceived, as Philip and Pontiac had done before them, the design of uniting their scattered countrymen for a common purpose. But it was not to expel the white men from the country; they knew that such an attempt must be worse than useless. But they wished to prevent them from encroaching more on the lands of the natives. "We have retreated far enough," said they; "we will go no farther."

Their names were *Tecumseh* and *Elkswatawa;* they were brothers, but different in mind and heart. The one was brave, frank, and high-minded; the other cautious, subtle, and cruel. Each took the part that suited his character. Elkswatawa was the *prophet.* He informed his countrymen that the Great Spirit was about to take from the white men and restore to the Indians the power and wisdom which rightfully belonged to them. To bring about this desirable change, the red men must return to the good old customs of their ancestors. They must dress in skins; they must not quarrel, lie or steal; and there must be no more fighting between the tribes.

Tecumseh was the war-chief, and the orator. He visited the councils of every tribe from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Superior, haranguing them on the wrongs which they had received from the white men, the loss of their power and land, and the blessing which awaited them if they would but attend to the words of the prophet.

The eloquence of the young warrior produced a great effect. Many of the tribes declared themselves ready to adopt his scheme, and others would soon have followed. But while on a visit to

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the Cherokees, he received the mortifying intelligence that his brother, the prophet, had given battle to the troops of the United States, under General Harrison, and had been defeated. This was most unfortunate for the cause of Tecumseh. His brother's influence was nearly lost, many of his allies wavered, and others deserted them altogether.

But the die was cast. He saw that war must follow; and he resolved to meet it like a man; he redoubled his exertions to gain adherents. About this time, (1812,) the war between England and the United States commenced, and he immediately joined himself, with all his forces, to the British cause. Throughout the war, his labors, his dangers, and his exertions were unceasing. By his influence the British obtained their immense force of Indian auxiliaries; his voice was heard at every council-fire; he was foremost in every battle, the last in every flight.

But he fought in vain; the American arms prevailed; his European allies deserted him; and his faithful savage friends had fallen under the rifles of the enemy. Still he disdained to yield. In the battle of the Moravian towns, while his men were falling or fleeing around him, he pressed forward into the hottest of the fight, sounding the war-cry, and plying the tomahawk with desperate energy.

Suddenly there was a wavering in the ranks of the savages; a voice of command was no longer heard among them. Tecumseh had fallen, and with him fell the hopes of his followers. They fled, leaving the Americans masters of the field.

He was buried near the place on which he fell; and it is said that his grave is kept clear from shrubbery, by the frequent visits of his countrymen, who thus shew the care with which they cherish the memory of their last great chief.

That thing I cannot do.

THERE is a beautiful story in the 5th chapter of the 2d Book of Kings, about a famous person, by the name of Naaman. He was captain of the army of the king of Syria, and was a great and mighty man.

But he was afflicted with a loathsome disease, called *leprosy*, which is common in the eastern countries. Now the Syrians had gone to war, and had brought away from the land of Israel a young maiden as a captive, and she waited on Naaman's wife. The story in the Bible goes on as follows:

"And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would cure him of his leprosy. And one went in and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel. And the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now, when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy. And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

"And it was so, when Elisha, the man of God, had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel. So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood

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at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again unto thee, and thou shalt be clean. But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned, and went away in a rage."

Now this beautiful story, though told about a great man in ancient days, may afford instruction even to young people of our time; for, like the Syrian captain, we all of us like to do things in our own way; and furthermore, we like to perform certain duties rather than others.

The truth is this—that in almost all our conduct, we permit our pride, our likes and dislikes, our tastes and aversions to govern us, rather than our sense of duty. We very seldom ask ourselves "what ought I to do, and how ought I to do it?" implicitly and cheerfully acting according to the reply which conscience gives. Even those who mean to be governed by duty, are very apt to look over their list of duties, pick out those which are most agreeable, and perform them, neglecting or delaying all others—and even in performing duties, we are likely to do them in the way most agreeable to ourselves, and often not in the best way.

Now all this is weakness and folly: it is real and practical disobedience; it shows that the heart is not right—that we are selfish—self-willed, self-seeking, rather than honest, sincere, faithful followers of duty.

Let us suppose a case. Anna is sick, and her mother wishes her to take some medicine, and proposes that she shall take castor oil.

"Oh, mother," says Anna, "I hate castor oil."

"So does everybody," says the mother. "But is it not better, my dear child, to take a little disagreeable physic than to continue sick, and run the risk of having a fever?"

"But, mother, won't something else do as well?" is the reply.

"No, not as well," says the mother, "the best thing for you is castor oil; and sick or well, it is always right to do the best thing we can."

"Oh, mother," says the thoughtless child, "I can't take castor oil; anything but castor oil—but really I cannot take that!"

Now this little girl is very much like Naaman. She wants to get well, but she wishes to do this in her own way. She dislikes castor oil particularly, and really feels willing to take the risk of being very sick, rather than to swallow a little medicine which disgusts her. So it was with Naaman. He wished to get well, and he was willing to take a bath, but he was a proud man, and he did not like the idea of giving a preference to a river of Judea over the beautiful rivers of Damascus; and so he refused, and went away in a rage.

Thus it is that the little, as well as the great, are very apt to find some difficulty in the performance of duty, even where it would benefit themselves. Almost every person finds something, every day of his life, which he cannot, or rather which he will not do, but which at the same time he ought to do.

Now this is a very important matter; and the reason is this—that if we cannot do the right thing at the right time, and in the right way, though we may be very active, industrious, and energetic, still we shall find ourselves really weak, inefficient and unsuccessful in life.

But how shall we cure such a fault as this, if we happen to have it? I will tell

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while

you. Watch yourselves carefully, and when you find yourselves saying internally, "that thing I cannot do," consider whether it be a duty; and if it be, do it immediately, and do it as it ought to be done! Remember, that even Naaman repented of his folly, bathed in the river of Jordan, and was healed.

Skeleton of a Bird.

The frame-work of a bird is one of the most curious and interesting things in nature; and if we examine it carefully, we cannot but admire the ingenuity and skill of its great Creator. What mechanic, save the Author of nature, could have executed a piece of mechanism so complicated, so delicate, and that yet works so admirably? Think of the rapid motion of a bird in its flight; the quick vibrations of the wings; the sudden bendings of the neck and tail; and consider that all these are effected by muscles, which operate like the ropes of a ship. How slow and difficult are the evolutions of a ship, which is one of the wonders of human art; how swift are the evolutions of a bird, which, however, is only one among the thousand wonders of nature!

Another curious thing about the skeleton of a bird, is this—all the bones are hollow and very thin, yet they are very strong. Now, why are they so thin and light? Because the bird is to fly in the air, and therefore it is necessary that his body should be as light as possible. How wonderfully the Creator seems to have foreseen all things, and to have contrived them in the best possible way to answer the purposes that he had in view!

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A Tragedy in the Woods.

An Englishman, who had been riding in Bengal, in India, tells the following interesting, though painful story.

The whole face of the country in the East seems alive. A thousand species of birds unknown in Europe—a thousand different kinds of animals, omitted by some of our best zoologists—a thousand venomous, but beautiful reptiles, vivify the scene. With a gun over the shoulder, a host of objects offer themselves, to tempt a shot, (not that I ever had the craving desire which some men feel, merely to kill and destroy, for the sake of wanton cruelty,) from their gay plumage and curious forms.

I was strolling through a wood "high up the country," with my gun on my shoulder, my thoughts all centred in Europe, when I heard a curious noise in a tree almost immediately above me. I looked up, and found that the sounds proceeded from a white monkey, who skipped from branch to branch, chattering away with delight at beholding "a fellow-creature;" for so he decidedly seemed to consider me. For a few moments I took no notice of his antics, and walked quietly along, till suddenly a large branch fell at my feet, narrowly escaping my head. I again paused, and found that the missile had been dropped by my talkative friend. Without consideration, I instantly turned round, and fired at him.

The report had scarcely sounded, when I heard the most piercing, the most distressing cry that ever reached my ears. An agonized shriek, like that of a young infant, burst from the little creature whom I had wounded. It was within thirty paces of me. I could see the wretched animal, already stained with blood, point to its wound, and again hear its dreadful moan.

The last agony of a hare is harrowing, and I have seen a young sportsman turn pale on hearing it. The present cry was, however, more distressing. I turned round, and endeavored to hurry away. This, however, I found no easy task; for, as I moved forward, the unhappy creature followed me, springing as well as it could from bough to bough, uttering a low wailing moan, and pointing at the same time to the spot whence the blood trickled. Then regarding me steadily, but mournfully, in the face, it seemed to reproach me with my wanton cruelty. Again I hastened on, but still it pursued me. When I stopped, it stopped; when I attempted to go forward, it accompanied me. Never in the whole course of my life did I feel so much for a dumb animal; never did I so keenly repent an act of uncalled-for barbarity.

Determined not to allow the poor monkey thus to linger in torture, and at once to end the annoying scene, I suddenly came to a halt, and lowering my gun, which was only single-barrelled, I was about to re-load it for the purpose of despatching the maimed creature, when, springing from the tree, it ran up to within about half a dozen paces of me, and began to cry so piteously, and roll itself in agony, occasionally picking up earth, with which it attempted to stanch the blood by stuffing it into the wound, that, in spite of my resolution, when I fired, I was so nervous, I almost missed my aim, inflicting another wound, which broke the animal's leg, but nothing more. Again its piercing shriek rang in my ears. Horrified beyond endurance, I threw down my gun, and actually fled.

In about half an hour I returned, for the purpose of fetching my gun, fully expecting that the poor animal had left the spot. What, then, was my surprise to find a crowd of monkeys surrounding the wretched sufferer. As I advanced under the shade of some trees, I stole

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almost close to them before they perceived me. I took advantage of this circumstance to pause for a moment, and watch their movements. The stricken monkey was crying out in the most piteous manner; the others were busily employed in tearing open the wound, trying to destroy the already dreadfully maimed creature. A shout drove them all away, save the dying animal. I advanced; the little monkey was rolling in agony. I took up my gun, which lay beside him. I fancied he cast one look of supplication on me, one prayer to be relieved from his misery. I did not hesitate; with one blow of the butt-end I dashed out his brains. Then turning round, I slowly returned to my quarters, more profoundly dispirited than I had felt for many months. Take my advice, sensible reader—if you must live in India, never shoot a monkey.

Frogs.

FROGS, with their cousins, the toads, are what are called *amphibious*. We have heard a queer explanation of this word: a show-man, speaking of an alligator that he had on exhibition, said "that it was amphibious;" that is, said he, "it dies on the land, and can't live in the water." He only got it reversed: he should have said, that he lived equally well in the water and on the land.

Frogs are the best of all four-footed swimmers; they never deign to walk or run; but they are great jumpers. The frog is rather more slender, and more lively than the toad. The latter is, indeed, a dull, stupid fellow, and often looks like a mere lump of dirt. Many people dislike toads, and some fancy that they are poisonous. But nothing is more innocent, or harmless.

Frogs are hatched from eggs, in about forty days after they are laid. In about two days after being hatched they assume the tadpole or pollywog form, and feed on pond-weed. When they are three months old, two small feet sprout out near the tail; in a few days more the arms are formed; and now the frog is every way perfectly formed, except that it has a tail! During this state the creature eats very little, and is seen to rise frequently to the top of the water to take breath. He has always before lived like a fish, beneath the wave, but as he is now changing his state, he must get acquainted with the world above the water.

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In a few hours the tail drops off, and the frog, the real genuine frog, is complete! And one most wonderful thing, is this: the animal not only changes his form and habits, but his food also. While a tadpole, he fed on grass; while a frog, he lives entirely on animal food, as insects and worms. As he cannot find enough of them in the water, he goes forth to hunt them, and takes insects by surprise.

Some people, seeing great quantities of toads and frogs in time of a shower, fancy that they are rained down from the clouds. It may be that these little creatures are sometimes scooped up by a whirlwind, or water-spout, and carried to some distant place, when they fall with the rain; but, in general, the abundance of these creatures after a shower, is to be accounted for by the fact that at such a time they all come forth from their lurking-places.

Frogs live chiefly on the land, but when cold weather comes, they dive down in the mud, and lie there, in a torpid state, till spring comes back, when they salute its return with a great variety of notes. Some of these are rather plaintive and pleasing; but others are almost as loud and coarse as the voices of bulls. These bellowing frogs are sometimes called Dutch nightingales. In early times, these creatures were so numerous in France, that they waked up the people early in the morning. The rich men used, therefore, to require their servants to go out and beat the frogs and keep them quiet, till they could get through with their morning nap.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER X.

ALTHOUGH Alexis did not expect to find letters from home, as he had returned from his hunting expedition earlier than he anticipated, still, on his arrival at Yakutsk, he went to the office where they were to be deposited, if any had come. To his great joy he there found two letters, and on looking at them, recognised the hand-writing of his father upon one, and that of Kathinka on the other. His heart beat quick, as he hurried home to read them alone, in his room. With mingled feelings of hope and fear—of pleasure that he could thus hold communion with his dearest friends—of pain that he was separated from them by thousands of miles—he broke the seal of that which was superscribed with his father's hand, and read as follows:

"Tobolsk, —— 18—.

"My dear Alexis,—I embrace a good opportunity to send you letters, and thus to advise you of the state of things here. You will first desire to know how it is with Kathinka and me. We get on more comfortably than I could have hoped. Your sister excites my admiration every day of her life. She is, in the first place, cheerful under circumstances which might naturally beget gloom in the heart of a young lady, brought up in the centre of fashion, surrounded with every luxury, and accustomed to all the soft speeches that beauty could excite, or flattery devise. She is industrious, though bred up in the habit of doing nothing for herself, and of having her slightest wish attended to by the servants. She is humble, though she has been taught from infancy to remember that aristocratic blood flows in her veins. She is patient, though of a quick and sanguine temper.

"Now, my dear son, it is worthy of serious inquiry, what it is that can produce such a beautiful miracle—that can so transform a frail mortal, and raise a woman almost to the level of angels? You will say it is filial love—filial piety—a daughter's affection for an unhappy

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father. But you would thus give only half the answer. The affection of a daughter is, indeed, a lovely thing; it is, among other human feelings, like the rose among flowers—the very queen of the race: but it is still more charming when it is exalted by religion. Kathinka derives from this source an inspiration which exalts her beyond the powers of accident. She has never but one question to ask—'What is my duty?'—and when the answer is given, her decision is made. And she follows her duty with such a bright gleam about her, as to make all happy who are near. That sour, solemn, martyr-like air, with which some good people do their duty, and which makes them, all the time, very disagreeable, is never to be seen in your sister.

"And, what is strange to tell, her health seems rather to be improved by her activity and her toil; and, what is still more strange, her beauty is actually heightened since she has tasted sorrow and been made acquainted with grief. The calico frock is really more becoming to her than the velvet and gold gown, which she wore at the famous 'Liberty ball,' at Warsaw, and which you admired so much.

"All these things are very gratifying; yet they have their drawbacks. In spite of our poverty and retirement, we find it impossible to screen ourselves wholly from society. I am too feeble—too insignificant—to be cared for; but Kathinka is much sought after, and even courted. Krusenstern, the commander of the castle, is exceedingly kind to both her and me; and his lady has been her most munificent patron. She has bought the little tasteful products of Kathinka's nimble needle, and paid her most amply for them. In this way we are provided with the means of support.

"It galls me to think that I am thus reduced to dependence upon enemies—upon Russians—upon those who are the authors of all my own and my country's sorrows; but it is best, perhaps, that it should be so—for often the only way in which God can truly soften the hard heart, is to afflict it in that way which is most bitter. Pride must fall, for it is inconsistent with true penitence; it is an idol set up in the heart in opposition to the true God. We must cease to worship the first—we must pull it down from its pedestal, before we can kneel truly and devoutly to the last.

"Kathinka will tell you all the little details of news. I am bad at that, for my memory fails fast: and, my dear boy—I may as well say it frankly, that I think my days are fast drawing to a close. I have no special disease—but it seems to me that my heart beats feebly, and that the last sands of life are near running out. It may be otherwise—yet so I feel. It is for this reason that I have had some reluctance in giving my consent to a plan for your returning home in a Russian vessel, which is offered to you.

"A young Russian officer, a relative of the princess Lodoiska, by the name of Suvarrow, is going to Okotsk, at the western extremity of Siberia, where he will enter a Russian ship of war, that is to be there; he will take command of a corp of marines on board, and will return home in her. Krusenstern has offered you a passage home in her; and as Suvarrow is a fine fellow, and, I suspect, is disposed to become your brother-in-law, if Kathinka will consent—nothing could be more pleasant or beneficial to you. You will see a good deal of the world, learn the manners and customs of various people, at whose harbors you will touch, and make agreeable, and, perhaps, useful acquaintances on board the ship. These are advantages not to be lightly rejected; and, therefore, if you so decide and accept the offer, I shall not oppose your choice. Indeed, the only thing that

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makes me waver in my advice, is my fear that I shall not live, and that Kathinka will be left here without a protector. And even if this happens, she is well qualified to take care of herself, for she has a vigor and energy only surpassed by her discretion. After all, the voyage from Okotsk to St. Petersburgh, in Russia, is but a year's sail, though it requires a passage almost quite around the globe. At all events, even if you do not go with Suvarrow, you can hardly get home in less than a year—so that the time of your absence will not constitute a material objection. Therefore, go, if you prefer it.

"I have now said all that is necessary, and I must stop here—for my hand is feeble. Take with you, my dear boy, a father's blessing—and wherever you are, whether upon the mountain wave, or amid the snows of a Siberian winter, place your trust in Heaven. Farewell.

PULTOVA."

This affecting letter touched Alexis to the quick; the tears ran down his cheeks, and such was his anxiety and gloom, on account of his father's feelings, that he waited several minutes, before he could secure courage to open the epistle from Kathinka. At last he broke the seal, and, to his great joy, found in it a much more cheerful vein of thought and sentiment. She said her father was feeble, and subject to fits of great depression—but she thought him, on the whole, pretty well, and if not content, at least submissive and tranquil.

She spoke of Suvarrow, and the scheme suggested by her father, and urged it strongly upon Alexis to accept the offer. She presented the subject, indeed, in such a light, that Alexis arose from reading the letter with his mind made up to join Suvarrow, and return in the Russian vessel. He immediately stated the plan to Linsk and his two sons, and, to his great surprise, found them totally opposed to it. They were very fond of Alexis, and it seemed to them like unkind desertion, for him to leave them as proposed. Such was the strength of their feelings, that Alexis abandoned the idea of leaving them, and gave up the project he had adopted. This was, however, but transient. Linsk, who was a reasonable man, though a rough one, after a little reflection, seeing the great advantages that might accrue to his young friend, withdrew his objection, and urged Alexis to follow the advice of his sister.

As no farther difficulties lay in his way, our youthful adventurer made his preparations to join Suvarrow as soon as he should arrive; an event that was expected in a month. This time soon slipped away, in which Alexis had sold a portion of his furs to great advantage. The greater part of the money he sent to his father, as also a share of his furs. A large number of sable skins, of the very finest quality, he directed to Kathinka, taking care to place with them the one which the hermit hunter of the dell had requested might be sent to the princess Lodoiska, at St. Petersburgh. He also wrote a long letter to his sister, detailing his adventures, and dwelling particularly upon that portion which related to the hermit. He specially urged Kathinka to endeavor to have the skin sent as desired; for, though he had not ventured to unroll it, he could not get rid of the impression that it contained something of deep interest to the princess.

At the appointed time, Suvarrow arrived, and as his mission brooked no delay, Alexis set off with him at once. He parted with his humble friends and companions with regret, and even with tears. Expressing the hope, however, of meeting them again, at Tobolsk, after the lapse of two years, he took his leave.

We must allow Linsk and his sons to pursue their plans without further notice at present, only remarking that they made

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one hunting excursion more into the forest, and then returned to Tobolsk, laden with a rich harvest of valuable furs. Our duty is to follow the fortunes of Alexis, the young sable-hunter.

He found Suvarrow to be a tall young man, of three and twenty, slender in his form, but of great strength and activity. His air was marked with something of pride, and his eye was black and eagle-like; but all this seemed to become a soldier; and Alexis thought him the handsomest fellow he had ever seen. The two were good friends in a short time, and their journey to Okotsk was a pleasant one.

This town is situated upon the border of the sea of Okotsk, and at the northern part. To the west lies Kamschatka —to the south, the islands of Japan. Although there are only fifteen hundred people in the place, yet it carries on an extensive trade in furs. These are brought from Kamschatka, the western part of Siberia, and the north-west coast of America, where the Russians have some settlements.

Alexis found Okotsk a much pleasanter place than he expected. The country around is quite fertile; the town is pleasantly situated on a ridge between the river and the sea, and the houses are very neatly built. Most of the people are either soldiers, or those who are connected with the military establishments; yet there are some merchants, and a good many queer-looking fellows from all the neighboring parts, who come here to sell their furs. Among those of this kind, Alexis saw some short, flat-faced Kamschadales, clothed in bears' skins, and looking almost like bears walking on their hind legs; Kuriles, people of a yellow skin, from the Kurile Islands, which stretch from Japan to the southern point of Kamschatka; Tartars, with black eyes and yellow skins; and many other people, of strange features, and still stranger attire. He remained at this place for a month, and the time passed away pleasantly enough.

Alexis was a young man who knew very well how to take advantage of circumstances, so as to acquire useful information. Instead of going about with his eyes shut, and his mind in a maze of stupid wonder, he took careful observation of all he saw; and, having pleasant manners, he mixed with the people, and talked with them, and thus picked up a great fund of pleasant knowledge. In this way he found out what kind of a country Kamschatka is; how the people look, and live, and behave. He also became acquainted with the geographical situation of all the countries and islands around the great sea of Okotsk; about the people who inhabited them; about the governments of these countries; their climates, what articles they produced, their trade; the religion, manners and customs of the people.

Now, as I am writing a story, I do not wish to cheat my readers into reading a book of history and geography—but, it is well enough to mix in a little of the useful with the amusing. I will, therefore, say a few words, showing what kind of information Alexis acquired about these far-off regions of which we are speaking.

Kamschatka, you must know, is a long strip of land, very far north, and projecting into the sea, almost a thousand miles from north to south. The southern point is about as far north as Canada, but it is much colder. Near this is a Russian post, called St. Peter's and St. Paul's. The Kamschadales are chiefly heathen, who worship strange idols in a foolish way—though a few follow the Greek religion, which has been taught them by the Russians.

The cold and bleak winds that sweep over Siberia, carry their chill to Kamschatka, and, though the sea lies on two

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sides of it, they make it one of the coldest places in the world. The winter lasts nine months of the year, and no kind of grain can be made to grow upon its soil. But this sterility in the vegetable kingdom is compensated by the abundance of animal life. In no place in the world is there such a quantity of game. The coasts swarm with seals and other marine animals; the rocks are coated with shell-fish; the bays are almost choked with herrings, and the rivers with salmon. Flocks of grouse, woodcocks, wild geese and ducks darken the air. In the woods are bears, beavers, deer, ermines, sables, and other quadrupeds, producing abundance of rich furs. These form the basis of a good deal of trade.

Thus, though the Kamschadales have no bread, or very little, they have abundance of fish, flesh, and fowl. In no part of the world are the people more gluttonously fed. They are, in fact, a very luxurious race, spending a great part of their time in coarse feasting and frolicking. They sell their furs to the Russians, by which they get rum and brandy, and thus obtain the means of intoxication. Many of them are, therefore, sunk to a state of the most brutal degradation.

The Kurile Islands, as I have stated, extend from the southern point of Kamschatka to Jesso, one of the principal of the Japan Isles. They are twenty-four in number, and contain about a thousand inhabitants. The length of the chain is nearly nine hundred miles. Some of them are destitute of people, but most of them abound in seals, sea otters, and other game. The people are heathen, and a wild, savage set.

The Japan Isles lie in a long, curving line, in a southerly direction from Okotsk. They are very numerous, but the largest are Jesso and Niphon. These are the seat of the powerful and famous empire of Japan, which has existed for ages, and has excited nearly as much curiosity and interest as China.

One thing that increases this interest is, that foreigners are carefully excluded from the country, as they are from China. The only place which Europeans are allowed to visit, is Nangasaki, on the island of Ximo. This is a large town, but the place assigned to foreigners is very small; and no persons are permitted to reside here, except some Dutch merchants, through whom all the trade and intercourse with foreigners must be carried on.

The interior of Japan is very populous, there being twenty-six millions of people in the empire. The capital is Jeddo, on the island of Niphon; this is four times as large as New York, there being one million three hundred thousand people there. The lands in the country are said to be finely cultivated, and many of the gardens are very beautiful. The people are very polite, and nearly all can read and write. They have many ingenious arts, and even excel European workmen in certain curious manufactures.

To the east of Japan is the great empire of China, which contains three hundred and forty millions of people—just twenty times as many as all the inhabitants of the United States! I shall have some curious tales to tell of these various countries, in the course of the sable-hunter's story.

A TRAVELLER, who stopped one night at a hotel in Pennsylvania, rose from his bed to examine the sky, and thrust his head by mistake through the glass window of a closet. "Landlord," cried the astonished man, "this is very singular weather—the night is as dark as Egypt, and smells very strong of old cheese!"

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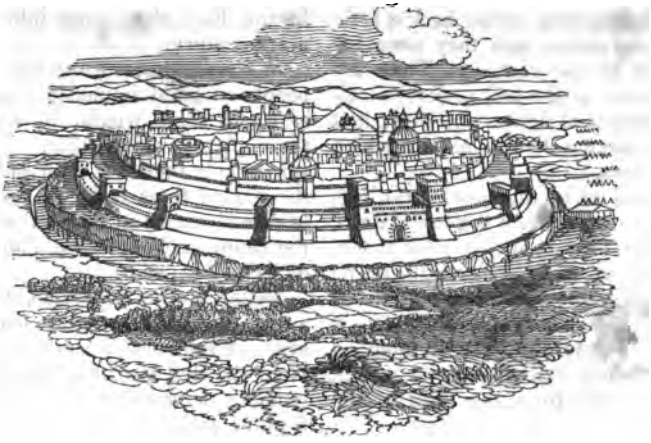

Walled Cities.

In ancient times, it was the custom to surround cities with very high walls of stone. This was rendered necessary, by the habit that then prevailed among nations, of making war upon each other. We, who live so peaceably, can hardly conceive of the state of things that existed in former ages. It is only by reading history, that we become informed of what appears to have been the fact, that in all countries, until within a late period, war has been the great game of nations.

As the people of ancient cities were constantly exposed to the attack of enemies, the only way to obtain security was to encircle themselves with high and strong walls. Sometimes these were of vast height and thickness. We are told that Thebes, a city of Egypt—the mighty ruins of which still astonish the traveller who passes that way—had a hundred gates. It is said that the walls of Babylon were near fifty feet high.

Most of the cities of Asia are still encircled with walls, and many of the cities of Europe also. London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, have none: Paris had only a small wall till lately—but the king is now engaged in building one around the city, of great strength. Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburgh, Berlin, and Amsterdam are walled cities.

Bells.

Bells are made of a mixture of about three parts of copper to one of tin, and sometimes a portion of silver, according to the shape and size the bell is to be. They are cast in moulds of sand—the melted metal being poured into them.

The parts of a bell are—its body, or barrel; the clapper, within side; and the links, which suspend it from the top of the bell.

The thickness of the edge of the bell is usually one fifteenth of its diameter, and its height twelve times its thickness.

The sound of a bell arises from a vibratory motion of its parts, like that of a musical string. The stroke of the clapper drives the parts struck away from the centre, and the metal of the bell being elastic, they not only recover

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themselves, but even spring back a little nearer to the centre than they were before struck by the clapper. Thus the circumference of the bell undergoes alternate changes of figure, and gives that tremulous motion to the air, in which sound consists.

The sound which the metal thus gives, arises not so much from the metal itself, as from the form in which it is made. A lump of bell-metal gives little or no sound; but, cast into a bell, it is strikingly musical. A piece of lead, which is not at all a sonorous body, if moulded into proper shape, will give sound, which, therefore, arises from the form of the object.

The origin of bells is not known; those of a small size are very ancient. Among the Jews it was ordered by Moses, that the lower part of the blue robe, which was worn by the high priest, should be adorned with pomegranates and gold bells, intermixed at equal distances.

Among Christians, bells were first employed to call together religious congregations, for which purpose runners had been employed before. Afterwards the people were assembled together by little pieces of board struck together, hence called sacred boards; and, lastly, by bells.

Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania, is said to have first introduced church bells, in the fourth century. In the sixth century they were used in convents, and were suspended on the roof of the church, in a frame. In the eighth century an absurd custom of baptizing and naming bells began; after this they were supposed to clear the air from the influence of evil spirits.

Church bells were, probably, introduced into England soon after their invention. They are mentioned by Bede, about the close of the seventh century. In the East they came into use in the ninth century.

In former times it was the custom for people to build immense minsters, and to apply their wealth in ornamenting their places of worship. The same spirit made them vie with each other in the size of their bells. The great bell of Moscow, cast in 1653, in the reign of the Empress Anne, is computed to weigh 443,772 lbs.

Bells are of great service at sea during a very dark night, or thick fog; they are kept, in such cases, constantly ringing. Near the Bell Rock light-house, in England, as a warning to the mariner in fogs or dark weather, two large bells, each weighing 1200 lbs., are tolled day and night, by the same machinery which moves the lights, by which means ships keep off these dangerous rocks.

A Mother's Affection.

WOULD you know what *maternal affection* is?—listen to me, and I will tell you.

Did you ever notice anything with its young, and not observe a token of joy and happiness in its eyes? Have you not seen the hen gather her chickens together? She seemed delighted to see them pick up the grain which she refrained from eating. Did you never see the young chick ride on its mother's back, or behold the whole brood nestle beneath her wing? If you have, you may know something of a mother's love.

Did you ever see a cat play with its kitten? How full of love and joy she looks; how she will fondle and caress it; how she will suffer it to tease, and tire, and worry her in its wild sports, and yet not harm it in the least! Have you not seen her take it up in her mouth, and carry it gently away, that it should not be injured? and with what trembling

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caution would she take it up, in fear that she might hurt it!

Did you ever see a bird building its nest? Day by day, and hour by hour, they labor at their work, and all so merrily; then they line it with soft feathers, and will even pluck their own down, rather than their young should suffer.

A sheep is the meekest, the most timid and gentle of animals—the least sound will startle it, the least noise will make it flee; but, when it has a little lamb by its side, it will turn upon the fiercest dog, and dare the combat with him: it will run between its lamb and danger, and rather die than its young one should be harmed.

The bird will battle with the serpent; the timid deer will turn and meet the wolf; the ant will turn on the worm; and the little bee will sheath its sting in any intruder that dares to molest its young.

Many beasts are fierce and wild, and prowl about for blood; but the fiercest of beasts—the tiger, the hyæna, the lion, the bear—all love their young: yes, the most cruel natures are not utterly cruel. The snake opens her mouth, and suffers her young to enter into her bosom when they are in danger:—this is maternal love.

If, then, the beasts and reptiles of the earth, who are so full of love for their offspring,—if they will care for them, provide for them, live for them, die for them,—how great do you suppose must be the love of a mother for her child? Greater than these, be assured; ay, far greater, for the mother looks forward for the time when the child shall become like a flower in full blossom. A mother's love is the most powerful thing on earth!

All other things are subject to change, all other hearts may grow cold, all other things may be lost or forgotten—but a mother's love lasts forever! It is akin to that love with which God himself loves his creatures, and never faileth.

Love thy mother, then, my little child. When she is gone, there is no eye can brighten upon thee, no heart can melt for thee, like hers; then wilt thou find a void, a vacancy, a loss, that all the wealth or grandeur of the world can never fill up.

Thy mother may grow old, but her love decays not; she may grow sear at heart, and gray upon the brow, but her love for thee will be green. Think, then, in the time of her decline, of what she has suffered, felt, and known for thee; think of her devotion, her cares, her anxiety, her hopes, her fears—think, and do not aught that may bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

In 1753, the Boston Common presented a singular spectacle. It was the anniversary of a society for encouraging industry. In the afternoon, about three hundred young women, neatly dressed, appeared on the common at their spinning wheels. These were placed regularly in three rows. The weavers also appeared, in garments of their own weaving. One of them, working at a loom, was carried on a staging on men's shoulders, attended with music. A discourse was preached, and a collection taken up from the vast assemblage for the benefit of the institution.

A young child having asked what the cake, a piece of which she was eating, was baked in, was told that it was baked in a "spider." In the the course of the day, the little questioner, who had thought a good deal about the matter, without understanding it, asked again, with all a child's simplicity and innocence, "Where is that great *bug* that you bake cake in?"

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The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Journey to Pisa.—Roads of Tuscany.—Country people.—Italian costumes.—Crowd on the road.—Pisa.—The leaning tower.—Prospect from the top.—Tricks upon travellers.—Cause of its strange position.—Reasons for believing it designed thus.—Magnificent spectacle of the illumination of Pisa.—The camels of Tuscany.

On the 22d of June, I set out from Florence for Pisa, feeling a strong curiosity to see the famous leaning tower. There was also, at this time, the additional attraction of a most magnificent public show in that city, being the festival of St. Ranieri; which happens only once in three years, and is signalized by an illumination, surpassing, in brilliant and picturesque effect, everything of the kind in any other part of the world. The morning was delightful, as I took my staff in hand and moved at a brisk pace along the road down the beautiful banks of the Arno, which everywhere exhibited the same charming scenery; groves of olive, fig, and other fruit trees; vineyards, with mulberry trees supporting long and trailing festoons of the most luxuriant appearance; cornfields of the richest verdure; gay, blooming gardens; neat country houses, and villas, whose white walls gleamed amid the embowering foliage. The road lay along the southern bank of the river, and, though passing over many hills, was very easy of travel. The roads of Tuscany are everywhere kept in excellent order, though they are not so level as the roads in France, England, or this country. A carriage cannot, in general, travel any great distance without finding occasion to lock the wheels; this is commonly done with an iron shoe, which is placed under the wheel and secured to the body of the vehicle by a chain; thus saving the wear of the wheel-tire. *My* wheels, however, required no locking, and I jogged on from village to village, joining company with any wagoner or wayfarer whom I could overtake, and stopping occasionally to gossip with the villagers and country people. This I have always found to be the only true and efficacious method of becoming acquainted with genuine national character. There is much, indeed, to be seen and learned in cities; but the manners and institutions there are more fluctuating and artificial: that which is characteristic and permanent in a nation must be sought for in the middle classes and the rural population.

At Florence, as well as at Rome and Naples, the same costume prevails as in the cities of the United States. You see the same black and drab hats, the same swallow-tailed coats, and pantaloons as in the streets of Boston. The ladies also, as with us, get their fashions from the head-quarters of fashion, Paris: bonnets, shawls, and gowns are just the same as those seen in our streets. The only peculiarity at Florence is, the general practice of wearing a gold chain with a jewel across the forehead, which has a not ungraceful effect, as it heightens the beauty of a handsome forehead, and conceals the defect of a bad one. But in the villages, the costume is national, and often most grotesque. Fashions never change there: many strange articles of dress and ornament have been handed down from classical times. In some places I found the women wearing ear-rings a foot and a half long. A country-woman never wears a bonnet, but goes either bare-headed or covered merely with a handkerchief.

As I proceeded down the valley of the Arno, the land became less hilly, but continued equally verdant and richly cultivated. The cottages along the road were snug, tidy little stone buildings of

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one story. The women sat by the doors braiding straw and spinning flax; the occupation of spinning was also carried on as they walked about gossipping, or going on errands. No such thing as a cow was to be seen anywhere; and though such animals actually exist in this country, they are extremely rare. Milk is furnished chiefly by goats, who browse among the rocks and in places where a cow could get nothing to eat. So large a proportion of the soil is occupied by cornfields, gardens, orchards and vineyards, that little is left for the pasturage of cattle. The productions of the dairy, are, therefore, among the most costly articles of food in this quarter. Oxen, too, are rarely to be seen, but the donkey is found everywhere, and the finest of these animals that I saw in Europe, were of this neighborhood.

Nothing could surpass the fineness of the weather; the sky was uniformly clear, or only relieved by a passing cloud. The temperature was that of the finest June weather at Boston, and during the month, occasional showers of rain had sufficiently fertilized the earth. The year previous, I was told, had been remarkable for a drought; the wells dried up, and it was feared the cattle would have nothing but wine to drink; for a dry season is always most favorable to the vintage. The present season, I may remark in anticipation, proved as uncommonly wet, and the vintage was proportionally scanty.

I stopped a few hours at Empoli, a large town on the road, which appeared quite dull and deserted; but I found most of the inhabitants had gone to Pisa. Journeying onward, the hills gradually sunk into a level plain, and at length I discerned an odd-looking structure raising its head above the horizon, which I knew instantly to be the leaning tower. Pisa was now about four or five miles distant, and the road became every instant more and more thronged with travellers, hastening toward the city; some in carriages, some in carts, some on horseback, some on donkeys, but the greater part were country people on foot, and there were as many women as men —a circumstance common to all great festivals and collections of people, out of doors, in this country. As I approached the city gate, the throng became so dense, that carriages could hardly make their way. Having at last got within the walls, I found every street overflowing with population, but not more than one in fifteen belonged to the place; all the rest were visiters like myself.

Pisa is as large as Boston, but the inhabitants are only about twenty thousand. At this time, the number of people who flocked to the place from far and near, to witness the show, was computed at three hundred thousand. It is a well-built city, full of stately palaces, like Florence. The Arno, which flows through the centre of it, is here much wider, and has beautiful and spacious streets along the water, much more commodious and elegant than those of the former city. But at all times, except on the occasion of the triennial festival of the patron saint of the city, Pisa is little better than a solitude: the few inhabitants it contains have nothing to do but to kill time. I visited the place again about a month later, and nothing could be more striking than the contrast which its lonely and silent streets offered to the gay crowds that now met my view within its walls.

The first object to which a traveller hastens, is the leaning tower; and this is certainly a curiosity well adapted to excite his wonder. A picture of it, of course, will show any person what sort of a structure it is, but it can give him no notion of the effect produced by standing before the real object. Imagine a massy stone tower, consisting of

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piles of columns, tier over tier, rising to the height of one hundred and ninety feet, or as high as the spire of the Old South church, and leaning on one side in such a manner as to appear on the point of falling every moment! The building would be considered very beautiful if it stood upright; but the emotions of wonder and surprise, caused by its strange position, so completely occupy the mind of the spectator, that we seldom hear any one speak of its beauty. To stand under it and cast your eyes upward is really frightful. It is hardly possible to disbelieve that the whole gigantic mass is coming down upon you in an instant. A strange effect is also caused by standing at a small distance, and watching a cloud sweep by it; the tower thus appears to be actually falling. This circumstance has afforded a striking image to the great poet Dante, who compares a giant stooping to the appearance of the leaning tower at Bologna when a cloud is fleeting by it. An appearance, equally remarkable and more picturesque, struck my eye in the evening, when the tower was illuminated with thousands of brilliant lamps, which, as they flickered and swung between the pillars, made the whole lofty pile seem constantly trembling to its fall. I do not remember that this latter circumstance has ever before been mentioned by any traveller, but it is certainly the most wonderfully striking aspect in which this singular edifice can be viewed.

By the payment of a trifling sum, I obtained admission and was conducted to the top of the building. It is constructed of large blocks of hammered stone, and built very strongly, as we may be sure from the fact that it has stood for seven hundred years, and is at this moment as strong as on the day it was finished. Earthquakes have repeatedly shaken the country, but the tower stands—leaning no more nor less than at first. I could not discover a crack in the walls, nor a stone out of place. The walls are double, so that there are, in fact, two towers, one inside the other, the centre inclosing a circular well, vacant from foundation to top. Between the two walls I mounted by winding stairs from story to story, till at the topmost I crept forward on my hands and knees and looked over on the leaning side. Few people have the nerve to do this; and no one is courageous enough to do more than just poke his nose over the edge. A glance downward is most appalling. An old ship-captain who accompanied me was so overcome by it that he verily believed he had left the marks of his fingers, an inch deep, in the solid stone of the cornice, by the spasmodic strength with which he clung to it! Climbing the mast-head is a different thing, for a ship's spars are designed to be tossed about and bend before the gale. But even an old seaman is seized with affright at beholding himself on the edge of an enormous pile of building, at a giddy height in the air, and apparently hanging without any support for its ponderous mass of stones. My head swam, and I lay for some moments, incapable of motion. About a week previous, a person was precipitated from this spot and dashed to atoms, but whether he fell by accident or threw himself from the tower voluntarily, is not known.

The general prospect from the summit is highly beautiful. The country, in the immediate neighborhood, is flat and verdant, abounding in the richest cultivation, and diversified with gardens and vineyards. In the north, is a chain of mountains, ruggedly picturesque in form, stretching dimly away towards Genoa. The soft blue and violet tints of these mountains contrasted with the dark green hue of the height of San Juliano, which hid the neighboring city

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of Lucca from my sight. In the south the spires of Leghorn and the blue waters of the Mediterranean were visible at the verge of the horizon.

In the highest part of this leaning tower, are hung several heavy bells, which the sexton rings, standing by them with as much coolness as if they were within a foot of the ground. I knew nothing of these bells, as they are situated above the story where visiters commonly stop—when, all at once, they began ringing tremendously, directly over my head. I never received such a start in my life the tower shook, and, for the moment, I actually believed it was falling. The old sexton and his assistants, however, pulled away lustily at the bell-ropes, and I dare say enjoyed the joke mightily; for this practice of frightening visiters, is, I believe, a common trick with the rogues. The wonder is, that they do not shake the tower to pieces; as it serves for a belfry to the cathedral, on the opposite side of the street, and the bells are rung very often.

How came the tower to lean in this manner? everybody has asked. I examined it very attentively, and made many inquiries on this point. I have no doubt whatever that it was built originally just as it is. The more common opinion has been that it was erect at first, but that, by the time a few stories had been completed, the foundation sunk on one side, and the building was completed in this irregular way. But I found nothing about it that would justify such a supposition. The foundation could not have sunk without cracking the walls, and twisting the courses of stone out of their position. Yet the walls are perfect, and those of the inner tower are exactly parallel to the outer ones. If the building had sunk obliquely, when but half raised, no man in his senses, would have trusted so insecure a foundation, so far as to raise it to double the height, and throw all the weight of it on the weaker side. The holes for the scaffolding, it is true, are not horizontal, which by some is considered an evidence that they are not in their original position. But any one who examines them on the spot, can see that these openings could not have been otherwise than they are, under any circumstances. The cathedral, close by, is an enormous massy building, covering a great extent of ground. It was erected at the same time with the tower, yet no portion of it gives any evidence that the foundation is unequal. The leaning position of the tower was a whim of the builder, which the rude taste of the age enabled him to gratify. Such structures were fashionable during the middle ages. There are two other specimens of this sort of architecture still remaining at Bologna.

The crowd in the streets continued to increase every hour. It was evident that the city already contained ten times as many guests as it could accommodate with lodgings. There was not a public house where a bed or even a dinner could be obtained. All round the city, in vacant spaces, were temporary erections of booths, tents, shanties and other hasty and imperfect structures, for the accommodation of the thousands and thousands who could find no better quarters. At night, the whole city was a blaze of lamps; every street being brilliantly illuminated. This exhibition is not performed as with us, merely by placing lights in the windows, but by such artificial and tasteful arrangement of them as adds greatly to the picturesqueness and magnificence of the scene. The two great streets bordering the river, and the three bridges crossing it, were lined with lofty scaffoldings, representing castles, towers, obelisks, and orders of architecture. These were hung with millions of lamps, and the whole exhibited a scene of dazzling and fairy mag-

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nificence, that reminded me of oriental splendor and the visions of enchantment. The crowd of spectators completely blocked up the streets, and it was impossible to move in any direction without great difficulty. All night long the streets were full, and the blaze of the illumination was kept up till the light of the lamps began to fade away in the brightness of the dawn.

In the immense numbers of those who thronged the city, few thought of a lodging for the night. Indeed, a lodging within doors, was out of the question with regard to the most of them—there were not houses to hold them. The greater part of these houseless guests were country people, who had travelled on foot from a distance, and began towards morning to feel the fatigues of their journey and sight-seeing. Sleep overpowered them amidst the din and hurly-burly of the crowd, and they threw themselves by hundreds and by thousands on the steps of the doors, and on the pavements in nooks and corners, to sleep. The steps of the churches were black with heaps of men and women piled one upon another, fast asleep. Fortunately, the night was most balmy and serene, and they were all too much accustomed to the open air to suffer by this exposure.

The festivities were kept up through the following day. The river was covered with barges, galleys, boats, and small craft of every description, decked out with banners and streamers in the gayest and most fantastic manner. There were boat-races and other naval sports, which kept the river and the shores all alive with people through the day. For my part, I had seen sufficient of the crowd, confusion and tumult of these gayeties, and took more pleasure in strolling about the neighborhood. The fields are richly cultivated, and the soil naturally rich, till you approach the sea, where it becomes sandy and barren. Even here, however, I found, in the midst of a forest of oaks, a beautiful thriving farm belonging to the grand duke. It is true, there was not much cultivation, owing to the thinness of the soil; but there were immense herds of horned cattle, sheep and wild horses which roamed at large through the woods, and over the desert tracts along the shore, and, what surprised me most of all, about two hundred *camels*. These latter animals, I was told, were first brought to this region in the time of the crusades, and have been naturalized on the spot. They are used as beasts of burthen, and carry loads of wood to Pisa every day. It seems that all the camels which are carried about in caravans over Europe and America, are obtained here, where they may be bought for a hundred dollars apiece. Very probably, this breed, having been so long from its original territory, has degenerated, so that the genuine animal is never seen in our menageries. An attempt was made some years ago to introduce camels into Carolina and Georgia, where it was thought they might be of essential service in the low, sandy regions, but the animals dwindled away and died. The camel requires a dry air, and could not resist the moisture of our atmosphere.

A SAILOR, who had heard of musical accompaniments, symphonies, &c., being one night at the theatre where the audience were calling upon the orchestra for their favorite tunes, determined to put in his claims; and standing up in the pit, he set the whole house in a roar by calling out, "Hallo! you mess-mate with the big fiddle, give us *Yankee Doodle with the trimmings.*"

AMONGST the literary curiosities in the National Library at Berlin is the Bible used by Charles I. on the scaffold.

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Farewell, for a time, to Correspondents.

As I am about to be absent for a few months, I must beg my correspondents to excuse me, if they do not see in the Museum a regular attention to their requests. For the present, however, let me say, that I have received the letter of B. . . . . , dated Boston, April 7; of M. A. R——l, North Bangor; of F., from Nantucket; of M. Hale, Homersville, N. Y.; of Julia's brother Jo, Elm Cottage; of G. Q.; of W. N., of Boston; two letters from L. R. T., N. York; one from J. D. C., Yarmouth; one from E. M. H., Malden; one from S. C. Morse, Burlington, Vt.; one from W. B. C——, and some others.

I offer my thanks to Thomas L. S. for his suggestions. He refers to a conundrum on the 120th page of vol. II. of the Museum, which states that there is a chapter in the Bible of which it is impossible to read three verses without crying. He says it is the 117th Psalm, and my readers can see if he is right. The following story which Thomas tells is pleasing.

"I was showing my little sister (three years old) the picture of Mt. Vesuvius, in your last "Museum," and wishing to find her ideas on the subject, I asked her, "Is that mountain on fire?" "No," said she. "What makes it smoke then?" said I. "Why," said she, looking up into my face with a glance I cannot describe—"why, there is a stove in the mountain!"

The following letters tell their own tale; the first is from a very young subscriber.

Hartford, June 1st, 1842.

MR. MERRY:

I have been a reader of your Museum ever since it has been published, and I like it very much. I was quite pleased with the stories of Brusque and the Siberian Sable-Hunter, and should like to see them continued. I was also interested in those stories of Peter Parley's; and the puzzles have amused me much. I was glad to find so many in the June number.

I have found out three of them, and believe they are correct; the third is *Peter Parley*, the fifth *Wooden Leg*, and the sixth *Robert Merry*.

MARY F.

Newburgh, May 4th, 1842.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines, to let you know how I like your Museum. I have taken it for the last year, and I intend to take it as long as it is published, if nothing happens to prevent me. I long to see the rest of the Siberian Sable-Hunter, and Philip Brusque, and Peter Parley's stories. If the little black and blue-eyed boys and girls only knew how interesting this little book is, they could not help subscribing for it. What boy or girl is there that cannot save one dollar a year? I have asked several of my friends to subscribe for it, and I hope that, before long, I can send some subscribers for Robert Merry's Museum.

I remain your faithful subscriber,
a blue-eyed friend,

T. S. McC.

MR. MERRY:

In answer to Bertha's charade in your May number, I can do no less than send you the following, hoping you will notice it in your next, and oblige B.

Dear Bertha, if I don't intrude,
The *truth* that 's in your story
Is what you mean by "earthly good,"
Likewise the "path to glory."
The *first* is *T*, the end of Lot;
The *second's r*,—you know it;
That stands for rest, and every jot
As plain as words can show it.
And if the end of malt be *t*,
As I do now conceive it,
It doubtless must the fourth one be—
In truth, I do believe it.
The third is *u*, I do believe,
In fact you 'll not deny it;
And if I do the right conceive,
The fifth is *h*—let 's try it.
There is an *h* in spelling *h*eaven,
Likewise in spelling *h*ell;
Now, if I am not much mistaken,
There 's one in spelling s*h*ell.
If now I make them all combined,
Your anxious heart 't will soothe—
Likewise 't will ease my weary mind,
So let us call them TRUTH!

M.

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Lancaster, May 5th, 1842.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

Permit me, although an unknown friend, to address a few lines to you concerning your interesting little Magazine. I have taken it for more than one year, and I must say, the more numbers I get of it, the better I like them. I hope you will not discontinue the story of Thomas Trotter's Voyages and Travels very shortly, as it is, in my estimation, the most interesting story I ever read. Your Magazine has become very popular, and I hope it may continue and increase in popularity, as I am certain there is no one, that is more worthy of a liberal patronage than Robert Merry's Museum. If you will be kind enough to insert in your next month's Magazine the enigma that I have composed, (which you will find on the other side,) you will oblige your true friend,

VIRGINIA.

ENIGMA.

I am a word composed of six letters.

My 4, 3, 4, 6 is what everybody was once.
My 4, 3, 2 is the name of a bird that flies all night.
My 4, 3, 5, 6 is an article used by merchants.
My 5, 3, 1, 2 is used by the shoemakers.
My 6, 6, 5 is an animal that inhabits rivers.
My 4, 3, 2, 2, 5, 6 is a thing that was done in the revolution.
My 3, 5, 6 is a pleasant beverage.
My 3, 2, 3, 5, 6 is what the little folks like.
My 1, 3, 5, 6 is a thing often done.
And my last, 4, 6, 3, 2, is what Paddy gave the drum. And my whole is in every town.

H. E. H. suggests *Admiral Nelson*, as as a solution of the puzzle of thirteen letters in the May number of the Museum. He is right.

The following puzzles are among the great number sent for insertion.

I am a word of 16 letters.

My 1, 2, 7 is a witty fellow.
My 12, 9, 13, 5, 15, 7 is often applied to a wanderer.
My 13, 11, 12, 7, 14, 6, 5, 2 is one of the United States.
My 4, 2, 12, 12, 9, 1 is an agricultural instrument.
My 2, 12, 8, 5, 3, 2, 10 is a workman.
My 16, 14, 6 is a sort of snare.
My whole is the name of a distinguished American writer.

Yours respectfully, F.

I am a word of 13 letters.

My 10, 11, 2, 1 is the name of a furious animal.
My 9, 11, 10 is a liquid.
My 6, 2, 3, 12 is a very valuable product.
My 7, 6, 4, 9, 1 is a town of Massachusetts.
My 5, 13, 4 forms a part of a gentleman's apparel.
My 13, 12, 4 is the name of a female.
My 8, 7, 4 is what my 6, 7, 4 very much desires.
My 12 and 9 is a word of refusal.
My 6, 2, 4 is a small house.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 2, 7, 6 is a medicine.
My 3, 6, 8 is a quadruped.
My 9, 13, 14, 5, 3 is an author.
My 13, 5, 2 is an herb.
My 1, 4, 7, 8 is a plant.
My 14, 9, 15 is a part of the foot.
My 2, 7, 8 is an insect.
My 6, 7, 11, 12 is a name.
My 13, 4, 7 is an ore.
My 10, 9, 7, 4, 6, 11 is a group of islands.
My 11, 10, 7, 5 is a number.
My whole is a celebrated queen.

Charleston, S. C., June 4th, 1842.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir,—Your Museum affords much amusement and instruction to your few subscribers here. I have made out the following answers to some of your puzzles, which it will be gratifying to me to know are correct.

Very respectfully,

LOUISA.

To the third, of thirteen letters—Daniel Webster.
To the seventh, of eleven letters—Robert Merry.
To the sixth, of nine letters—Wooden Leg.
To the fourth, of eleven letters—Peter Parley.

The above answers are right.

R. M.

On the death of King William IV., a council of Indians was held in Canada, where it was announced that they had no longer a "great father," but a "great mother!"—meaning the queen.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 3.

Seeing.

Of all the senses, that of seeing is the most noble, commanding and useful. It enables us to perceive thousands of objects at a glance, with their forms, colors, and distance.

The mechanical structure of the eye is very curious, but I shall not describe it now. It is sufficient to say that light is the great instrument by which vision is performed. This is supposed to consist of innumerable particles, inconceivably small, which proceed in straight lines from every part of luminous or shining bodies. These fly with a velocity ten million times as swift as a cannon ball, for they come from the sun to the earth in eight minutes!

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These rays of light enter the ball of the eye at the pupil; and at the bottom of a cavity in the ball, called the retina, a little picture is painted of every object placed before the eye. It is this little picture that enables us to see; and we see distinctly, or otherwise, as this is clear or obscure. A very curious thing is, that this picture paints everything reversed, that is, upside down. The reason why we do not, therefore, see things upside down, is a matter that has puzzled greater philosophers than Bob Merry.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE book shop in which I was now a clerk, was not like the present Broadway establishments of Appleton, or Wiley & Putnam—a vast hall, with almost endless successions of shelves, and these loaded with the rich and varied volumes of the American and English press. No indeed! it was a little shop in Pearl street, stocked with Webster's Spelling Books, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, Young's Night Thoughts, Webster's Third Part, the American Preceptor, and other works of a popular kind, and designed for general use. There were no Rollo works—there was no Peter Parley then!

Mr. Cooke was a very sharp man in trade. His whole soul was bent on making money. He cared nothing for books, except for the profit he made upon them. For a few days he left me to myself, but then he began to try to make me as much interested in the business as he was. But this was a vain attempt. My thoughts were always somewhere else, and often when he spoke to me I did not hear him. I was constantly making blunders. In casting accounts I got everything wrong; I credited Mr. Lightfoot with books that should have been charged; I sent off to a customer a lot of Peregrine Pickle, instead of Young's Night Thoughts; and at last, taking the inkstand for the sand-box, I dashed a puddle of ink over the ledger!

This was the crisis of my fate. Never in all my days have I seen such another sight as poor Mr. Cooke's face. Astonishment, indignation, fury, were in his countenance all at once. At last he broke out: "What have you done? Oh you unlucky dog! Get out of my house; get out of my sight! Oh my poor, dear ledger! Here 's a pretty kettle of fish! Get out of my sight! Get a piece of newspaper; fetch some water; run to the house and get a cloth! Oh dear, dear, dear! what shall I do! Oh Robert Merry —Robert Merry!" Here the poor man was entirely out of breath. I got the things he wanted, took my hat and walked into the street.

I passed along quite rapidly for some time, hardly knowing what I was about. In the tempest of my mind I walked rapidly, and was soon in a remote part of the city. The time passed insensibly away, and it was evening before I was aware of it. As I was walking through a dark and narrow street, I heard a voice behind me, and a clatter as of many persons running with all their might. The din drew nearer and nearer, and soon I distinguished the cry of "Stop thief! stop thief!" In a moment a young man rushed by me, and at a little distance several men came pressing in hot pursuit. I was seized with a sudden impulse, whether of fright, I cannot say, but I ran with all my speed. I was, however, soon overtaken, and rudely seized by the collar by a man, who exclaimed, "Well, rascal, I have got you at last!"

"Let go of me," said I, "I am no rascal."

"Nay, nay," said the other; "not so soon, my boy!" at the same time he twisted my collar, till I was well-nigh

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choked. Two other men came up, and each had some rude thing to say to me.

"Well, master Scrapegrace," said one, "I guess you have seen Bridewell; so it will be as good as home to you."

"It 's the very fellow I saw prowling about the streets last night," said another: "his hang-dog look is enough to commit him."

"Really," said a third, "there 's a touch of the gentleman about the fellow; but there 's no rogue so bad as one that 's seen better days, and had a neddica-shun."

With this kind of conversation they amused themselves, while they pulled me rudely along, and at last lodged me in a watch-house. Here I was kept till morning, when I was taken to a prison called Bridewell, where were some fifty persons, of all ages and sexes, and wearing the various aspects of poverty, wretchedness, and crime. I could not endure to face them, so I slunk into a corner and sat down upon the floor. Burying my face in my hands, I gave myself up to despair.

I sat for two or three hours in utter desolation, thinking over my sad fortunes, and cut to the heart with a sense of the evils that surrounded me. At length a man came and told me that I was wanted. I followed him out, and was taken into a room full of people. I had never been in a court of justice before, and I certainly did not guess that this was a place that could bear such a title. I have seen a good deal of the world, and yet I am ready to declare that in no place, not even in the wilderness, among savages, is there a spot where men seem to me so rude, so ill-mannered, so unjust, so little humane, as in that place called *a court of justice*. The constable, the sheriff, the judge, and, above all, the lawyers, have the same heartlessness, the same disregard of the claims of one human being upon another.

I was hurried through the crowd, and placed in an elevated seat, surrounded with a railing, thus becoming the object upon which every eye was bent. The sense of my degradation, innocent as I was, overwhelmed me with confusion. One of the lawyers, called the city attorney, soon got up and stated to a sour and awful looking man, who it appeared was the judge, that the times were marked with fearful signs. "May it please your honor," said he, "the good old days of purity are past; no longer are the young brought up in the way in which they should go, but they are either instructed to ridicule every law of God and man, or left to work out their own destruction. It is a time for justice to do her work; for the judge to assert the majesty of the insulted law. I now bring before you, sir, a young man of genteel appearance; one who has evidently seen and known better things; but who yet, we have reason to believe, is a hardened and practised villain."

Having said this, the lawyer went on to state, that I entered a store the evening of the preceding day, and robbed the till or drawer of its money, amounting to several dollars; that I was soon pursued, and, while running, threw away the money; that I was speedily overtaken, lodged in the watch-house for the night, and then put in Bridewell. Here several witnesses were called, who testified to these facts. One of them, who had accompanied me to the watch-house, added, that he knew me perfectly well; that I was a thief and gambler by profession; that he had seen me some days before, at a little tavern, notorious as a gambling house, and that he had seen me playing at cards with two celebrated rogues. This he embellished with sundry particulars as to my looks and actions.

I was so unpractised in the ways of the world, so ignorant, and so utterly confounded at the strange events that

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came hurrying one after another, that I sat still, and heard all this with a kind of stupid wonder. I did not attempt to explain or deny anything. It all looked to me like a conspiracy—the countenance of judge, lawyer, and witness, bore an aspect coinciding with this idea, and I felt it to be in vain to resist. Though the whole story, save only the gambling scene, and my being taken in the street, was false, yet I said nothing, and my silence was taken as admission of my crime.

This examination was followed by a speech on the part of the lawyer, who evidently wished to have me convicted. I could not imagine why this man, whom I had never seen before, whom I never injured or offended, should be so anxious to prove me a thief, and to have me shut up in prison. I did not then know that a lawyer always wishes to succeed in any case he undertakes, right or wrong, because he is thought a better lawyer if he is able to succeed. I did not then know that if a lawyer has a bad case, he is particularly anxious to gain it, and makes all the greater efforts because he thereby shows his ingenuity and his art, and thus increases his reputation and gains practice.

Well, the lawyer went on pleading very artfully, pretending all the time to be candid, and to pity me; but yet exaggerating the testimony, and making me out one of the blackest villains that ever lived. He was so eloquent and so artful, that I almost began to think that I was really a regular thief! I expected of course to be condemned, and was not disappointed when the judge sentenced me to three months' imprisonment in the city jail.

To this place I was taken the next day, and there shut up with about a hundred other convicts; thus becoming the regular companion of criminals; and denied the liberty of going forth to breathe the pure air, or to associate with my fellow-men, because I was considered a dangerous person! At the time, this all seemed to me not only cruel and unjust, but unaccountable. I have since been able to see that it proceeded from weakness of character on my part, owing to my faulty education. My playing at cards at the tavern; my inattentive negligence at the bookstore; my want of all habits of taking care of myself, had thus led me on from one step to another, till I was now an outcast from society and the world. I had been brought up to think myself rich; this was the first great evil. I had never had that constant admonition which parents bestow, and which, though children often resist and reject it, is the greatest good that Providence can send to young persons. It was owing to these defects in my education, that I had grown up in ignorance and imbecility; and now that I was left to take care of myself, I found that I was incompetent to the task. Having committed no serious fault, and utterly innocent of all crime, I was still a convicted felon. Let this part of my story teach children to prize the advantages of a good education; to prize the admonitions of parents; and to prize the protection and guidance of father and mother, when danger and difficulty gather around the path of youthful life.

I saw no one with whom I had the least desire to form an acquaintance, and therefore kept aloof from all around me. Food was brought in, but I had lost all appetite, and could not eat. A bed was assigned me in a long room, where were about twenty other beds. It was a mere mattrass of straw upon the floor; and though not inviting, at an early hour I retired and lay down upon it. I was revolving my own fate in my mind, when some one in the bed next to me, spoke. I looked up, and by the dim light, I saw there a young man, thin and pale, and apparently unable to rise. "Get me

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some water! for God's sake get me some water!" said he. The tones were husky, but earnest, and I sprung up instantly. "Who are you?" said I.

"Oh, never mind who I am, but get me some water," was the reply.

I went instantly, and procured some water and brought it to the bed-side. The young man raised himself with great difficulty. He was wasted to a skeleton; his hair was long and nearly covered his face. His eye was deep blue, and large, and the expression was exceedingly soft, though now very bright. He took a long draught of the water, and then sunk heavily upon the bed, saying, as if it was all he had strength to say, "Thank you!"

This scene interested me, and called my thoughts away from myself. I sat by the side of the young man, looking intently upon his pale face. In a short time he opened his eyes, and saw me looking at him. He started a little, and then said—"What do you look at me so for?" "I hardly know," said I, "except that you are sick. Can I aid you—can I do anything for you?"

"No—no," replied he: "no—and yet you can. Come near; I am very feeble and cannot talk loud. What brought you here? You do not talk like one of us?" I here told the young man my story, very briefly. At first he seemed to doubt my veracity—but he soon dismissed his suspicions, and went on as follows:

"You think that your misfortunes are the result of an imperfect education, and the want of the care, teaching, and protection of parents. My story will show you that all these advantages may be thrown away, if the heart is wrong. My story will tell you *the dangers that lie in the first fault!*

"My parents were respectable and religious people. They took great pains with my education, for I was their only child. They not only sent me to school, and provided me with good books, but they gave me good advice, required me to go to church, and took care that I should not fall into evil company. It was impossible not to love such parents, and therefore I entertained for them the strongest affection. I also placed the most perfect confidence in them: I told them all my wishes, and if reasonable, they were granted; I told them my troubles, and then was sure to receive sympathy, and, if possible, relief.

"But this happy state of things did not continue. One of my companions had a watch, which he wished to sell for ten dollars. It was very pretty, and I desired exceedingly to possess it. I asked my father for ten dollars to buy it; but he thought it an idle expense, and refused. I then went to my mother, and tried to get her to persuade my father to buy the watch for me; but this was unavailing.

"About this time, I saw a ten dollar bill, lying, as if left by some accident, in one of my father's desk drawers. The thought of taking it, came suddenly into my mind. I took it and put it into my pocket, and went away. It was the first thing of the kind I had ever done, but a first step in guilt once taken, others soon become matters of course. I had no great fear of detection, for I believed that the bill would not be missed, and if it were, no one was likely to suspect *me* of taking it. The money was soon missed, however, and some inquiry was made about it. I was asked if I had seen it: to which I answered, 'No!' This lie, the first I had ever told, was the direct consequence of my first fault.

"The loss of the money passed by; nothing more was said of it for some time. After waiting a few days, I took the bill and purchased the watch of my young friend, telling him to say that he had given it to me, if any inquiry was

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made about it. I then took it home and told my mother that John Staples had given me the watch. Thus I went on, not only telling falsehoods myself, but also leading my companion into falsehood: so sure it is that one crime leads to another.

My mother seemed very thoughtful when I showed her the watch; and pretty soon after, my father called me to him, and began to inquire about it. He was evidently a little suspicious that I had come by it unfairly, and suspected that, somehow or other, the affair was connected with the lost ten dollar bill. I parried all his enquiries; denied plumply and roundly all knowledge of the missing money; and at last, with tears and a look of honest indignation, protested my innocence.

"From this time, my feelings towards my parents began to alter, and especially towards my father. I could not bear to see him look at me. Ever before, I had loved his look, as if it were summer's sunshine; but now it seemed to me to be full of suspicion and reproach. I felt as if his eye penetrated into my very bosom; and it stung me with remorse. My confidence in him was gone; my affection flown; I even disliked to be in his presence, and I was constantly devising the means of cheating and deceiving him!

"So things went on for two or three weeks, when at last my father called me to his study, and I saw by his look that something serious was coming. He proceeded at once to tell me that a shopkeeper in the village, in paying him some money, had given, among other bills, the lost ten dollar note! He added further, that, on inquiry, he found that it had been received of John Staples. My father's inference was, that I had taken the money, and bought the watch with it, and had resorted to a series of falsehoods to cover up my guilt. Short as had been my apprenticeship in crime, I met this charge with steadiness; and still protested my innocence, and insinuated that suspicion ought rather to fall upon Staples, than upon myself.

"Upon this hint, my father sent for John, who, true to his promise, said that he had given me the watch. When asked about the money, he denied all knowledge of it. My father told him of getting the identical bill he had lost, at the merchant's store; he took it out of his pocket, and deliberately showed it to Staples. The fellow seemed to feel that he was caught; that further evasion was vain. The truth trembled upon his lips, but before he spoke, he looked at me. I gave him such a frown as to decide his course. He instantly changed his mind, and resolutely denied ever having seen the money before!

"This was decisive: Staples was proved a liar, and it was readily inferred that he was also a thief. The matter was told to his father, who paid the ten dollars in order to hush the matter up. Thus the affair seemed to end, and my first enterprise in guilt was successful. But alas, there is no end to crime! and our success in error is but success in misery. I had obtained the watch—but at what a cost! It had made me a liar; it had deprived me of that love of my parents which had been my greatest source of happiness; it had made me dread even the look and presence of my kind father; it had led me, in order to save myself, to sacrifice my friend and companion; and, finally, it had made me look upon all these things with satisfaction and relief, because they had been connected with my escape from detection and punishment. Thus it is that we learn not only to practise wickedness, but to love it!

"From this time, my course in the downward path was steady and rapid. I formed acquaintance with the vicious, and learned to prefer their society. I soon became wholly weaned from

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my parents, and felt their society to be an irksome restraint, rather than a pleasure. From regarding my father as an object of affection, I learned now to look upon him with aversion. When he came into my presence, or I into his, his image produced a painful emotion in my mind. Thus I got at length to feel toward him something like hatred. I spent a great deal of money for him, and kept constantly asking for more. I knew that he was in straightened circumstances, and that he could ill afford to supply me—but this did not weigh a feather in my hardened mind.

"I went on from one step to another, till at last I agreed to unite with my companions in a regular system of roguery. We formed a kind of society, and robbed hen-roosts and melon-patches by the score. We obtained entrance to houses and stores, and plundered them of many watches and silver spoons. I was the youngest of the party, and did not always take a very active part in their enterprises —but I loved the sport and did what I could. At last, as we were returning from an excursion one very dark night —there being four of us—we heard a horse's trot behind us. We waited a little, and soon a gentleman, well mounted, came up. In an instant two of the gang rushed upon him; one seized the horse's bridle, and the other pulled the man to the ground. We all fell upon him and began to rifle his pockets. He made some resistance, and I was about to strike him on the head—when, think of my horror!—I perceived that it was my father! I staggered back and fell senseless upon the ground. No one saw me, and how long I remained insensible, I cannot say.

"When I came to myself, I was alone. My companions had gone away, not noticing me, and my father, after being rifled of his watch and money, had escaped. What should I do? I could not return home; the thought of meeting the parent, in whose robbery I had been an abettor, and against whose life I had prepared to strike a ruffian blow—was too horrible! I fled to this city—I allied myself to rogues and scoundrels. I lived a life of crime; for nothing else was left to me. I drank deeply; for drunkenness is necessary to one who pursues a life of vice and crime. The mind gets full of horrors at last, and brandy only can allay them; beside, brandy is often necessary to nerve the head and strengthen the arm, so as to give the needed daring and power. If you could annihilate liquors, it seems to me that you would annihilate the whole profession of thieves, blacklegs, burglars, robbers and counterfeiters. Get rid of those who sell liquors, and you get rid of these felons; for they could not endure such lives as they lead, unless braced up by the stimulus of strong drink.

"Well—my story is now told. I have only to say, that I was taken at last, for one of my crimes, tried, convicted, and sent to this place. But I shall stay here a short time only. My health is gone—though scarce eighteen years of age; my constitution is wasted away, and the lamp of life is near going out forever!"

Here the poor youth sunk down upon his bed, completely exhausted. He closed his eyes, and by the flickering light of a remote lamp, his face seemed as pallid as marble. It looked like the very image of death, and I felt a sort of awe creeping over me, as if a corpse was at my side. At last I could hear him breathe, and then I went to bed. I reflected long upon what had happened. "I have thought," said I, mentally, "that I was most unhappy, in being destitute of the care and instruction of parents; but there is a poor youth, who is still more wretched, and who yet has enjoyed the blessing denied to me. The truth is, that after all, good or ill fortune, is usually

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the result of our own conduct. Even if Providence grants us blessings, we may neglect or abuse them; if they are denied to us, we may, by a steady pursuit of the right path, still be successful in gaining happiness." With this reflection, I fell asleep; but when I awoke in the morning, the young man at my side was sleeping in the repose of death!

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XXIII.

General resemblance.—Food.—Fishing.—Hunting.—Houses.—Dress.—Manner in which they train their children.

A STRONG resemblance in personal traits exists throughout the numberless native tribes of North America. They are generally tall, straight, and robust. Their skin is of a copper-color; their eyes large, bright, black, and piercing; their hair long, dark and coarse, seldom or never curled; and to their simple diet and active life they owe their white and regular teeth, and their excellent health.

Their food is such as they can obtain from the rivers and the forests; hunting and fishing, and fighting form the chief pursuits of the American savages. Before the arrival of the whites, very little labor was expended in tilling the lands; and, even that little, was done mostly by the women. But since their hunting-grounds have become too small, and game too scarce to allow them to support life in this way, they have begun to turn their attention to the riches which labor and time can draw from the bosom of the fertile soil.

The natives made use of both spears and nets in their fisheries. They had a way of fishing in the night time, by means of a fire kindled on a hearth in the middle of their canoes, which dazzled the fishes by its light, and enabled those in the boats to take them easily with a spear. They sometimes built a fence or dam entirely across the mouth of some small river, leaving only one opening, at which they placed a sort of pot or box, made very much in the form of a mouse-trap, into which the fish were carried by the stream, and thus caught.

Before the Indians had learned from Europeans the use of fire-arms, their only method of hunting was by means of bows and arrows, and traps. In shooting with the bow, they were very expert, but they have now generally laid it aside for the gun.

They had a very ingenious way of taking a great number of deer and other large animals at a time. They first make two fences of strong pointed stakes, so high that the deer cannot leap over them. These fences at one end are very far apart, but they gradually approach near each other, until there is but a small opening between them, which leads into a small enclosure in the form of a triangle. At the farther end of this triangle is a small covered way, large enough to allow one deer to pass into it.

When all this is prepared, a great number of people assemble together, and forming a half circle around the forest, advance slowly, driving before them all the animals which it contains. These, finding themselves hard-pressed, run on, until they come to the fences, which they follow along, and thus enter the small enclosure to which they lead. Here there is no returning, as the hunters block up the narrow passage; the affrighted herd are compelled to enter the covered way of stakes, where they are easily killed with a spear.

The morning is the best time for hunting. This the Indian knows well, and he is always up and off in the woods

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before daylight, in hopes to be able to return at breakfast time with a deer, turkey, goose, or some other game, then in season. Meantime, his wife has pounded his corn, now boiling on the fire, baked her bread, and spread their mat in the open air, under the bright beams of the morning sun. And when the hunter returns with his load of game, they sit down to their simple meal, sweeter to them than the dainty repast of a Roman emperor—for it has been purchased by the labor of their own hands.

The houses of the Indians are built of a frame-work of small trees or poles, with a covering of bark or branches of trees; a hole in the top lets out the smoke, and a small opening in the side, with a mat hung before it, serves for a door. These huts or *wigwams* are generally small and dirty, and cannot be very agreeable residences; but this is of little consequence, as the natives spend most of their time in the open air. The tribes of Virginia lived in villages, which were generally surrounded by rows of palisadoes, or strong sharpened stakes, to secure them from the attacks of an enemy.

Formerly, the Indian dress consisted entirely of the skins of different animals, which they could dress until they became quite soft and pliant. Now, they generally make use of cloth, which they obtain from their civilized neighbors. They wear a blanket or coat of skins wrapt around the body, leggings, or close stockings, for the leg, and *moccasins*, or shoes made of skin, for the feet. Of course, the fashions vary in different countries; the Virginians were by no means so well clad as the natives of Canada.

Like all other half-civilized nations, the natives of America delight in ornamenting their persons. A young Indian warrior is, perhaps, as thorough-going a *beau* as any in the world. Heckewelder tells us of a young acquaintance of his, who had spent a whole day in preparing himself for a dance. His face was painted in such a singular style that it appeared different in every different view. When seen from the front, his nose appeared very long and narrow, with a round knob at the end, much like the upper part of a pair of tongs. When viewed in profile, on one side his nose represented the beak of an eagle; on the other side it resembled the snout of a pike, with the mouth open, so that the teeth could be seen. On one cheek there was a round spot of red, and on the other one of black; while the eyelids were so colored that they appeared to be upside down. This was the Indian ball dress; and the young dandy warrior was evidently very proud of his work.

They paint themselves on various other occasions; they do it in war, to strike terror into their enemies. The warriors of one tribe are known to paint their bodies with white streaks on a black ground so as to give them the hideous appearance of skeletons. In peace, the paint is generally blue, or some other light color.

Most Indians are in the habit of changing their place of residence several times a year, for the purpose of finding better hunting-grounds, or of retreating from their enemies. In their journeys, as in everything else, the women do all the drudgery of the household, such as packing up, and carrying the movables, and raising again their little cabin in their new situation. Such being the case, their furniture must be scanty and light. The dry leaves of the forest, with a blanket or a few skins, serve for a bed; a small iron kettle to boil their food, a mortar to grind their corn, with a few gourds, and mats, make up the furnishing of an Indian wigwam.

To these, perhaps, should be added the cradle, which is as unlike the cradle in

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which, when little children, we have been gently rocked to sleep, as can be conceived. The cradle of the Indian babe is nothing but a hard board, to which the helpless infant is bound with strong bands or strips of wood, bent over like pieces of hoop. The cradle with the child is then hung on the branch of a tree, where it rocks to and fro in the wind, or is fastened to the back of its mother in her travels; the little *pappoose* enduring, without a sign of pain or ill-temper, all the hard knocks which it is obliged to receive in this situation.

The Indians never punish their children; they say it breaks the spirit of the young warriors, and that their sons will never be brave in fight, unless they are bold and forward in their youth. The parents, however, take another way to infuse into the minds of their children good principles, and a respect for the aged. This they do by exciting their pride and emulation; they tell them that if they follow the advice of the most admired and extolled hunter, trapper, or warrior, they will, at a future day, obtain a reputation equal to that which he possesses; that, if they respect the aged and infirm, they will be treated in like manner when their turn comes to feel the infirmities of old age.

These precepts seldom fail of effect; the ambition of the child is aroused; and he listens to the directions of those older and wiser than himself, in hopes of being, one day, admired and respected for his own bravery and wisdom. But although this may stimulate the faculties of youth, and may give them vigor, it is little likely to cultivate self-restraint, and the habit of acting according to a rule of duty.

When a boy becomes old enough to hunt, his father takes him out into the woods, and teaches him how to proceed. The youth calls to mind the lessons which he has received, in listening to the words of the most famous hunters, and he resolves to equal them. The first game which he kills, whatever it be, is immediately cooked, and all the friends and relatives of the family are invited to the "boy's feast." From that time, he takes his place among the men, and he is expected to contribute, by his bow, his gun, or his net, to the support of the family.

When a young man arrives at the proper age to marry, he begins to look about him among the young women of his tribe, and if he sees any with whose looks and behavior he is pleased, he endeavors to gain her favor by presents and soft speeches. The parents of the young people soon perceive the attachment, and a negociation commences. The mother of the young man takes a choice piece of meat and carries it to the house of the girl's parents, never forgetting to mention that her son was the successful hunter of the game. The mother of the young woman, on her part, brings a dish of victuals, such as beans, or Indian corn, to the wigwam of the other, saying, "This is the produce of my daughter's field."

If the old ladies are able to tell the good news to each other that the young people have pronounced the articles sent to them, "very good," the bargain is concluded. From that time, it is the duty of the man to bring home game enough to support the family, while his wife exerts herself to cook the victuals, prepare the clothes of her husband, and till their little field of Indian corn, and other vegetables; and though her labors are undoubtedly severe, yet she knows that the time and abilities of her husband are taken up in the all-important duties of hunting, fishing, and trapping, and she is never unwilling to perform her part.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Customs of the Indians in their intercourse with each other.—Anecdote of the missionaries.—Usages in respect to murder—war—peace—religion.—Traditions.—Superstitions.—Their ideas of heaven.—General character, and probable fate.

HITHERTO we have regarded the Indians in their private and domestic relations. Let us now glance at them in their intercourse with one another, their laws, and their conduct towards other nations, both in war and in peace.

The natives are brought up with a high sense of their own dignity and honor, and they are always certain to feel and avenge an affront. Hence, in their ordinary conversation, they take great care not to excite the passions of others. They sometimes carry this civility almost too far; they will seldom dispute anything which another asserts, and they require the same complaisance in return.

It is said that a missionary was once preaching to the Indians, and explaining to them the divine truths of the gospel, while his tawny auditors listened in assenting silence. When he had finished, a chief arose and observed that all the white man had said was very good, and might be followed; he then related the tradition of his nation concerning the first production of certain plants. But when the missionary expressed himself disgusted with the idle tale, the Indian, offended, replied—"My brother, it seems your friends have not done justice to your education; we are willing to believe all the stories which you tell us, why do you not believe ours?"

If it should ever happen, however, that an Indian, in a fit of passion, should kill another, it is the duty of the relations of the murdered man to avenge his death. The murderer knows his fate, and submits without a struggle. Sometimes it is the case that the rank and power of the criminal is so great, that no one cares to execute the fatal decree of vengeance; at other times he is adopted by the family of the deceased in his place.

When the murder has been committed on a person of another tribe, the consequence is generally war. This, like all other important measures, is first determined upon by a grand council of chiefs and warriors. In these assemblies, the greatest order and decorum always prevail. The most aged and respectable always speak first, and no one thinks of interrupting one who is speaking. Even after he sits down, they are silent for a few minutes, in order that they may seem to reflect upon what he has spoken.

If war is finally concluded upon, a large painted post is set up in an enclosed place, and the warriors, begrimmed with paint and holding their tomahawks in their hand, dance with frantic gestures around it, singing their war-song. As many as join in the dance, are bound to go out against the enemy; this is the Indian mode of recruiting.

In their warfare, every species of cunning and cruelty is practised, and all the ferocity of a savage nature breaks forth. When a town of the enemy is attacked and taken, no age or condition is spared; infants, old men, and women fall in indiscriminate massacre. Even those that are spared, are reserved for a yet more terrible fate.

When a victorious expedition returns home, the scalps of their slain enemies are carried in front, fixed on the end of a thin pole; the prisoners follow, and then the warriors advance, shouting the dreadful *scalp-yell*, once for every head which they have taken, dead or alive.

When the captives enter the village, they are shown a painted post at the distance of from twenty or forty yards, and told to run for it. On each side of the way stand men, women, and children, with axes, sticks, and other weapons, ready to strike him as he passes. If he

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shows himself prompt, and bold, and makes, with all speed, for the post, he is generally certain of reaching it without much harm; and, in that case, he is safe, until his final destiny is determined upon. This is called—*running the gauntlet.*

Sometimes he is adopted into the tribe, in place of others slain in the war; or he is left to be ransomed by his friends. But if he be a great warrior, who has done them much injury, he is generally condemned to suffer by the fiery torture. He is stripped naked and bound to a tree; a heap of dry brush is placed around him, and set on fire, while his enemies dance in triumph around the victim, exulting in his torment. He, on his part, meets his fate with firmness, even in this horrid form; he sings his death-song, relates his exploits against his enemies, and taunts them with cowardice, telling them that they are no more than so many old women, and bidding them look on and see how a *man* can die!

When a war is to be concluded, or, in the language of the Indians, who are fond of metaphorical expressions, when the hatchet is to be buried, and the path of peace to be opened to their enemies' country, messengers of peace are sent, carrying with them a calumet, or pipe, with a long stem adorned with the feathers of the rarest birds. This pipe is lighted, and presented to the chiefs of the hostile tribe; if they smoke it, it is a sign that the proposals are agreed to, and that the hatchet is buried under the tree of peace. But if, on the other hand, they refuse to receive it, the war is continued with as much fury as ever.

There never was a nation without some religion. Even the most barbarous and degraded African tribes have some divinity which they worship. The natives of America believe in a Great Spirit, or *Manito*, who created the world in the beginning, and governs all things with absolute sway. Under him are many inferior spirits, some good and others bad, who have each his particular duty to perform. There is a god in the sun, another in the moon, and another for every appearance which they do not understand. When the natives first saw the white men of Europe, they took them to be *Manitos*, and paid them the honors which they rendered to their god.

The Indians have all some dim tradition of the deluge; but farther than this, their traditions do not extend. Some believe that a beaver, who was swimming about upon the water, dived to the bottom, and brought up a little earth in his paws, from which the land was formed. Concerning the origin of the Indians themselves, they relate that for a long time they lived under ground, in the shape of some other animals, such as the bear, the beaver, and even the oyster, which, in time, were changed to men.

After remaining a long time in this abode, some of their young men who were out on a hunting expedition, discovered a hole in the earth, through which they ascended and came to a fine country, well stocked with game, fruit, and all other necessaries of life. They returned to their people, told them of their wonderful discovery, and all forthwith ascended and took up their residence on the earth. The Mandans, however, say that some of their tribe yet remain under ground; for a very fat woman, in her eagerness to reach the desired land, laid hold of the vine by which they climb up, so roughly, that it broke down, and those which were left, were forever prevented from joining their companions.

The Indians of Virginia called their Great Spirit Quiouos. Some gentlemen who were once ranging the woods near the settlements, came upon the temple of this god, and took the liberty, as they

saw no one near, to open the door and go in. It was a cabin, somewhat larger than usual, and at the farther end was a recess, before which hung a curtain. On a shelf in this recess, they found some pieces of wood and cloth, which, when put together, they found to be the famous idol of the Virginians. As the cabin had no windows, this figure, seen by the glimmering light from the door, must have appeared to its benighted worshippers really terrific.

The Indians are a very superstitious race of people, and there are always some who are willing to take advantage of the weakness of their countrymen to serve their own interest. Such are the jugglers and sorcerers—an artful and mischievous set of people. They pretend to have power over the elements, to bring rain, to cure sickness, to cause death, and to change themselves to any form, by means of their charms and medicine.

Mr. Heckewelder was one day walking out, during a very severe drought, and came upon an old conjurer, named Chenos, who was engaged in some of his mummeries. The missionary asked him what he was doing.

"Oh," said he, "I am hired to do a very hard day's work. I am going to bring down rain from the sky; don't you see how much it is wanted, and that the corn and everything else is perishing?"

"But can you make it rain?" said Mr. Heckewelder.

"Certainly," replied the old conjurer, "and you shall be convinced of it this very day."

He had, by this time, encompassed a square, of about five feet each way, with stakes and pieces of bark, so that it might resemble a pig-pen of about three feet in height, and now, with his face uplifted and turned towards the north, he muttered some words, as if invoking a superior being. He did the same on the south, and then made a small opening in the side of the pen. "Now," said he, "we shall have rain enough."

And he was right; a few hours afterwards, the sky suddenly became overcast, and a plentiful shower of rain succeeded; proving to every Indian's mind, the power of their conjurer, and the efficacy of his prayers. It is evident that the old Chenos had paid good attention to the signs of the weather, and his experience enabled him to foresee that there would soon be rain, without the aid of supernatural powers.

The Indians put great faith in dreams; they believe that while the body sleeps, the soul leaves it and acts for itself; and they think that everything which they dream ought to be fulfilled when they awake.

A chief of the Mohawk tribe, Hendrick by name, resolved to turn this belief to good account. On a visit to Sir William Johnson, the superintendent of Indian affairs in America, he had been very much struck with the brilliancy of his host's suit of clothes, which were new and were richly covered with gold lace. A few days afterwards, he called on Sir William, and told him that he had dreamed a most singular dream. The other inquired what it was.

"I dreamed," answered Hendrick, "that you gave me the fine suit which you wore the other day."

Sir William took the hint, and gave him the clothes; but he resolved to dream in his turn; accordingly, not long after, he went to the wigwam of his red friend, and informed him that he had dreamed that Hendrick made him a present of a very fine tract of land of about five thousand acres.

"Have you really dreamed that?" inquired the chief, in dismay; and, after a moment's pause, "Very well," said he, "you shall have the land; *but if you*

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please, Sir William, we will not dream any more."

The *heaven* of every nation is a place where the greatest degree of happiness is to be enjoyed hereafter; and of course it differs among different nations, according to their various notions of happiness. The Indians placed their chief pleasure in a life of easy indolence, varied only by the delights of hunting and gaming. Their paradise is, therefore, a land of eternal spring, where the sun's beams are ever mild and refreshing, and where the green woods are stocked with every animal suitable for eating and the chase; and the watets are filled with fish of the most delightful flavor.

Not only the souls of men but also those of animals are admitted into this happy abode. And hence, among some tribes, it is the custom to shoot the dead man's horse over the grave of his master. But the way to this heaven is long and full of dangers; such as meeting with ferocious wild beasts, crossing rapid streams on a single log, and the like. To enable the warrior to pass safely through all these and to gain his subsistence until he arrives at his future abode, they place in his grave weapons for hunting, a pipe, a tinder-box and flint, together with food, and in modern times *a bottle of rum* is added, if the man has been in life, very fond of this destructive liquor—a thing but too common among the natives.

Thus have we followed the Indian of North America from his birth to the place where he awaits the joys of another life—from his "tree-rocked cradle," to his grave. Let us now glance at his general character and his probable fate.

It must be owned that the character of the Indian of the north, is by no means amiable. He is bold, but reserved, even to his friends; fierce and implacable to his enemies; indolent, except when pressed by hunger, or excited by revenge. Too proud to condescend to labor with his own hands, he compels his wife to bear the drudgery of the lodge, a sure sign of the savage. He never forgives an injury, never forgets a kindness. In war he is brave and cunning, in religion superstitious and cruel.

His virtues and his vices are all those of a barbarian; and such, it is to be feared, he will ever be. The attempt to civilize the natives within the limits of the United States, has been made often and zealously for more than two hundred years, but in vain. The remnant of this once powerful race is melting fast away, as one of their own orators express it, "like snow before the sun;" and perhaps, in a century more, not one will be left to remind us that the land which we inhabit was once their own. Still, it is no less our duty to do all we can to save and render happy, for a while, at least, the feeble remnants of a people to whom we owe so much.

In the crowded saloon of Mr. Catlin the Indian lecturer, in the midst of an intensely interesting discourse, a person rose up, and in a solemn manner said, "Mr. Catlin, will you have the goodness to stop for a moment?" The audience looked with astonishment, and the lecturer paused: "I have lost my little boy in the crowd," said the gentleman, "and wish to call for him." A dead pause ensued in the 1200 persons present. "Clark Potter," said the father. "Here I am, father," said a shrill voice in the corner; at which shouts of laughter and applause ensued, and the stripling was handed over the benches to his anxious parent.

An Irishman, wishing to dispose of his watch, said, by way of recommendation, that it had beat the church clock that blessed day by an *hour and a half.*

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The Stock-Dove, &c.

THERE is a wild pigeon in Europe, called the *Stock-Dove*, from which the various kinds of domestic doves are bred. In its native state, this bird builds in rocks or decayed trees; its color is of a deep bluish-ash color, the breast being dashed with a fine changeable green and purple.

The varieties of the domestic pigeon are very great, and some of them are very curious; yet, in their general habits, they are the same. They breed every month; lay two eggs, and hatch two at a time. The female sits from four in the afternoon till ten the next morning; the male takes her place, from ten to four. In this manner they sit alternately, till the young ones are hatched.

The affection of doves to each other is remarkable, and their cooing notes are very soft and pleasing. The constancy of the female, in sitting upon her eggs, is so great, that one bird was once known to continue faithful to her task till the young were hatched, though her legs in the mean time became frozen and dropped off!

So prolific are these birds, that fifteen thousand may be reared from a single pair, in four years. Most birds drink by sipping at intervals; pigeons drink at long draughts, like quadrupeds.

There is a kind of pigeon called *carriers*, and which are used to carry letters from one place to another. These may be easily distinguished from all others by their eyes, which are compassed about by a broad circle of naked white skin, and by being of a dark blue or blackish color. It is from their attachment to their native place, and particularly where they have brought up their young, that these birds have been employed in several countries as the most expeditious travellers.

They are first brought from the place where they were bred, and whither it is intended to send them back with information. The letter is tied under the bird's wing, and after feeding it well, lest it should stop upon the way to eat, it is let loose to return. The little animal no sooner finds itself at liberty than its passion for its native spot directs all its motions.

It is seen upon these occasions flying directly to the clouds, to an amazing height, and then with the greatest certainty and exactness, directing itself by some surprising instinct, towards home, which lies sometimes at many miles distance. It is said that in the space of an hour and a half, they sometimes perform a journey of forty miles.

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(As a great number of my readers have desired me to continue the story of Philip Brusque and the island of Fredonia, I have concluded to give the remainder of it.)

Story of Philip Brusque.

CHAPTER XII.

It is natural for mankind to love power; a child loves it, and always seeks to govern his parents and his playmates. Men seek also to govern their fellow-men. This desire is stronger in some than in others; there are persons who are always striving and contriving, for the purpose of acquiring authority over those around them.

Now when several people unite for a certain object, we call them a society; if they unite for religious purposes, we call them a religious society; if for charity, we call them a charitable society; if for government, we call them a political society, because politics is the business of government.

Wherever there is society, we see this love of power; we there find persons who are seeking, by all sorts of means, to acquire authority, so that they may rule. We find it even in school—for there we meet with girls and boys, who strive not only to sway the teacher, but the other scholars; we find it in villages—for there we meet with men who are plotting to gain an ascendency; in short, we find it everywhere, in towns and cities, in states, countries, and kingdoms.

Now this love of power is a selfish thing, and though it may lead to good, yet it is very apt to lead to evil. It is this which has caused conquerors to murder millions of their fellow-men; it is this which has led politicians to practise every sort of fraud and deception. And one thing is to be remarked here, that when a person desires power, so much as to take dishonest or trickish means to obtain it, he is not fit to possess it. Such a person will only use it selfishly, and not for the good of those who may come under his authority.

It was fortunate for the little society of Fredonia, that in choosing Mr. Bonfils for a governor, they selected one who did not desire power for any selfish reason, and who accepted the office bestowed upon him only in the hope of benefiting the people. He felt like a father to his children, and his thoughts were, therefore, bent upon the means by which their happiness could be promoted. If he had been a selfish person, he would have turned his mind to consider how he might best promote his own ambition; how he might acquire more power; and how he might secure and perpetuate his sway.

You have heard of Washington, who was president of the United States: now he never strove to get that high office, and he only accepted it, in the hope that his government might bless the nation. You have heard of Bonaparte; he became the emperor of France; but he did it by his own efforts. He did not wait to be chosen a ruler; but he seized the reins of power. He commanded the people to make a crown, and then he commanded them to put it on his head, and call him emperor: and they obeyed. Having thus acquired vast power, having command of the army and the navy; having all the money of the government—he put them in requisition to carry on wars of conquest. His love of power was so great that he was not content with ruling over the thirty millions of people in France; he yearned to reign over all Europe—over all the world. His ambition was so boundless and grasping, that the nations of Europe rose against him, hurled him from his throne, and caused him to be confined to the rocky island of St. Helena, where he died.

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Now Mr. Bonfils was like Washington, and not like Bonaparte. He took the office of governor, only to do good to his people. His first thought, upon becoming the ruler, was to discover what could be done to make the little nation of Fredonia, peaceful and happy. In looking around, he saw many things to give him anxiety. In the first place, the clothes of the people were fast wearing out, and the tents in which they lived, being covered with the sails of the ship, were small and uncomfortable. They might do pretty well for the dry season, but what was to be done when the autumn rains should set in? And, in addition to all this, the people had only a very few articles of furniture, and in this respect, they were exceedingly uncomfortable.

While, therefore, clothes, dwellings, and furniture, were needed, there was another still more pressing want, and this was food. The flour, bread, and biscuit, brought from the ship, were entirely gone; the meat was all devoured; the salt, pepper, and spices were entirely used up. The island, as I have said, produced many fruits, particularly oranges; it also yielded pine-apples, a few melons, grapes, and pomegranates. Upon these fruits the people had now subsisted for several weeks; but Mr. Bonfils saw, that long before another season could return, the fruits of the island must be exhausted, unless something could be done to furnish food from other sources, and protect what there was from waste.

On making inquiries, he ascertained that there were no cows, sheep, deer, or hogs upon the island; and, saving a few wild goats that lived around the cliffs, there were no animals of considerable size. There were a few monkeys, a considerable number of lemurs, and a great variety of macaws, paroquets, and other birds of gay plumage. It was clear, therefore, that the animals did not afford the means of subsistence, and even if they were sufficient, how could they be taken, for, excepting the pistols of François, there were no fire-arms upon the island.

Mr. Bonfils reflected upon all these things, and he saw that unless something could be done, poverty and misery must be the lot of the people of Fredonia. If they had no clothing, no good houses, no good furniture, no proper food, they would sink into a state of nature; they would lose their refinement, their sense of propriety, their love of neatness and order; they would, in short, cease to be civilized, and become savages.

"How are these things to be remedied?" said one of the old men to the governor. "I will tell you my views upon this subject," said the latter.

"It is by the labor of the hands alone that mankind can live, in a civilized state. It is the labor of the hands that produces hats, shoes, shirts, coats, gowns, handkerchiefs; the things we want to wear. It is the labor of the hands that produces houses, and the furniture with which we supply them. It is the labor of the hands that produces wheat, rye, oats, barley, maize, potatoes, peas, and other things, as food for man and beast.

"Now where the people are industrious, all these things which we want for dress, for shelter, for furniture, for food, become abundant; where the people are industrious, therefore, they are not only supplied with the comforts and luxuries of life, but they adopt good and virtuous habits, and are therefore happy. Where they are indolent they are poor, vicious and unhappy. The great thing in government, then, is to make people industrious. And now how is this to be done?

"I do not know of any other way than to set before them inducements to labor; we must see that those who work are well rewarded for it. Here lies the

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great difficulty of our condition; we shall soon be in want of food and shelter, and we shall all work hard before we starve or go without houses. But when these pressing necessities are supplied, shall we not relapse into indolence, vice and barbarism?

"The first thing to be done is, no doubt, to look out for food and for shelter; but we must go farther; we must try to keep up the tastes of the people; we must try to preserve their love of good clothing; their love of good houses; their love of good food, and the other comforts and luxuries of home; the refinements and enjoyments which flow from neatness and order. We must preserve these tastes, because the people will toil to gratify them; they will become industrious to gratify them. Without these tastes people will only work for food; they will live like mere animals, being content with satisfying animal wants; they will become savages.

"Refined tastes constitute what we call civilization; they raise men above savages; they are the source of that industry which makes a nation rich and happy. I repeat, we must preserve these tastes, we must preserve our civilization.

"Now, in order to preserve these tastes, we must have the means of gratifying them; we must have MANUFACTORIES, to make bonnets, shoes, and dresses; we must have AGRICULTURE, that is we must cultivate the lands, in order to have bread and rear cattle; we must have vessels to carry on COMMERCE, by means of which, we may exchange our products for tea, coffee, spices and things which do not grow among us, but are produced in other lands. Thus manufactures, agriculture, and commerce, are the three great sources of prosperity; and these must be made to flourish, in order to make people happy. How is all this to be done?

"The first step is this, to divide the lands and other property, giving to each man his share, and making him secure in the possession of it; and also making him secure in the possession of all he earns by his industry or skill."

Here the man broke in and said—"Pray excuse me, Mr. Governor, but I differ with you there. I think it is better to hold the land and everything else, in common. If you divide the land and property, some persons who are greedy, sharp-witted and industrious, will constantly increase their lands and property and become rich; while others, who are simple, and careless, will gradually become poor. Thus we shall soon see those odious distinctions of *rich* and *poor* in society. I am opposed to all this!"

"I am well aware, my friend," said the governor, "that such ideas as you entertain, have often been indulged, and by very good people too; but let me tell you that all attempts to put them in practice, have resulted in disappointment and failure. No society that has held property in common, has ever been happy; no society has ever advanced in virtue, or civilization, or peace, that has been founded upon this principle. Man loves to call things '*mine*,' and '*thine*.' Man is made by his Creator to identify things with himself, and to love them from such identity. Why, if all things are to be held in common, why does the mother, why does the father, love the child? It is not because it is more beautiful than other children, but because it is theirs? Why is man made to love that place which goes by the dear title of home? Why do we love our birth-place above all others, even though a cottage or a hut? Why, even if we reach the palace in after-life, is that birth-place the dearest spot on earth?

"Why do the people of every land love their particular country better than all other lands? Why does the Laplander prefer his climate of snows, and

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bless Heaven that has sent him such a happy lot? Why does the Swiss, upon the shaggy sides of his mountains, where scarce the wild goat can find footing, delight in his rugged home, and, looking down upon the people of the luxurious valley beneath, lift his soul in thanksgiving to God, who has preferred him thus? All this shows, that man is made to love his children, his home, his country—to love the things which belong to himself.

"Now I admit that selfishness is to have its boundaries; selfishness which is at variance with the good of others is vicious, and deserves rebuke. But the self-love, which makes a man love things belonging to himself, is the foundation of that affection which parents bear to children—which we all bear to home—which we all feel for our country. If you undertake to blot out the ideas of *mine* and *thine*—if you seek to make all things common, then you war against man's very nature; you seek to overturn the design of our Creator; you would deprive the child of the love of the parent; you would have no such thing as home; you would annihilate that noble sentiment, which we call patriotism. In short, you would deprive life of its greatest charms; you would take out of man's bosom his noblest sentiments, and annihilate some of the most powerful springs of human action, effort and industry.

"No—no! my dear sir: man is made to possess things, to call them his, and to desire, by his own efforts, to accumulate things to himself. To resist this principle, is to resist Heaven and nature, and common sense. Destroy this principle, and you make man either a reluctant drudge, or an indolent savage. So the world has ever found it. The only way is to establish society upon this principle—if a man, by his toil, builds himself a house, let him have it and keep it, and let no man disturb him in the possession of it. If it is his, and he knows that it will continue so, he will take pains to build it well, to make it convenient, and to make it pleasant. But if he feels that it may be taken away by some stronger man, or by society, he will do as little to it as possible.

"Thus it is that men will work, if the fruits of their toil are to be theirs; they will labor industriously, they will put forth their best efforts, they will surround themselves with comforts and luxuries, if they are to be secured in the possession of what they produce. You will see, then, that according to my view, *industry* is the great source of national happiness: it is the great producing power, and it is the great moral regulator of society. And the most potent stimulus to industry, is to allow a man to have what he earns, and to keep it, use it, or dispose of it, as he pleases. These are the fundamental principles of government, and they are indispensable to civilization; without them, society tends, necessarily, to barbarism, or to the savage state."

It was by such conversations as these, that Mr. Bonfils imparted his views to the people. Many of them, who had shared in the turmoil of the French Revolution, had got their ideas unsettled: some believed that no government was necessary; others thought that some new system, better than any yet tried, might be adopted. But, by degrees, they assented to the views of their governor.

Agreeably to his plan, the lands were now divided among the men, reserving about one half, as belonging to the government. Each had enough; and the good effects of this were immediately visible, for every one set about building himself a house. The change in the island was wonderful; for, everybody had been idle before; but now, all was activity, energy and industry.

While the men were at work in build-

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ing the houses, the women were equally industrious in providing such articles of furniture as they could. They gathered leaves for beds; made curtains for windows of the leaves of the palm, for they had no glass; they made dishes of shells and wild gourds, and even fashioned a variety of articles of earthenware, from clay.

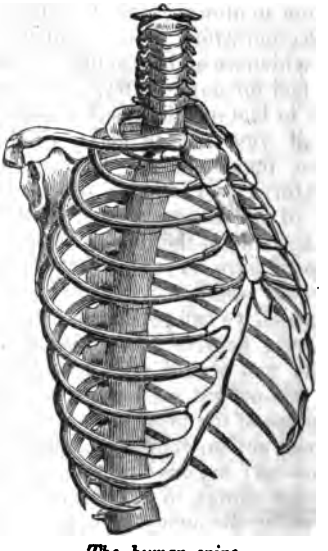
The scene was really delightful. All were busy—all seemed happy. There was no quarrelling—no grumbling—no idleness. And one curious thing was this: that trade began to spring up, as soon as the division of property was made, and each had received his share. One person found that he had more of a certain article than he wanted, and less of another; so he went round to the neighbors to exchange, or *swap*, the superfluous articles for such as he needed. This was the beginning of trade.

There was another thing that seemed to promote this: Mr. Bonfils requested Piqué, the fisherman, who had been cast away on the island, to go round and see if he could not find some place where fish could be caught. In this he succeeded. He made hooks and lines with considerable labor, and, with one other person, spent his time in fishing. François undertook to supply the people with goat's flesh and birds, which he accomplished easily, by means of his pistols. Thus fish, flesh, and fowl were supplied, though scantily at first; and those who supplied them, received such things in exchange as they wanted.

But this mode of bartering soon grew inconvenient. Some of the people wanted fish and meat, but they had nothing to give in exchange, that either François or the fishermen needed. How, then, could they get fish and meat? Mr. Bonfils now saw the necessity of money; but there was none upon the island. No one had brought any thither, and none had been discovered. What then was to be done?

The governor knew that money must consist of something that has value in itself; something that is wanted by all. He knew that salt was used for money in some countries, because all desired it; he therefore requested Brusque to set about manufacturing salt from sea-water. This was soon done, and thus the people had salt—and the lumps actually came into use, as money. When a man bought a fish, or a piece of goat's flesh, he paid so much salt, instead of so much silver.

Ingenious Contrivances of Nature.



The human spine.

I HAVE already spoken of many things which display wonderful ingenuity of contrivance, on the part of the Creator, and, at the same time, attest his wisdom and power. In every department of nature, the mineral, vegetable, and animal, there are contrivances which no human art can rival. Man

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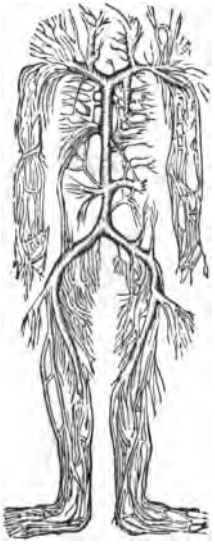
may make imitations, but he can do no more.

In order to render this skill of the Creator more palpable, let us examine one or two mechanical contrivances in the structure of animals. We will select as our first instance, the human spine, or back bone. This consists of twenty-four bones, joined and compacted together in the most wonderful manner. It is so contrived that while it is firm, and enables the body to support an erect position, it is, at the same time, flexible, so as to bend in all directions. No human art has ever been able to devise a chain that can perform these double offices. Here we see that in mere mechanical contrivance, the works of God defy competition from man.

But this is not all. The spine has still another office to perform. In the centre of this chain of twenty-four bones, and passing through them all, is a tube, containing the *spinal nerve*. This extends from the brain through the back, and communicates with every part of the body by a thousand small pipes which have the name of nerves.

Besides all this, the spine is to be so adjusted that the ribs may be fastened to it, as well as the legs and arms; and finally, to this the various muscles, which enable the limbs and body to move, are to be fastened.

Now suppose that an ingenious mechanic were to undertake to construct an artificial skeleton, in imitation of that which belongs to man; would it not be impossible for him to accomplish the task; and would he not be compelled to give up in despair? Let us consider that we only ask of the human architect an imitation, and that even this is beyond his ability. How great, then, must be the wisdom and power of that Supreme Architect, who not only made, but designed and contrived his works, and not only designed and contrived them, but furnished the very materials from his own manufactory—the bones, the muscles, the nerves, and the fluids necessary for his purpose.



The veins.

Let us take another illustration of the wisdom and power of God, as displayed in animal mechanism. It is the design of the Creator that the blood shall be distributed throughout the body, and that this shall be essential to life. The body is, therefore, provided with two systems of blood-vessels—arteries and veins; the first to carry the blood from the heart, and the latter to bring it back.

These tubes are wonderfully contrived and distributed over the body; and the blood, which is to pass through them, is furnished by means equally wonderful. But what machinery can be devised to receive the blood from the veins and force it through the arteries and throughout the system? The heart is destined to perform the work. This is a hollow muscle, in the centre of the body, surrounded by spiral fibres, running in both

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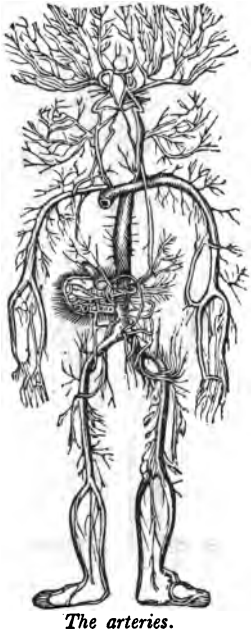
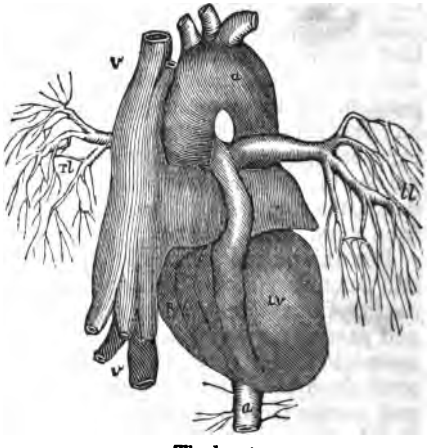
directions, the layers crossing and interlacing each other. By a contraction of these spiral fibres, the hollow muscle is



The arteries.

compressed, and whatever fluid may be in it, is squeezed out from the cavity within. By a relaxation of these spiral fibres, the cavities in the hollow muscle are prepared to admit any fluid that may be poured into it. Into these cavities the great trunks or pipes of the arteries and veins are inserted—the one to carry out the blood and the other to return it.

Every time that the heart beats, a contraction of the spiral fibres takes place, and the blood is sent through the arteries by the force of the stroke, as water gushes through a syringe; and exactly at the same time an equal proportion is received from the veins. Thus at every pulse about two spoonfuls of blood are sent out from the human heart,



The heart.

through the arteries, and the same quantity is received through the veins. It is said that each ventricle of the heart will contain an ounce of blood. The heart contracts four thousand times in an hour, from which it appears that four thousand ounces, or two hundred and fifty pounds of blood pass through the heart every hour!—[*From Parley's Farewell.*]

PETER PARLEY'S NEW STORIES.

[No. V.]

Don't be too Positive.

THERE are many young persons who are very positive about things, when they are, after all, mistaken.

"There goes Jerry Smith," says Philip.

"Where? I don't see him," says John.

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"Why, there—yonder, at the top of the hill."

"Oh—that ain't Jerry Smith."

"Why, yes it is."

"No it isn't—that's Seth Mead."

"I tell you it's Jerry Smith; if it isn't I'll eat him!"

Such is the dialogue; but pretty soon the boy comes along, and, behold, it is Seth Mead, and not Jerry Smith. "There!" says John—"now you've got to eat him, Phil!"

"Where is the hammer, Peter?" says his father.

"I don't know, sir," is the reply.

"But you had it last."

"No, I didn't, sir."

"Yes you did; you took it yesterday."

"Oh, yes, I remember—I took it—but I put it in the drawer again, where I got it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think you are mistaken—for if you had put it there, it would have been there still."

"I'm certain sure I put it back there!"

"Well now, my son, I found it out on the grass, where you had been at work. Did'nt you leave it there?"

"Oh—yes—I believe I did. Yes, I remember—I did leave it there."

"Well, now take a lesson from this; don't be so positive, where you are not sure. In two instances you have been mistaken: you first said that you had not taken the hammer out, and you were quite positive; you then said you had put it where you got it, and you were again quite positive. But remember that in both cases you were mistaken. Let this teach you to be more modest and careful in future; and, instead of saying you are sure, say, I think so and so; or, I believe so and so. No person ought ever to say that he is positive of a thing, where there is the least chance of mistake."

"Mother," said Ellen, "may I go and see Jane Hanson? she asked me to come."

"When did she ask you?" said the mother.

"Yesterday—yesterday afternoon."

"Not yesterday, my dear."

"Yes it was yesterday, mother: I saw her on the green by the church."

"Don't be positive, Ellen; it could not have been yesterday."

"Yes it was yesterday—I'm certain it was yesterday; I met her on the green, and she asked me to come. Why, mother, how could I be mistaken? I *know* it was yesterday."

"That cannot be, Ellen, for I have just been at Mrs. Hanson's, and Jane went to Providence, in the seven o'clock train of cars, yesterday morning."

"Oh!—well—it must have been day before yesterday—yes, now I recollect, it was day before yesterday!"

"Well, my child, I am sorry to see you so certain—so positive, when you are really not sure, and when, in point of fact, you are mistaken. Pray be more careful in future. You may go and see Jane, but as you go along, say it over in your mind, till you cannot forget it—*Don't be too positive!*"

A BOY was one day reading something to his mother about *patriarchs;* he stumbled at the hard word, and called it *partridges.* His mother set him right as to the pronunciation of the word, but did not at the same time tell him the meaning of it; he therefore associated the idea of a bird with the word patriarch. The next time he found the word *patriarchal* he again asked his mother's assistance, exclaiming, "Here, mamma, here are those *queer fowls* again;" and to the latest day of his life, he said he could never get rid of the association.

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The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER XI.

THE season of summer, at Okotsk, consisting of the months of June, July, and August, is the only time when a vessel can venture to navigate the stormy sea of that far northern region. Alexis was, therefore, obliged to wait several weeks, before the time of departure arrived. As the land mail came once every month from St. Petersburgh to Okotsk, by way of Tobolsk, he twice received a letter from his sister. In the latter instance, the epistle arrived but a single day before the vessel was to sail, and contained somewhat painful intelligence. A part of it ran thus:

"Although, as I have said, I am, on the whole, cheerful, yet, I confess that my mind is sometimes clouded with apprehension. Our dear father is impressed with the idea that he shall live but a short period, and it is impossible to disguise the fact, that he is very feeble. He does not leave the house now, and very seldom his room. His mind is, however, tranquil, and he seems to feel a sort of religious resignation, which is really beautiful to behold. He has no anxieties but for you and me.

"He has a dreadful idea of Colonel Krusenstern, the Russian commander here, who has been so kind to us, and especially to me. He thinks all his kindness is selfish and hypocritical, and that, under the mask of friendship, he harbors some base design. I must confess, that I begin to fear the man, for he is known to be ruthless and savage in his temper, when once excited. I almost suspect that he has sent you and Suvarrow away, to deprive us of protection. If our poor father were to die, what, alas, would be my situation? But I must not indulge these thoughts; indeed, they are only flitting shadows, that occasionally come across my mind. Do not mention these things to Suvarrow, for they might make him unhappy. I must confess that I feel depressed at the idea of the dreadful distance that lies between us; and how that distance will soon be increased. Only think of it, Alexis—when you get into the Pacific Ocean—you and Suvarrow will be on one side of the world, and I on the other! Then will there be a whole world between us!—This is a sad thought; but I must not permit it to weaken my heart, so as to prevent doing my duty to our beloved father. Oh, Alexis! what would I not give to see you! But it may not be. Heaven bless you, my dear, my only brother! Farewell!

KATRINE."

Alexis was so much affected by this letter that he was on the point of deciding to return straight back to Tobolsk—but before he had quite made up his mind, the vessel was ready to depart, and Suvarrow hurried him on board. There all was activity and bustle. The ship, called the Czarina, carried forty guns, and contained three hundred men. To get a vessel of war, of this size, under way, is a serious matter. The heavy anchor is to be taken in; a variety of sails to be set; and it seemed as if all was to be done with as much noise as possible. Alexis had never been on board a ship before, and the scene was quite strange and bewildering to him. But at last the anchor was in; several sheets of broad canvass were spread to the wind; the vessel began to move forward; the waves dashed against her prow, and rippled along her sides; a stream of milky foam was at her stern, and the little town of Okotsk began to seem smaller and smaller, and at last sank from the view, behind the swelling bosom of the sea!

The die was now cast; Alexis was upon the ocean, separated from the land

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The dog presented to Peyrouse.

on which he had hitherto dwelt, and many months must elapse before he could hope to see his kindred, about whom he now had occasion to feel the greatest anxiety. But his attention was soon called to other things. The wind blew more and more fresh, and the gallant ship flew like an eagle upon her way. Everything was new to our young hero, and for a long time his mind was absorbed in the scenes on board the ship, or by the aspect of the gloomy deep. But at last he grew sea-sick, and was obliged to go to his berth.

The sea of Okotsk appears like a little spot upon the map, but it is a thousand miles long, and five hundred miles wide. The vessel, therefore, was soon out of sight of land, but proceeding southward, she approached a rugged and rocky shore, in about a week. Alexis was now able to be on deck, and was told that they were about passing between the great island of Jesso, on the left, and the island of Saghalien, on the right. They soon entered a narrow strip of water, called the straits of Peyrouse, in honor of that celebrated navigator, who passed through them in 1788. The land was visible on both sides, but it presented a dreary and desolate appearance.

Alexis learned that Jesso, or Matsmai, as it is often called, though considered one of the Kurile islands, belongs to the Japanese. There are, however, on this island, as well as upon Saghalien, a race of natives, called Ainos, who are remarkable for having long and full heads of hair. But they are very intelligent, and at the same time are neat, peaceful, and much attached to one another. Peyrouse landed upon one of the shores in this region, and had a very pleasant reception. One day he gave a child a piece of rose-colored nankeen; and his father, wishing to return the favor, went out immediately, and got a little dog, and begged Peyrouse to accept it. This is only one instance to show how well they appreciate a favor.

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The Czarina made no stay in these regions, farther than to catch a supply of salmon, which were amazingly abundant. The mariners found the shores almost constantly beset by thick fogs, rendering the navigation very difficult and dangerous. Beside this, there seemed to be rocks and reefs on every hand, and swift currents, that made it necessary to use the utmost caution.

The straits were soon passed, and the ship entered the Japanese Sea, which lies between Tartary and the islands of Japan. The course of the ship was still southerly, and for several days nothing of particular interest happened. While they were thus pursuing their voyage, the officers of the ship usually dined together, Alexis and a Russian merchant, who had entered the vessel at Okotsk, being of the party. Much hilarity prevailed, songs were sung, and many good stories were told.

One day, after dinner, while all were sitting around the table, the conversation turned upon Tartary, a vast country which lay westward of the Japanese Sea. After a good deal had been said on the subject, the captain of the ship, whose name was Orlof, joined in the discourse, and proceeded as follows:

"In ancient times, the Tartars were called Scythians; and in their contests with the Romans, they appear to have displayed great vigor of character. They have been spread over nearly all the central and northern part of Asia, from time immemorial; but they are broken into many tribes, and pass under many different names, as Cossacks, Kalmucks, Mongols, Kirghises, Kalkas, Mandshurs, Uzbeks, Turkomans, &c. The tribes which inhabit Siberia, the Ostiacks, Tunguses and others, are but fragments of the great Tartar family.

"At the present day, the central part of Asia, from the Caspian and Volga on the west, to the Sea of Japan on the east, is occupied by Tartars, though divided into two separate governments—Independent Tartary and Chinese Tartary. The latter, including Thibet, is nearly as extensive as Siberia, and has been subject to the emperor of China since 1647, for it was about that time that the Mandshur Tartars took Pekin, and set one of their princes on the throne of China. Since that time, the emperors of China have been of this Tartar line.

"The Mogols are regarded as the original race of all the Tartars, and also of the Japanese, Chinese, and some of the adjacent nations. They are, also, the original stock from which the Turks have sprung, as well as the Huns, and some other tribes of Europe. But the point about which I was going to speak, is the inconsistency of the Tartar character. With other nations, they are considered savage and merciless, while, among each other, they are kind, gentle and affectionate, in a remarkable degree. Of these two opposite characters there is abundant proof.

"Attila, the leader of the Huns, who fell like a cloud of desolating locusts upon Italy, about the year 400 after Christ, was called the 'scourge of God.' His mission seemed to be to destroy, and he performed the fearful work without mercy. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, were sacrificed to his fury, and that of his bloody followers.

"In 1206, Genghis Khan founded the empire of the Mogols, and spread his empire from east to west, three thousand five hundred miles. Not only lesser kingdoms, but China itself became subject to his sway. In the early part of his career, he took a large number of prisoners; but, as if to make his name a terror throughout the world, he ordered those of the most elevated rank to be thrown into caldrons of boiling water.

He pursued his conquests with amazing success, but with unsparing severity. Cities, towns, and countries he laid waste, and he crushed human beings with as little feeling as if they had been only so many spiders. He trod the earth, crushing human beings, as remorselessly as we do insects. He turned his armies against China, and passed the great wall, which had been built a thousand years before, to save that empire from the Tartars, who even then, appear to have excited the dread of their neighbors.

"Genghis entered China, and attacked Pekin. This at last yielded, and for an entire month, it was given up to fire and the sword. He afterwards led his armies against the more western nations. The conflict and the slaughter were fearful; in the destruction of two cities, alone, Bochara and Samarcand, two hundred thousand people were destroyed, of every age and sex. Everywhere he was successful, but at last he died, in his sixty-sixth year. Six millions of people fell victims to the bloody wars of this great butcher of his fellow-men. Yet, savage as he was in war, Genghis was a promoter of learning, and a friend to religious freedom; he welcomed all learned men at his court, and showed great tenderness to friends, and especially, his own family.

"Timour the Tartar, or Tamerlane, though the son of a peasant, became a king, and, about the year 1400, had so extended his conquests that his empire nearly exceeded that of Genghis Khan. He subdued Persia, India, Syria, and Asia Minor. He conquered Bajazet, the sultan of Constantinople, and took him prisoner. He twice took Bagdat, and in the latter case, gave it up to the fury of his soldiers, who slew eight hundred thousand men. Yet Timour—thus savage in war—was a man of many agreeable qualities, and has left behind him numerous anecdotes of justice and gentleness.

"There are many other proofs to be found in history of this savageness of the Tartars in war; yet, all travellers tell us of their hospitality, humanity and kindness, in peace. Many of them are robbers by trade, and from the earliest times they have been accustomed to pour down, by thousands, from their colder climes, to ravage the rich and luxurious natives of the south."

When the captain paused, the merchant remarked, that he was much gratified at this sketch of Tartar history and character. "I suppose," said he, "that the phrase, 'he has caught a Tartar,' arose from the general notion among mankind, that the people of this stock, are a rough, untameable race. I have, indeed, heard a story told as giving origin to this proverb. A braggadocia soldier, it is said, in one of our wars against some of the tribes on the borders of the Caspian, getting separated from his companions, was taken by one of the enemy. His commander being near—the soldier called out—'Captain, I have caught a Tartar,'—'Well,' said the captain, 'fetch him along!' 'But the fellow won't let me come!' said the soldier. Since that time, the expression, *he has caught a Tartar*, is applied to those, who, in seeking to get an advantage of others, have been taken in themselves.

"But you were speaking of Genghis Khan. I was once among the Cossacks of the Don—among whom there are always many story-tellers. I recollect to have heard one relate a tale of that famous conqueror, which exhibits him in the light in which you have portrayed him. Shall I tell it?"

"Certainly," was the reply of several voices—and the merchant went on. But as the story is rather long, we must leave it for the next chapter.

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The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Horse-races at Florence.—Excursion to Vallombrosa.—Mountain scenery.—The monastery.—Wild and secluded situation.—Life of the monks.—Travelling on foot in Italy.—Things not seen there.—Manners of the children.—Beauty of the skies.—Comparison with things in America.

THE grand duke of Tuscany had just been married and was celebrating his wedding at Florence, by all sorts of public shows. There were fireworks, balls, and entertainments of every description, among which were horse-races. These last are singular exhibitions: the horses are raced through the streets, in the very centre of the city, and without riders—a procedure which we should think very hazardous. In fact, it often happens that people are killed by the sport. The streets being paved with smooth flat stones, on which a horse cannot run without danger of slipping, the whole extent of the race-course is strown with earth, and the streets leading into it are closed by barriers. A dozen horses are started at a time, bearing spurs instead of riders. These spurs consist of leaden bullets set full of sharp points and attached loosely to the horse's back by cords. When the animal runs, the bullets fly up and down, striking their sharp points into his hide at every step, and goading him onward with great pain. At the moment of starting, the whole race-course is blocked up with a dense throng of spectators, who open to the right and left, as the horses approach, leaving a narrow lane in the middle of the street, through which they gallop, often to the imminent danger of the populace. I saw several exhibitions of this sort; but, although the Italians thought them remarkable for the speed of the animals, it did not appear to me that they were any way distinguished for their fleetness. A horse without a rider has less weight to carry, and might be supposed to run faster on that account; but he lacks the incitement and encouragement which his rider can infuse into him. The Florentines, however, seemed to enjoy the sport mightily, and rent the air with shouts and halloos, waving their handkerchiefs and swinging their hats, as the horses brushed by them in the crowd, to frighten them onward.

I made another excursion from Florence to visit the celebrated monastery of Vallombrosa, about twenty miles distant, among the Appenines. The road ran, for about a dozen miles, up the valley of the Arno, and I was enchanted with the beautifully variegated aspect of the country. It was everywhere broken and hilly; olive trees and vineyards were abundant, and the gardens exhibited the richest culture. Within about six miles of Vallombrosa, the road becomes too steep and rugged for carriages, and here I found the forest trees begin to appear for the first time. Below, the country is clear of wood, with the exception of the olive and mulberry and other fruit trees of moderate height. On the steeps of the mountains, which I was now ascending, I met with many chestnuts and oaks, which appeared quite lofty in comparison with the trees I had formerly seen here, although they were much inferior in size to those of the same family in America. As I continued to ascend, the woods became thicker, and abounded in walnuts and firs. By the name *walnut*, the reader must not understand the shagbark, or hickory tree of America, which does not grow in Europe; but the tree producing the fruit known in our country as the *English walnut*, although it grows in almost every part of Europe, particularly in the south. The path grew still more steep

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and rugged, and the woods thicker, until at length they exhibited much of the savage aspect of a forest. In the midst of this wild scenery, the monastery burst on my view, perched on the side of a mountain, and overhung by the towering Appenines, dark and frowning, with shaggy woods.

The situation of the abbey of Vallombrosa is most striking and romantic. Lonely, remote, and secluded, it stands in an amphitheatre of wild mountains, so greatly variegated in scenery, that Milton, who spent much of his time in this place, has copied it accurately in his description of Paradise. This enchanting spot, as his verses beautifully describe,

"Crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champion head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up-grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view."

The convent commands a most enchanting prospect down the vale: above, the view is bounded by the dark forests on the mountain-tops. A little stream tumbles in a fine cascade down the sides of the mountain, into a deep dell between these steep heights and the green lawn in which the convent is situated. Still higher up, and overlooking the convent, stands a hermitage, called Paradisino, perched, like an eagle's nest, on a steep and projecting cliff. From this point, the prospect is still more extensive than from the convent. The eye traverses over a wide range of country towards the west. Ridge after ridge of blue heights appear down the valley, till the towers and domes of Florence strike the sight, at a distance, with the Mediterranean in dim perspective, far beyond. Close at your feet are the buildings of the convent, with a bright green lawn and a black girdle of pine forest around them, the dell, the water-fall, and the savage height of the Appenines clothed with woods to the top.

The inmates of the convent have no neighbors, for they live out of the way of the world. No public road passes by their doors, and it is not often that a visiter toils up the steep path that leads to their lonely abode. A few farm-houses and hamlets are scattered here and there in the valley below, but few inhabitants are to be seen. Those who love retirement may find Vallombrosa a desirable summer residence; but in winter, the snows and fogs confine the monks within doors. It is even said that the woods abound in bears and wolves, which in that season carry their depredations to the convent doors. Yet here, in this wild solitude, at an almost inaccessible height, I found a degree of splendor and luxury, which seemed not at all in unison with the character of the spot. The chapel of the convent was adorned with costly pillars of marble, paintings, and other ornaments, and the monks entertained me with as rich a dinner as I could have found at the Tremont House. It is very clear that their penances and mortifications stop short of the stomach. I may add, that the worthy friar, who did the honors of the house, had no scruple in pocketing a crown, which I offered him, in payment for his civilities.

Highly gratified with this pleasant excursion to the beautiful "*shady vale*," I descended the mountain and reached the little town of Pelago, at the foot of the steepest part of the road, just as a heavy shower came on. I found a small inn here, the landlord of which was very civil and communicative. He told me that much rain fell upon the mountains, and advised me to put off my return to the city till the next day; a counsel which I was prudent enough to accept.

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The rain continued through the night, but the morning was clear, and I had a delicious walk down the Arno to Florence. The reader may possibly wonder that I ventured to travel about the country to such distances on foot, and may have his head full of robbers and banditti. But the truth is, a man is in no more danger of being robbed in Italy than in the United States; and a pedestrian runs the least hazard, for a robber would have small expectation of plunder from him.

It is interesting for a traveller to note down, not only what he sees, but also what he does *not* see. I did not see such a thing as a wheelbarrow, or a handcart, in all Tuscany; nor do I believe such things were ever known there. The "animal of all work," the donkey, supplies the place of both. At Rome, indeed, they had some clumsy things which they meant for wheelbarrows; but even these nobody knew how to use. Heavy burthens are carried through the streets on men's heads. I never saw a pudding on the table in this country, and though the Italians have heard of it, they know no more of the real thing than we do of their favorite delicacy of fried toadstools. I do not remember seeing any weathercocks, except on the saddles of the carriage-horses at Naples, where I imagine they were meant rather for ornament than use. The cheerfulness of an Italian does not depend so much as ours on the direction of the wind, and he has not occasion to look out his window every morning at the church steeple, to know whether he is to be happy or miserable through the day. Pumps are nowhere to be seen, with the exception of one at Florence. Fountains are abundant at Rome and Naples, but in Florence, Pisa and most other cities of the north, the inhabitants depend for water on their wells. To this list of varieties may be added another item that will sound oddly to the reader; namely, squalling children—for in all my residence in this country, I do not remember to have heard a child cry. This I explain by the fact, that young children, from their very earliest age, are made to spend most of their time in the open air: they have, consequently, better health, and their attention is occupied and amused by a greater variety of objects than is the case with those in our country, where constant confinement within doors, makes them sickly and peevish. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the cheerfulness, vivacity and intelligence of the little boys and girls in Italy, and the readiness they display to join in the company of strangers. They are not frightened at a new face, as we commonly expect children to be. The good behavior, too, of the young lads about the streets, is worthy of note: they are never seen at fisticuffs, or engaged in riotous or rude proceedings, but address one another with a degree of politeness, which, to a stranger, has almost an appearance of mock-gravity.

Florence is generally regarded the most agreeable city in Italy for a constant residence. The climate is cooler than that of Rome, but I think it warm enough to suit travellers from America. The police of the country is strict, and there is sometimes embarrassment and delay about passports, but, in general, every accommodation is afforded to travellers; and the public officers are uniformly respectful and obliging. All foreigners must take out a permit to reside in the country, which is renewed from time to time; for this a slight fee is charged, the amount of which goes to the poor.

Six or eight miles out of the city is a country seat of the grand duke, called Pratolino, much visited by travellers on account of a colossal statue in one of the

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gardens. The statue is of brick, and hollow. I mounted into the head which is large enough to contain half a dozen men; from this the size of the whole figure may be estimated; though I should add that it is not quite erect, but in a crouching posture. The environs of Florence offer a great variety of objects, to occupy the time of a traveller, and I do not wonder that foreigners generally give this spot the preference in their choice of a residence in Italy.

We are accustomed to hear much of the beauty of Italian skies; and as these descriptions come chiefly from the hands of the English, who live in an atmosphere darkened by clouds and fogs, it is no wonder that the bright sun and transparent air of Italy should fill them with delight. The brightness of the skies, however, does not surpass that of our own country, in the finest season, though it is true, the fine season of Italy is much longer than that of New England. In summer, the air in Italy is uniformly dry, and the sky clear or occasionally diversified with clouds. There are no fogs, no sudden changes from hot to cold, except in crossing the mountains. The night dews do not threaten you with colds and coughs, and you may generally sleep with the windows open. The moonlight and starlight evenings are serenely beautiful, but not more so than with us. For magnificent sunsets we far surpass the Italians. The sun there goes down in a clear sky, with a rich golden tint in the west; but they have nothing equal to our autumnal sunsets, when the sky is arrayed in those gorgeous purple clouds which light up half the heavens with their brilliant and dazzling flames. In thunder and lightning, moreover, their sky never affords anything approaching to the grandeur and sublimity of ours; at least, I witnessed nothing of the kind, during all the summer and autumn which I passed in this country. I missed, also, in my rambles about the country, the fresh and fragrant smell of the woods, which is so grateful to the senses of the traveller in our territories. Nowhere, excepting on the mountain-tops, and rarely even there, do we see thick woods, or anything exhibiting the wildness of nature and the freshness of a virgin soil. This, indeed, is hardly to be expected in a country which has been inhabited, by populous nations, for four thousand years, who have been all that time cutting down the woods and building cities.

The grain mostly cultivated in Tuscany is wheat: other grains are raised in small proportions, but wheaten bread constitutes the chief food of the population. Some Indian corn is seen, but much less than in Piedmont and Lombardy, where it grows so abundantly that I have known cargoes brought down the Po and shipped from Venice to Boston. This, however, was in 1836, when corn was above a dollar a bushel. Potatoes are rarely seen in Italy, but the Italians always cook them well. Next to bread, the most important article of food for the common people, is *faggioli*, or horse-beans, of which they consume immense quantities. They are not only raised in the country, but imported by shiploads from Egypt. The Yankee white beans they know nothing of. Garden vegetables are produced in great variety, and their carrots are enormous in size. An apple tree I never saw here, but the country affords them: the fruit, however, is not much esteemed, nor worth esteeming. No other apples are equal to those of America. I observed many times a singular article on the table, at the dessert, namely, raw string-beans, which the Italians ate, pod and all, with a great relish, but I thought them altogether unpalatable.

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Boston, July 20th, 1842.

MR. MERRY:

The riddle in the June number of the Museum, sent by "Harriett" of Newport, is one of the most ingenious I ever read. I have puzzled over it a great deal, and at last I think I have found the solution, viz., *Abracadabra*. It will be seen that this mystic word answers to all the conditions of the riddle. Will not your fair correspondent tell us who the celebrated author of this clever puzzle is? R. N.

A Melancholy Event.

I SUPPOSE all my young readers know that the name of the present king of France is Louis Philippe. He was the son of the duke of Orleans, a very wicked man, who lived in the time of the French Revolution, and voted in the French Assembly for the death of his relation, Louis XVI. This infamous man, who took the name of Mons. Equality, to please the people, however took good care to educate his children well, and for this purpose, he employed Mad. de Genlis, the author of the Tales of the Castle, and other delightful books, to be their teacher. Under her care, Louis Philippe grew up a well-instructed and virtuous young man.

During the revolution he was obliged to fly from France for safety, and for many years he wandered about in different lands. At one time he came to this country, and in Switzerland he taught mathematics to young people. Only think of it—this schoolmaster is now a king! After Bonaparte was put down in 1815, the family of Louis Philippe was restored to the throne, and he returned with them to Paris. In 1830 another revolution broke out. To restore quiet and good order, our friend La Fayette advised the people to make schoolmaster Philippe their king. They took this advice, and he has reigned in France since 1830. He is esteemed one of the most wise and talented sovereigns of the whole world; and no doubt his good education under Mad. de Genlis—his misfortunes in early life—the course of events which compelled him to earn his own living—his teaching school, thereby acquiring the habit of governing himself and others—all together, have made him so good and great a king. If he had been brought up like most other kings, indulged in everything—spoiled by flattery and the habit of thinking himself a great deal better than other people—no doubt he had been a far less wise and useful man.

But I must now speak of Louis Philippe's eldest son, the duke of Orleans. He was a fine, amiable man, born about the year 1810, married to a German princess, and having several young children. He was heir to the throne of France, and being very amiable, was not only dear to his parents and friends, but to the whole French people. But alas! nothing can ensure safety in this world—not even youth, and health, and wealth, and power, and high hopes, and a nation's love! On the 13th of June, the duke was going in a coach to Neuilly, a few miles from Paris, to see his parents, and take leave of them, for he was a soldier, and was about to go and review some troops at St. Omer.

On the way to Neuilly the horses of the coach took fright and ran away. The duke jumped out of the carriage, and falling heavily on the ground, struck his head, and was so much injured as to die in a few hours. The king, his father, and the queen, his mother, and princes, and generals, and famous physicians came, but tears and prayers and medicines could not save him. The whole French nation seemed to be in mourning; for they loved the prince, and expected, on his father's death, that he would be their king.

The eldest son of the duke of Orleans, a boy about four years old, is now heir to the throne of France, and when Louis Philippe dies, he is to succeed him. If he should be still a boy, when the king dies, a regent will be appointed to carry on the government in his name, till he is a man.

"IT was once in my power to shoot Gen. Washington," said a British soldier to an American. "Why, then, did you not shoot him?" said the other; "you ought to have done so for the benefit of your own countrymen." "The death of Washington would not have been for their benefit," replied the Englishman; "for we depended upon him to treat our prisoners kindly, and we'd sooner have killed an officer of our army."

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THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 4.

SKETCHES OF BIBLE SCENES.

Bethesda.

This place was rendered very interesting to all Christians, by the miracle performed there by our Saviour, which is recorded in the fifth chapter of St. John. Multitudes of pilgrims and travellers have, from age to age, flocked to Jerusalem, eager to see the place where Jesus healed the impotent man, "rise, take up his bed and walk."

The pool of Bethesda is described as a pool by the sheep market, which is called Bethesda, having five porches; the word Bethesda meaning the place where victims for sacrifice were purified; and it is believed that the sheep for sacrifice were washed in Bethesda before being led away to the temple; and as sacrifices were very frequently offered, it is natural to suppose that both the sheep market and the pool were near the temple. Another explanation is that it signifies the "House of Mercy," from the healing quality of its waters.

Within the present walls of Jerusalem

are two fountains; the lower one, into which the waters of the upper one flow, through a passage cut in the rock, is the celebrated pool or fountain of Siloam. There has always existed a tradition that the waters of Siloam flowed irregularly; but Dr. Robinson, who first visited it, says "that as he was standing on the lower step near the water, with one foot on a loose stone lying near it, all at once he perceived the water coming into his shoe, and, supposing the stone had rolled, he withdrew his foot to the step, which, however, was now also covered with water. In less than five minutes the water bubbled up from under the lower step, and in five minutes it had risen nearly a foot in the basin, and it could be heard gurgling off through the interior passage. In ten minutes it ceased to flow, and the water was again reduced to its former level.

"Meanwhile, a woman came to wash at the fountain. She frequented the place every day, and said that the water flowed at irregular intervals, sometimes being quite dry, the men and flocks dependent upon it suffering from thirst, when, all at once, the water would boil up from under the steps, and flow in a copious stream. The ignorant people say that a dragon lies within the fountain; when he awakes, he stops the water; when he sleeps, it flows."

In the scriptural account, we are told that "an angel went down, at a certain season, into the pool, and troubled the waters," and then, whosoever first stepped in was made whole. Does not this "troubling of the waters," look like the irregular flow of the fountain just described?

Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM is the metropolis of the province of Judea, and one of the most remarkable cities in the world. Manetho, an Egyptian historian, says it was founded by the shepherds who once invaded Egypt in great numbers; but who these shepherds were, is still a mystery. The first we know of it, however, with any good degree of certainty, is in the time of Melchizedeck, who lived in the days of Abraham. It was then called Salem. Josephus says it was the capital of Melchizedeck's kingdom.

After this, it became the metropolis of the people called Jebusites. Its name, at that time, was Jebus. When the Israelites, under Joshua, attempted to take the city, they found the Jebusites too strong for them, and could only take that part of it which was divided between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. David, however, completely conquered it, and made it the capital of his own kingdom. This is one reason why Jerusalem is sometimes called the "City of David."

Under David and his son Solomon, Jerusalem rose to a very high degree of splendor. It is in thirty-one degrees fifty minutes north latitude, and thirty-five degrees [illegible]ty minutes east longitude; [illegible]ng a[illegible]wenty-five miles west of the river Jordan, forty-two east of the Mediterranean Sea, one hundred and two south of Damascus, and one hundred and fifty north of the eastern branch of the Red Sea. It was built on four hills: Zion, Acra, Moriah, and Bezetha; but Moriah, on the east, and Zion, on the south-west, are the principal. It was surrounded by a strong wall, forty or fifty feet high. The general form of the city is at present nearly a heptagon, or figure with seven sides.

The glory of the city of Jerusalem was its temple. The pat[illegible] building the temple was given [illegible]vid to his son Solomon; David h[illegible]ot being permitted by God to erect it. He, however, made great preparations for it. He and his princes made vast contri-

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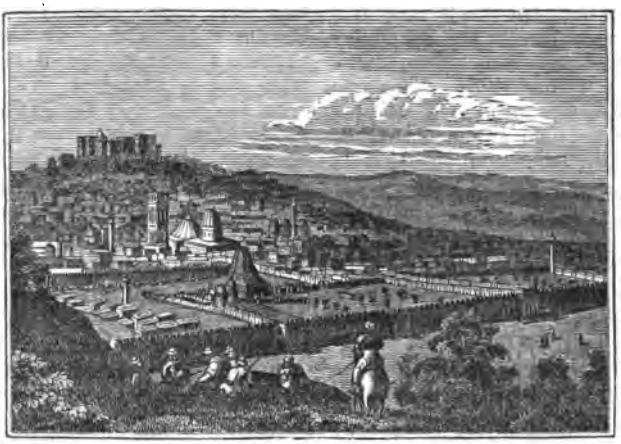

View of Jerusalem.

tions for the purpose; amounting, it is said, to more than one thousand millions of pounds sterling. Solomon, who was the man selected by divine appointment, employed one hundred eighty-four thousand men—a number equal to all the grown men who are able to labor in the whole state of Massachusetts—about seven years in completing this mighty work. When completed, the temple occupied, within its walls, about thirty-one acres of ground; and was unquestionably one of the most costly edifices of its size, that the world ever saw. To it, every male Jew was required to go twice a year to perform worship.

But the glory of this costly edifice lasted only thirty-four years; for, during the reign of Rohoboam, the son and successor of Solomon, Shishak, king of Egypt, seized and pillaged it, and carried away its treasures. Indeed, the city of Jerusalem was several times taken, during those early periods, and sometimes it was burnt; but it was as often rebuilt.

About six hundred and two years before Christ, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Egypt, invaded Palestine, and threatened the destruction of the city and temple; but was prevented from effecting his object by the submission of Jehoiakim, the king. Efforts being made, soon after, however, to throw off the yoke, Nebuchadnezzar again appeared with his army before the city, and, after a siege of fifteen or sixteen months, took it, and laid both the temple and the whole city in ashes. This was B. C. 590.

About B. C. 530, by permission of Cyrus, Jerusalem began to be rebuilt under Nehemiah, and repeopled; but the walls were not completed till B. C. 456. The temple was also rebuilt, by Zerubbabel; but this last temple was never so splendid as the former.

The city itself was again destroyed, many years afterward, by Ptolemy. It met with a similar fate still later, from Antiochus Epiphanes, who slew forty thousand of the people, and made slaves of as many more. It was rebuilt by Judas Maccabeus, and in the time of our Savior was somewhat flourishing. But about A. D. 70, after a dreadful siege of two years, by the Romans, during which the inhabitants suffered so much from famine as to eat, in some instances, the

dead bodies of their friends, the city was taken, and, according to the prediction of our Savior, nearly forty years before, it was made a heap of ruins. The temple was completely destroyed, so that not one stone lay upon another; and the ground where it had stood, was ploughed up. Even the name of the city was changed.

Adrian, another Roman emperor, undertook afterwards to rebuild the city, but his plan only partially succeeded. In the mean time, he banished all the Jews, forbidding their return. Constantine the Great, enlarged the city, and restored its ancient name.

Since that time the fate of Jerusalem has been various and singular. In 614, the Persians captured it; and in the capture, ninety thousand Christians were slain. In 637 it was seized by the Saracens, who held it till 1079, when the Seljukian Turks got possession of it. After the Crusades, the Ottoman Turks became its masters; and these own it at the present day.

We have already represented Jerusalem as standing upon several eminences, and surrounded by a wall, forty or fifty feet high. Towers rose at various places on these walls, some of them to the height of one hundred, or one hundred twenty feet. The length of the wall, or circumference of the city, about the time of Christ, must have been, according to the best accounts, about four miles and a half. It was very thickly populated; containing, as some suppose, nearly three million inhabitants. This may be too high an estimate; but the population was certainly very large. One evidence of its great population is the fact, that there were in it, at this time, nearly five hundred Jewish synagogues. At present, Jerusalem contains five synagogues, eleven mosques, and twenty monasteries.

But Jerusalem is very far from being now what it once was. Instead of containing millions of inhabitants, as some suppose it formerly did, it scarcely contains twenty thousand. Of these, perhaps ten thousand are Mohammedans, six thousand are Jews, two thousand are Greeks, one thousand five hundred Catholics, and five hundred Armenians. Instead of being four and a half miles in circumference, the city scarcely measures two miles and two thirds. The following spirited account of Jerusalem, as it now is, is from the "Modern Traveller."

When seen from the valley of Jehoshaphat, Jerusalem presents an inclined plane, descending from west to east. An embattled wall, fortified with towers, and a Gothic castle, compasses the city all round, excluding, however, a part of Mount Zion, which it formerly enclosed. In the western quarter, and in the centre of the city, the houses stand very close; but in the eastern part, along (towards) the brook Kidron, you perceive vacant spaces.

The houses of Jerusalem are heavy, square masses, very low, without chimneys or windows. They have flat terraces or domes on the top, and look like prisons or sepulchres. The whole would appear to the eye one uninterrupted level, did not the steeples of the churches, the minarets of the mosques, and the summits of a few cypresses, break the uniformity of the plan. On beholding these stone buildings, in the midst of a stony country, you are ready to inquire if they are not the confused monuments of a cemetery in the midst of a desert.

Enter the city; and you will find nothing there to make amends for the dulness of its exterior. You lose yourself among narrow, unpaved streets, here going up hill, there down, from the inequality of the ground, and you walk among clouds of dust, or loose stones. Canvass stretched from house to house,

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increases the gloom. Bazars, roofed over, and fraught with infection, completely exclude the light from the desolate city. A few paltry shops expose nothing but wretchedness to view; and even these are frequently shut from apprehension of the passage of a cadi.

Not a creature is to be seen in the streets, not a creature at the gates, except now and then a peasant gliding through the gloom, concealing under his garments the fruits of his labor, lest he should be robbed of his hard earnings by the rapacious soldier.

Aside, in a corner, the Arab butcher is slaughtering some animal, suspended by the legs, from a wall in ruins. From his haggard and ferocious look, and his bloody hands, you would suppose that he had been cutting the throat of a fellow-creature, rather than killing a lamb.

The only noise heard from time to time in the city, is the galloping of the steed of the desert: it is the Janissary, who brings the head of the Bedouin, or who returns from plundering the unhappy Fellah.

Here reside (that is, among the ruins of Jerusalem) communities of Christian monks, whom nothing can compel to forsake the tomb of Christ; neither plunder, nor personal ill-treatment, nor menaces of death itself. Night and day they chant their hymns around the holy sepulchre.

Driven by the cudgel and the sabre, women, children, flocks, and herds, seek refuge in the cloisters of these recluses. What prevents the armed oppressor from pursuing his prey, and overthrowing such feeble ramparts? It is the charity of the monks; they deprive themselves of the last resources of life, to ransom their supplicants.

Cast your eyes between the temple and Mount Zion. Behold another petty tribe, (the Jews,) cut off from the rest of the inhabitants of this city! These people bow their heads without murmuring; they endure every kind of insult, without demanding justice; they sink beneath repeated blows without sighing; if their head be required, they present it to the cimeter. On the death of any member of this proscribed community, his companion goes at night, and inters him, by stealth, in the shadow of Solomon's temple.

Enter the abodes of these people. You will find them, amidst the most abject wretchedness, instructing their children to read a (to them) mysterious book, which they in their turn will teach to their offspring. What they did five thousand years ago, this people still continue to do. Seventeen times have they witnessed the destruction of Jerusalem, yet nothing can discourage them, nothing can prevent them from turning their faces towards Zion.

To see the Jews scattered over the whole world, according to the word of God, must, doubtless, excite surprise. But to be struck with astonishment, you must view them at Jerusalem; you must behold these rightful masters of Judea, living as slaves and strangers in their own country; you must behold them expecting, under all oppressions, a king who is to deliver them.

We will only mention, in conclusion of this article, that the most ancient as well as most splendid edifice in the whole modern city of Jerusalem, is the mosque of Omar. It stands on Mount Moriah, precisely—it is supposed—where once stood the temple of Solomon. It is one thousand four hundred eighty-nine feet—more than a quarter of a mile!—long, and nine hundred ninety-five feet broad. It was built A. D. 636, and has, therefore, stood exactly one thousand two hundred years. It is, indeed, rather a collection of mosques, than a single one. The whole is included in two grand divisions; the Sakhara, in the centre, and the Akhsa, on the south side.

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Valley of Jehoshaphat.

JEHOSHAPHAT is a narrow valley or glen, which runs from north to south, between the city of Jerusalem or Mount Moriah, on which it stands, on the one side, and Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, on the other. The brook Kidron, or Cedron, runs through this valley; on which account it was sometimes called the valley of Kidron. It had also several other names, among which were "the Vale of Shevah," the "King's Dale," &c.

This glen received its more common name from the fact, that Jehoshaphat, one of the kings of Judah, erected a most magnificent tomb in it. It abounds with monuments, ancient and modern, and appears to have served as a burying-place to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for many ages. The Jews think so highly of being buried there, that it is said they resort thither to die, from all parts of the world; and, for such a privilege, sometimes pay to the merciless Turks, who own the soil, almost its weight in gold.

There are three monuments pointed out here, which are of particular interest; those of Absalom, Zechariah, and Jehoshaphat. A traveller thus describes them.

"The first mentioned is a square mass of rock, hewn down into form, and separated from the quarry out of which it was cut, by a passage of twelve or fifteen feet on three of its sides; the fourth or western front being open towards the valley, and to Mount Moriah; the foot of which is only a few yards distant. This huge stone is eight paces in length on each side, and about twenty high in the front and ten feet high at the back; the hill on which it stands having a steep ascent. It has four semi-columns cut out of the same rock, on each of its faces, with a pilaster at each angle, all of a mixed Ionic order, and ornamented in bad taste.

"In the immediate vicinity is the tomb of Jehoshaphat, a cavern which is more commonly called the Grotto of the Disciples, from an idea that the disciples of our Savior went frequently thither to be taught by their Master. The front of this excavation has two Doric pillars, of small size, but of just proportions. In the interior are three chambers, all of them rude and irregular in their form, in one of which were several grave-stones, removed, we may suppose, from the open ground, for greater security.

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"Opposite to this is the reputed tomb of Absalom, resembling nearly, in the size, form, and description of its square base, that of Zechariah. This is surmounted by a sharp conical dome, having large mouldings running round its base, and on the summit something like an imitation of flame."

Here is also shown what is called the tomb of the Virgin Mary, and the pit where the Jews say the sacred fire was hid during the Babylonian captivity; together with many more objects which arrest the attention of the traveller; and which, though they give no certain information, serve greatly to interest him.

Joppa, or Jaffa.

This is one of the most ancient seaports in the world. It is situated on a fine plain, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, forty-five miles west of Jerusalem. It is believed to have existed before the deluge; to be the city where Noah built his ark; whence Jonah embarked from Tarshish, where he was thrown overboard and swallowed by a whale. It was the port used by Solomon to receive timber from Tyre for the building of the temple. It is now much reduced in importance, being only a small Turkish town on the shores of the Mediterranean, built on a little eminence projecting into the sea, and containing a population of from ten to fifteen thousand Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Christians. It has a fine climate, and a fine country around it, and the orange gardens are the finest on the shores of the Mediterranean. Although it is the seaport of Jerusalem, its harbor has always been bad, and the vessels that anchor there are often wrecked in the storms.

The modern city has nothing in its history to interest the traveller. He must stand on the shore, and fill the little harbor with the Tarshish; or, imagine Noah entering the ark with his family, by whom the earth was to be repeopled; or wander through the narrow streets to seek for the house of Tabitha, whom Peter raised from the dead, or that of Simon, the tanner, where Peter tarried many days.

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Mount Carmel.

Mount Carmel is a tall promontory forming the termination of a range of hills, in the northern part of Palestine, and towards the sea. It is fifteen hundred feet high, and is famous for its caverns, which are said to be more than a thousand in number. Most of them are in the western part of it. Here also was the cave of the prophet Elijah. Both Elijah and Elisha used to resort to this mountain, and here it was that the former opposed the prophet of Baal with such success. Here it was, too, that this prophet went up, when he told his servant to look forth toward the sea yet seven times, and the seventh time he saw a cloud coming from the sea "like a man's hand"—when the prophet knew the promised rain was at hand, and girded up his loins and ran before Ahab's chariot even to the gates of Jezreel. (See 1 Kings xviii. 4—46.)

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XXIII.

About a week after my imprisonment, as I was sitting in the large room of the jail, occupied in observing the several persons around me, the door of the prison opened, and a well-known face presented itself to my view: it was that of Bill Keeler! He did not immediately see me, for I was at a distance from him, and there were several persons between us: he, however, looked around, evidently seeking some one. I could not doubt that this was myself, and my first impulse was to rush into his arms; but a sense of shame—a feeling of degradation—at being found in such a place withheld me. I therefore, kept my seat on the floor, and buried my face between my knees.

I sat in this position for some time, when at last I felt a hand laid on my

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shoulder, and the familiar voice of Bill, half whispering, said, close to my ear, "Robert—Bob—look up—I'm here!" I could not resist this, but sprang to my feet, and clasped Bill to my bosom. My feeling of shame vanished, my humiliation was forgotten for the moment, and I fully indulged the warm emotions of friendship.

Having talked over a great many things, Bill at length said, "Well, now as to this being in the jug—how do you like it?" The tears came to my eyes—my lip trembled, and I could not speak. "Oh, don't mind it," said he, "we'll get you out, somehow or other."

"Get me out—how is that to be done?" said I.

"Why, we must first know how you got in," he replied.

"They put me in!" was my answer.

"Yes, yes," said my friend, "but for what?"

I here related the whole story; how my negligence at the shop had brought down the fury of the old bookseller upon my head; how I had wandered forth in a state of distraction; how a thief, pursued, slipped by me, and how I was taken to be the rogue, and condemned as such. Bill listened attentively, and after I had done, looked me steadily in the face for a moment. He then clasped his hands firmly together, and said, with deep emotion, "Thank Heaven, you are innocent! I knew it was so: I told 'em it was so." He could say no more—for his breast heaved, and the tears ran down his cheeks. He turned away as if ashamed, and hastily effacing the traces of his emotion, shook me by the hand—said he would see me again soon, and, giving me no opportunity to detain him, went away.

I did not then guess the meaning of this, or conjecture the plan he had in view; but I afterwards learned that he went straight to the city attorney, who had conducted the prosecution against me, and sought an interview. He told the lawyer his errand, and stated that as he knew I was innocent, he hoped I might be released.

"How do you know he is innocent?" said the lawyer.

"He says he is innocent!" said Bill.

The lawyer smiled—but did not speak.

"You think he is not innocent?" said my friend. "I *know* he is—Bob Merry could not steal, any more than a cow could climb a tree; he wan't brought up to't, and he han't got a turn for it. Why, Robert was eddicated a gentleman, and he never could draw a mug of cider without spillin' half on't! And now, arter he's bin in New York less than a fortnit, you make him out an accomplished rogue. I ax your pardon, mister, but it don't stand to reason, that an honest boy becomes a thief just as a pollywog turns into a frog."

"Can you *prove* his innocence?" said the lawyer, dryly.

"Prove it!" said Bill, indignantly: "hav 'nt I proved it? Don't he say he's innocent? Don't I know he's innocent? Prove it, to be sure! Pray, mister, what do you take me for?"

"I take you to be a very honest fellow, but very ignorant of these matters," said the lawyer. "The question is not whether your friend is innocent,"—

Here Bill opened his eyes, and drew the edges of his lips into a circle. The lawyer proceeded,—

"The question is not whether your friend is innocent; but, it is whether you can *prove* him to be so. If you can bring forward witnesses to swear that he was in another place, and, therefore, could not have committed the crime charged; and, if you can make the judge believe this, and if you can pay the expenses of the court, and the fees of the lawyers, we can get him out—not otherwise."

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This was said in a manner so cold and yet so decisive, as to discourage Bill; so he took his hat and went away. But he did not abandon his project here. After walking about for some time, considering what was to be done, he went to the court-room, with the intention of appealing to the judge. When he got there, however, he was abashed by the imposing aspect of the scene. The judge, sitting upon his bench, high above the rest, appearing to be regarded with awe by the lawyers, and other persons around, was too formidable a personage to be readily approached, even by one who paid so little respect to outward circumstances as Bill Keeler. He therefore paused, and his attention was soon absorbed by the trial that was going forward.

A young man was before the court, charged with theft. The evidence was clear and conclusive; and his lawyer had, therefore, advised him to plead guilty: to tell the truth, and throw himself upon the mercy of the judge. He was just about to commence his confession, when Bill's attention was drawn to him. He went on to say that he had been for some time connected with a gang of thieves, and proceeded to state some of his exploits. In the course of his narrative, he said that, three weeks before, he had stolen some money and other articles from a house, and, being discovered, was pursued; but escaped, as another young man whom he passed in his flight, was apprehended in his place.

"You say," said the judge, "that another young man was apprehended in your place"—

"Yes, sir!"—said Bill Keeler—who had watched the scene with intense interest—and who had gradually sidled through the crowd, and now stood close to the prisoner—"Yes, sir—another young man was apprehended in his place, and that's Robert Merry, as honest as the cooper's cow—and you sent him to jail, Mr. Judge, and he's there now."

"Order—order!" said the constable.

"Who is this fellow?" said the judge.

"It's me sir," said Bill, nothing daunted, now that he had opened his lips; and, brave as a soldier after the first fire, he went on. "It's me, sir, Bill Keeler, of Salem. I'm a shoemaker, sir, and don't know nothing about law in York. But, sir, if a feller's innocent, we don't put him in the jug, up our way."

"Hold your tongue!" said the officer.

"I'm going to," said Bill—"so as to have it ready!"

The prisoner went on with his confession, and all he said tended to confirm the fact, that he was the thief for whose crime I was imprisoned. Bill waited till the case was closed; he then left the court-room, and again went to the lawyer whom he had before visited. As this man had witnessed the scene at the court-room, and of course now understood the mistake by which I had been imprisoned, Bill expected to find him prepared to set about my release.

"You see, sir," said he, "that I was right."

"Right! About what?"

"Oh, you know well enough—you was at the court to-day, and you heard that gallows-bird tell how it happened that he stole the money and spoons, and left Bob Merry to go to jail for 't."

"Well; what is all this to me?"

"Why, ain't you a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Well, ain't it the business of a lawyer to see that justice is done?"

"Not at all; a lawyer has nothing to do with justice."

"Indeed! What is his business then?"

"To serve his client. I am the city lawyer, and the city is my client; it is my duty to try persons charged with of-

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fences, and get them committed, if I can. What have I to do with justice?"

"Why," said Bill, scratching his head —"all this kind o' bothers me, for I'm just from the country, where we have a notion that there 's such a thing as justice and law, and that it is designed to protect the innocent and punish the guilty: but it seems that I 'm rather green here at York! Howsomdever, I should like to ax one question."

"Certainly," said the lawyer.

"Well," said Bill, casting his eyes knowingly at the attorney—"you got Bob into the pound, and you know how to get him out: set a thief to ketch a thief, as we say—no offence, Mister. 'The hair of the same dog'—you understand!' Now, as I said, you got Robert into the jug, and you know how to get him out. You was the lawyer of the city to get him into prison—will you be my lawyer to get him out of the prison?"

"Of course, if I am paid."

"And what is your fee?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Whew! what did you charge for getting Bob into jail?"

"The same."

"Well, what a queer trade this of yours is! Twenty dollars for a job, whether it 's to imprison the innocent, or to release the innocent! It 's a beautiful trade —an honest trade—and, besides, it 's profitable! It works both ways; twenty dollars for doing wrong, twenty dollars for doing right! twenty dollars for justice, twenty dollars for injustice! Fegs! I should like to be a lawyer myself! But to business. I will pay you what you ax, if you 'll get Robert out of jail."

"You must pay down!"

"No, no; he 's a good customer that pays when the work is done."

"That may be; but I must have my money before I begin."

"Well, here it is; though it 's the last dollar I 've got. I wish you 'd take ten, and let me have the rest to get back to Salem with."

"I can't take less than twenty."

"Take fifteen?"

"Not a cent less than twenty."

"Well—then, take it! Now, when 'll you have Bob out?"

"This afternoon."

Here Bill left the lawyer, who was as good as his word, and that very day I was released.

The Hippopotamus.

After the Elephant and Rhinoceros, the next animal in size, is the Hippopotamus, or river horse. It is now found in the central parts of Africa only. It is of a dark ash color, without hair; its tail is short, its ears small, and its look stupid. It is, withal, a ferocious animal, with a very ugly mouth. It lives, during the day, chiefly in rivers and lakes, often remaining for hours, with its nostrils only, above the water. It feeds on coarse vegetables, going to the shore by night, for this purpose. It walks on the bottom, immersed in the river, as well as if it was on dry land.

It has the power of breathing out the air in its lungs, while under water, thus causing a bubbling upon the surface. To this, allusion is made in the book of Job, in describing the *Behemoth*, which is, no doubt, the hippopotamus. The accuracy of the description is striking: "He lieth," says the inspired writer, "under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed, and fens. . The shady trees cover him with their shadow: the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not: he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth."

The hippopotamus is about eleven feet long, but not more than four or five high. His legs are so short that when he walks

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over soft, ploughed ground, he makes a trench in the earth as if an enormous sack had been drawn along. He is a voracious eater, and his stomach will hold five bushels at once. He makes prodigious havoc among the crops of corn, when he is hungry. His chief food, however, consists of the coarse vegetables of rivers, and his business seems to be that of a river scavenger, to clear streams of exuberant vegetation. It possesses great strength, and is respected by the other beasts, for, not even the crocodile or the lion ever molests him. He is, in fact, lord of the wilds he inhabits.

The Flying Dragon.

This little creature, in spite of his formidable name, is, in fact, a very harmless fellow, of the lizard race, and about ten inches in length. It lives on trees, and devours insects that come in its way. It is found in Asia and Africa.

The Snail.

This creature, apparently so insignificant, is one of the greatest curiosities of nature. The animal consists of a soft, pulpy substance, with a curious shell,

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which serves as a house, and to which it always is attached. When the snail wishes to go from one place to another, he drags his shell along on his back; when he wishes to take some rest, or when he is frightened, he draws himself into his shell.

This little creature has almost as complete a set of the organs of life, as the larger animals: he has a mouth, eyes, tongue, brain, nerves, stomach, liver, heart, muscles, &c. But some of these are curiously contrived. Its eyes, for instance, it carries on the points of its long horns, which it passes about in various directions, thus seeing everything that is going on near it.

Under its two smaller horns, for it has four, is the snail's mouth; and though it might seem too pulpy an animal to have teeth, yet it has eight of them, with which it devours leaves, and even bites off pieces of its own shell!

The snail is hatched from an egg; at first its shell is small, but it increases with the growth of the animal. If this shell gets broken, the creature straightway mends it, and makes it just as good as new. It is provided with a bag, in which it has a coloring matter for painting its shell.

At the approach of winter, the snail either retires to some hole, or buries itself in the earth, where it remains, in a torpid state, till spring. In some countries, snails are eaten as food, and they are so much esteemed in France, that the people raise thousands of them.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER XII.

THE merchant proceeded to relate the story which he had promised, and which we shall call

THE RIVAL MESSENGERS.

In the days of the famous Genghis Khan, there was one of his princes who ruled over a province at a great distance from the seat of government; and he had, at a certain time, occasion to send a messenger to the king, who was then there. The purpose of the message was to communicate some gratifying intelligence, in relation to the conquest of a province of Persia; and the prince knew that whoever should be the bearer of the pleasant tidings, was sure to receive some distinguished mark of royal favor.

In order to provide against the chance of miscarriage, it seemed necessary to despatch two messengers, and by different routes—one of them leading through a pleasant and peaceful country, the other passing over mountainous regions, inhabited by hostile and warlike tribes.

It was a desirable, though a dangerous mission, and many of the young men of the court and the army, hoped the choice might fall on them. It was, at last, decided that the only son of the prince should be one of the messengers, and that he should take the safer and easier route; and that a young officer, the son of a peasant, should be the other, and proceed by way of the mountains. They were soon ready and departed upon their expedition, each being provided with a swift courser, and attended by four well-mounted men, skilled in all the arts of war and horsemanship.

Phalax, the son of the prince, had taken leave of his friends with a haughty confidence of reaching the seat of government before his rival. He not only had an easier and safer route, but he was, in fact, better mounted; his horse was of the famous hollow-backed breed, of King Solomon, and far-famed for his fleetness and endurance. His companions, too, were of the proudest chivalry of Mongolia, all of noble blood, and were in the full flush of youthful

manhood. Nothing could exceed the splendor of their equipages, the impatience of their chargers, and the gallant bearing of their riders.

Abdael, the other messenger, was well mounted upon a horse of a celebrated Tartar stock—but the animal was of a humbler line, and of less imposing qualities than the horse of Phalax. His attendants, too, were common soldiers, though of tried valor and long experience.

As the two parties set forth from the palace of the prince, there was a shout among the populace—some calling out, "Phalax! Phalax!" and others, though very few, "Abdael! Abdael!" The superior beauty and splendor of the prince's party dazzled and pleased the eyes of the unthinking rabble, who are apt to look only at the outside of things; beside, they had been taught to look upon those of noble blood with respect; and, more than all, mankind are apt to be on the side which seems to be that of power, and likely to obtain success. It was for these reasons that the greatest portion of the spectators, cheered Phalax, while only a few, who reflected more justly, encouraged Abdael, the more humble and modest of the rival messengers.

As Phalax was about to depart, his princely father beckoned him to his side, and whispered in his ear a single word—"Success and glory, my son! may the Father of light bless thee!"—It was almost at the same moment, that an old man stood at the side of Abdael. He was evidently poor, for his garments betokened it—but he was still of a respectable mien. "Give me thine ear, Abdael," said he. The young man bent in his saddle. "The chances are against thee, my boy, for the prince has, in his heart, designed thy ruin, and his son's triumph; yet there is one thing thou canst do." "What is it, my father?" said Abdael. "Thy duty"—was the reply. "It shall be done!" said the young man; and he rode away.

Thus the messengers set forth, guided by different counsels, and influenced by different motives. Phalax was impelled by the thought of glory and triumph; Abdael, by a sense of duty. The issue of the story will show that the first is a wavering principle, beaming brightly for a time, like a full lamp, but soon exhausted, and finally going out at the moment of utmost need; while the other is like a heaven-set star, ever in the same place, and ever leading its votary on in the straight and narrow path of wisdom and safety.

Phalax and his companions dashed on with great ardor, taking the road that led through a series of beautiful valleys. The first day, they travelled with the utmost rapidity and diligence, and at evening found themselves far advanced in their journey; but, on the morrow, they were all stiff and sore; and the horses were not a little jaded. The next day, they went but a short distance, and stopped for the night at a little village. Near by, was the palace of a prince, who, hearing of their arrival, invited them to come and see him. Now, the young men knew that this prince was a great hypocrite, and that, under the guise of friendship to the Khan, he nourished the most deadly hostility. Prudence would have dictated a polite refusal of the invitation, but they were anxious to enjoy the luxuries of the palace: so they said, "This act of the prince is too gracious a piece of courtesy to be slighted;" and, therefore, they went to the palace. Here they were entertained with great splendor. A rich banquet was provided, with music and wine, and dancing, and other festivities.

The young men entered heartily into the pleasures of the scene. Phalax drank deeply—and when he was about to put another goblet to his lips, one of

his more discreet companions said, in a whisper, "Beware! remember your message—remember your father's counsel—'glory and success.'"

"You are a fool," said Phalax, already partially intoxicated; "I 'm not so much a dastard as to take a dastard's advice;" and saying this, he drank off the goblet, and, in a short time, fell stupified beneath the table.

While this was the state of the leader of the party, the rest were little better. They drank deeply, and, passing into the gardens, where were walks, and fountains, and flowers, and everything to delight the senses, they spent the remainder of the night in dissipation.

It was not till late the third day after the scene we have described, that Phalax and his friends awoke from the deep sleep into which they fell, after their dissipation; for the wine they had drunk, had an infusion in it of a sleepy drug. This had been contrived by the command of the deceitful prince, who, under pretence of hospitality, took this method of thwarting the purpose of the messengers.

Thus Phalax and his party lost two entire days, yet they did not know it. When they recovered, they had their horses saddled, and set out again on their journey. But they were all weary, enfeebled, and out of humor. For some time, they rode on in silence. They then began to grumble at one thing and another. At last, the young man who had been insulted by Phalax at the table, spoke to him on the subject. The latter denied the truth of the charge, and insinuated that he never said what was imputed to him. The youth retorted: "Do you call me a liar?" said he. "I do," said Phalax, fiercely. "You are a coward," said the youth. "Let us prove it," said Phalax, in a rage.

It was in vain that the other members of the party interfered to stop the quarrel. Phalax rode apart—brandished his spear, and challenged the offended youth to mortal combat. Quick as lightning, the latter rode forth, and whirling his weapon over his head, prepared for the attack.

The two were at the distance of a hundred yards, when, putting spurs to their steeds, they flew at each other, each with his spear in an attitude of deadly hostility. The horses met, and both riders were thrown to the earth. The spear of Phalax passed through the body of his antagonist—and the young man lay dying on the ground. Phalax was stunned, but otherwise unhurt. He soon arose, and went to the side of his dying companion: "Forgive me," said he, "Oh, forgive me. I was drunk and scarcely knew what I said. I remember to have spoken improperly to you. Arise, my dear friend, and tell me you forgive me." "It is in vain," said the youth. "I forgive you, but I die." Saying this, he breathed his last.

Phalax, being of royal blood, had been brought up to think that all mankind were made for princes, and might be used as their passions or pleasures should dictate. He did not feel, therefore, as if he had committed a great crime, or slain one who had the same rights with himself; he had only taken the life of an inferior. He, however, mourned for his friend, and felt much ashamed of his impetuosity and want of self-government. He said little, but determined to be more prudent in future. With this resolve he proceeded on his journey.

We cannot trace all the adventures of Phalax and his party. It is sufficient to say, that they were so confident of reaching the capital before their rivals, that they did not deem it necessary to be either prudent or industrious. They knew that the route of Abdael, was not only more difficult and dangerous, but more circuitous—and, besides all this—

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they believed that, even if their rival should deliver the message first, the Khan would bestow the honor upon Phalax, and his party, in consideration of their rank. And, finally, if even this should fail, and if, as they said among themselves, "the king should have such bad taste as to prefer a plebeian to a prince—why, at least we have noble blood in our veins; and that is an advantage we shall ever enjoy—Abdael cannot be a prince or a nobleman."

Thus offering apologies for their negligence, and fortifying themselves in their folly, the party proceeded, forgetting the great object of their expedition in the indulgence of the various passions which tempted them by the way. It was the *love of glory* that had been presented to the imagination of Phalax, as the motive to action. This was a selfish passion, and gave way the moment another passion, a little stronger, took possession of the breast. The desire of ease, the desire of wine, the desire of dissipation, the desire of pleasure, often mastered the desire of glory, and made the young leader of the party forget this, and the means by which it was to be obtained. Besides all this, it must be remembered that in their debauchery at the prince's palace, a deception had been practised upon them, and precious time had slipped, unreckoned, away, thus leaving them in a state of delusion.

We must now turn to Abdael and his companions. Soon after they set out, Malek, an old soldier, rode to his side, and said, "It is a hard lot, my young master, to have the longer route, and the more mountainous path; what do you intend to do?" "My duty, and trust in Heaven!" said Abdael. "I had no doubt of it," said Malek, and, apparently satisfied, he rode on.

The party did not attempt to urge their horses. They proceeded slowly, but steadily, and stopped for the night, after having performed but a very moderate journey. The next day they did the same; and so on, the third and fourth day. The greatest care was taken of the horses at night; and the men were particular to avoid every species of excess. They abstained from wine altogether, for Abdael feared that they might be betrayed into indiscretion, or licentiousness. They were obliged to keep their arms constantly in hand, for they were surrounded with enemies.

It might have seemed, to a careless observer, rather a dull party, but if any one could have looked beneath their stern exterior, and have seen their hearts, he would have discovered a sober satisfaction there, arising from the consciousness of performing their duty; he would also, have seen, that even the dangers and difficulties which surrounded them, became sources of agreeable excitement.

Beside this, the feeling of mutual danger, and the necessity of mutual support, created a kindly feeling between the individuals; and thus they were in fact, like so many steadfast friends, united for common protection and defence. They were, therefore, cheerful and happy. They had little hope of reaching the capital in season to achieve a triumph over Phalax, but they had, at least the satisfaction of feeling that even in defeat, they would have the approbation of their own consciences, and, perhaps, obtain the respect of the king.

In a few days they reached rugged and precipitous mountains, and now the necessity of all their care, courage, and perseverance became obvious. The road wound amid deep and fearful valleys, crossed rapid streams, threaded wild passes, traversed ridges and peaks, which hung like curtains of everlasting rock, over the ravines below. Although it was summer, these lofty regions were covered with snow, and the wind was as keen and chill as winter.

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Nor were the obstacles thus presented by nature, the only ones which beset the travellers. One day, as they were pursuing their route along the edge of a dizzy cliff, they saw a party of Tartars on horseback, at a little distance before them. They were about twenty in number, but as soon as they were remarked, they vanished. In a few minutes, however, they reappeared, some in front and some in the rear of the little party. On they came with the speed of a snow-drift, threatening to hurl Abdael and his friends over the precipice into the gulf beneath, by the fury of the onset. But the travellers were prepared; Malek and two soldiers turned back, and met the assailants in the rear, and Abdael and one of his friends, faced the enemy in front.

The Tartars came close up to Abdael, as if to push him from the path, but such was his steadiness and that of the man at his side, that the enemy recoiled, and stood still at a little distance. The leader then brandished his lance, and hurled it at Abdael. The latter received it upon his sloping shield, and glancing off, it cut the air downward into the glen. Abdael, in an instant, hurled his spear at his enemy, and, true to the mark, it entered the breast of the Tartar leader, who reeled in his saddle, fell from his horse and rolled over the cliff. His body bounded from rock to rock, and was lost to the sight in the grisly shadows of the ravine!

This fearful scene took place in view of both parties, and such was the panic created in the Tartar troops, that they immediately took to flight. Abdael and his men now proceeded. In the evening, and at the foot of the mountain, they reached a small town situated in a lovely valley. Though the snow-capped peaks were so near, yet every species of lovely flower was in bloom, and the most luscious fruits hung ripe from the stem. Here they had many invitations to stay and participate in the pleasures of the place, but Abdael remained no longer than was necessary for rest, and refreshment to his men and their beasts.

He had not proceeded far from the town we have mentioned, when the Prince of the Valley, who had heard of his arrival, sent messengers to meet Abdael, and ask him to spend a few days at his palace. The young traveller conceived it necessary, as a mark of courtesy, to call upon the prince; and accordingly, he and his party went to the palace, and caused their arrival to be announced. They were received with due ceremony, and urged to stay a few days. "May it please your royal highness," said Abdael, "I am but a plebeian, and my companions are common soldiers. They are worthy men—but more fit for battle and foray than for the presence of a prince. I, therefore, pray your highness to hold us excused from an honor too great for such as we are."

"Thou art a wise youth," said the prince, "and I suspect there is much pride beneath thy humility of speech. However, thou shall have thy way, only let thy men come and partake of the feast we have provided."

Abdael bowed, and the men came in. They sat down to the table, which was spread with every luxury the nicest palate could desire. The travellers were worn and weary, and they had now subsisted for a long time on the coarsest food; but, taking example from Abdael, they ate sparingly of the simplest articles, and avoiding the sparkling wines, they drank water only. This was noticed by the prince, who spoke in an offended tone to Abdael; "I am sorry, young soldier, that the wine pleases thee not."

"Forgive me, prince," said Abdael, courteously—"it is not that I distrust the quality of the wine—but, we are humble men, and have little to boast of

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but our wits. Now, wine is a great thief, and should it steal our wits away, we should be poor, indeed. It is only those who are noble, and have something better than their brains to boast of, that can afford to drink wine and run the risk of losing their senses!"

"By my beard!" said his royal highness, "this is a bold fellow: you curmudgeons are too wise to make fools of yourselves, and therefore you leave that to princes and nobles! Upon my word, this is courtly speech! But, young man, perhaps you suspect the wine to be drugged."

"There is no need of suspicion of the wine to him who has foresworn the cup!" said Abdael.

"I am fairly answered," said the prince. Soon after, the feast was finished, and the strangers were about to take their leave. "A word with thee," said the prince, to Abdael; and taking him aside, he spoke as follows: "Your conduct, young soldier, has impressed me favorably; may I ask an honest answer to an honest question?"

"Surely," said Abdael.

"I see that thou hast some charm which gives thee wisdom above mankind in general. Wilt thou tell me what it is that thus guides thee, and makes thee superior to other men; which, indeed, makes a young soldier the master of a prince who is famous for his craftiness?"

"A father's counsel," was the reply.

"And who is thy father?" said the prince.

"A poor peasant of Parthia."

"And what is this magic counsel of which thou speakest?"

"It lies in few words—*do thy duty.*"

"Indeed! And is this the simple exposition of a riddle that I could not solve? And yet I feel it to be true. Young man, thy father, however poor, is happy—and may well be the envy of a prince. He can give wise counsel, and he possesses a son who can follow it. I confess that thou and he have this day taught me a lesson: I owe thee something, and I will pay the debt by frankness. Thy father's advice, and thine own steadfast fidelity have secured thy life, and that of thy companions. There was a poison in that wine, that had proved mortal to him whose lips had tasted it. I say this to encourage thee in thy career of virtue; for however, being a prince, I may seek to destroy my enemies by poison, as is my privilege, I can still perceive virtue and approve of it, in others."

Abdael departed, and, with his companions, proceeded on his journey. They travelled with great industry, but such were the difficulties they encountered, that their progress was not rapid. They were sustained, however, by hope, and seemed actually to derive energy from the obstacles that beset them. They were usually in health; all their faculties were in full exercise; their limbs and their minds were vigorous and active. They were also cheerful; when there was no pressing occasion for circumspection, the laugh and the joke went round, and they were all the better, that they were excited by that kind of wit which springs from knowledge and experience. Their very adventures and dangers became to them the fruitful sources of pleasing and lively reflections.

It was at the end of a month that Abdael reached the capital. This was a short time for performing the journey, and seldom, if ever, had it been accomplished in so brief a space: but still, he had every reason to suppose that Phalax had arrived before him, and that he was going to a scene rather of humiliation than triumph. He entered the city with a beating heart. His companions, as well as himself, were silent. They went

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straight to the palace, and found Phalax and his party there. They had arrived about an hour before, and Abdael met them in the hall of entrance, waiting an audience.

Phalax was admitted first; Genghis received his message, and heard his story. "You have been a long time," said the king, "in performing your journey. Was no other messenger despatched?"

"Yes, sire," said Phalax, "Abdael was sent by the route of the mountains."

"Has he arrived?" said the king.

"This moment," was the reply.

"You arrived first?" said the king.

"I did, sire," said Phalax.

The young prince was now dismissed, and as he passed Abdael in the hall, he darted upon him a look of insolent triumph. The latter was immediately ushered into the presence of the king. He told his story briefly and modestly, and took his leave. The next day, the two young men were summoned before the Khan. As both stood in his presence, the king noticed the calm but modest demeanor of Abdael, and contrasted it with the evident doubt and fear, which lay beneath a veil of assurance, upon the face of Phalax. At last, Genghis spoke as follows:

"I have seen your companions, young gentlemen, and learned the history of your adventures from them. Phalax reached the city first, but only by an hour; yet his route was the easier by at least a fortnight. Let him remember that success is not the evidence of merit. He arrived before his rival, yet he neglected his duty, and violated his trust; nay, more—he has exalted himself in his own account, beyond the truth: besides, he has come with one of his party missing—and he has not dared to tell the reason!"

The king looked keenly at the young prince—who first reddened, then turned pale, and finally kneeled before the king. "Speak not!" said Genghis, sternly—"I know it all; it had been better for thee, if thou hadst not glossed over thy madness and folly, for confession may palliate, if it cannot excuse, guilt. Thy doom is perpetual banishment! Abdael, thou hast done nobly; not only hast thou excelled in prudence, energy, and devotion to thy duty, but thou hast excelled in modesty also. In thy brief and simple story, thou hast rather hidden than exaggerated, thine own merits; it shall be mine to make them known. I hereby make thee a captain of my guard." Saying this, the monarch hung a rich sash of silk, glittering with costly jewels, around Abdael's neck, as a mark of his special favor.

"And now, tell me, my friend," said the king, "how is it that thou hast performed such worthy deeds, and set so good an example?"

"By following the advice of a good and wise father," said Abdael.

"Send for him," said the king, "he shall be the steward of my household. Is there anything else thou wouldst desire?"

"One thing, sire,"—said Abdael, with a subdued voice.

"Name it," said the king.

"That thou wouldst recall thy sentence of banishment against Phalax."

"For what good reason dost thou make this request?"

"He has been less fortunate than myself: while I have been nursed in adversity, hardened by toil, trained by necessity to self-denial and self-government, he has been bred at the court and treated with indulgence; while I enjoyed wholesome lessons of prudence and wisdom, enforced by poverty, he has been seduced, by the false tongue of flattery, and the deceitful allurements of riches and pleasure. Let me ask forgiveness, then, oh king, for the errors of youth, occa-

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sioned by the misfortune of his noble birth and exalted station."

"This is strange, indeed," said the king, "that wealth and rank, and power are looked upon, by a plebeian, as misfortunes, which are to excuse wickedness and folly; and yet, I can hardly gainsay it. Abdael, thy request is granted: Phalax is restored—he shall be of thy troop, a private under thee, and it shall be thy duty to teach him the art of self-government. But not till he has shown, by his own example, that rank and fortune may rather bless than curse the possessor, shall I consent to see him at court. Farewell!"

This story was told in an interesting manner, by the merchant, and all present listened to it with attention; but Alexis was attracted by something in the speaker, which he could not readily explain. The voice, the manner, and the looks of the merchant, now seemed familiar to him, or, at least, he felt assured that he had seen him before; but when or where, he could not divine.

The dinner party soon broke up, but the eyes of Alexis followed the merchant so closely that the latter observed it. Coming near to the young man, he said in an under-tone, "You know me—yet you do not know me."

"True," said Alexis; "I feel sure that we have met before—but I cannot tell upon what occasion; will you be so kind as to help me out of my perplexity?"

"And myself into a greater difficulty, ha! What is the penalty which the emperor bestows upon an exile, who dares to return to his country?"

"It is death—inevitable death!"

"And yet you wish Count Zimsky, the hermit of the banks of the Lena—the man who dug you out of the snow, and saved your life—to confess that he has smuggled himself on board of a Russian ship of war, and goes to St. Petersburgh to beard the emperor in his palace!"

"Yes, yes," said Alexis, in profound astonishment—for he now recognised the hermit—"I understand you; I know you; but I must not seem to recognise you. Alas, alas, my dear sir, to what certain peril do you expose yourself! you not only violate the edict of your banishment, but will it not heighten your offence, that you take passage in a government ship, under this disguise?"

"No doubt; but the desperate man, has nothing to fear. I prefer death and torture, to exile in Siberia. I have determined to go to St. Petersburgh, to face the emperor, and let him do with me as he pleases." At this point of the interview, the parties were interrupted.

CHAPTER XIII.

While the ship continued steadily on her voyage, Alexis found abundant sources of amusement. It might seem that being shut up in a ship was a kind of imprisonment, but our young Sable-Hunter did not feel it to be so. He often talked with Suvarrow, of Tobolsk, of home, of his father, and, above all, of his sister. Upon this latter subject, Suvarrow did not say much, but he spoke in such terms of tender interest as at once to bind the young officer to his heart, and, at the same time, to assure him that he was sincerely attached to Katrina.

The disguised merchant often took occasion to converse with Alexis, and while he cautioned him to keep his secret, he spoke of his plans and wishes. "I desire," said he, "once more to see the princess Lodoiska; I desire to bid her farewell; and then I am ready to lay my head on the block, if the emperor wishes to take my life. At all events, death, imprisonment, the rack—anything is preferable

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to Siberia. To live in that chill, lonely, desolate exile; to waste, drop by drop, the blood of life; to see existence creep away with the slow ticking of the clock; to gnaw one's own heart in very anguish —is what I cannot and will not endure. I will see the princess—and then I will go to the emperor; I will tell him that I once saved his life; and now, if he chooses, he may take mine as a compensation?"

Alexis was almost awed by the energy and firmness of the Polish nobleman; yet he looked upon his present enterprise as little better than courting death. One thing led him to hope for better things: he had sent the sable-skins designed for the princess, to Katrina, requesting her to see them forwarded to Petersburgh. This, he had no doubt, would be done; and, as it contained evidence that Count Zinski was still living and entertained the deepest affection for the princess, he fancied, with the fond ardor of a youthful mind, that she would be incited to obtain his pardon.

Intent upon gathering knowledge, Alexis listened to the various observations of the officers of the ship, several of whom were intelligent men; and as Japan naturally became the subject of discourse, while, for several weeks, they were sailing near the Japanese islands, he learnt a good deal about it. One day, one of the officers told him the following story:

"The people of Japan, like many other nations, pretend that their nation has existed for ages, and they tell of rulers that lived millions of years ago. Yet they were entirely unknown to Europe, till discovered by the Portuguese navigators, who were the first to explore that portion of the world. The government of Portugal was then eager to take advantage of intercourse with these eastern nations, and, accordingly, they sent ships and ambassadors to Japan. They also despatched missionaries to introduce the Catholic religion into that country.

"At first these were kindly received, and, in the space of sixty years, about one half of the whole empire was converted to Christianity. Had the Europeans conducted wisely, they might have effected the complete introduction of Christianity into Japan, and the permanent establishment of intercourse between that country and other civilized nations of Europe. But, instead of that, their conduct was licentious, and they meddled, improperly, in political matters. Accordingly, in 1617, the missionaries were banished forever from the country, and the Japanese, who had become Christians, were subjected to the most cruel persecution. These were continued for forty years, and several millions of people were sacrificed to the fury of the storm. It is a story of this persecution that I am now going to tell you.

"It was long after the missionaries had been banished, that there lived a rich Japanese merchant in the great city of Jesso. This is on the island of Niphon, and the capital of the empire. It contains as many inhabitants as London, but the houses are generally small.

"The name of this merchant was Nanky; he was greatly esteemed for his good character, his kindness to the poor, and his observance of all the duties of religion and society. His wealth was almost boundless. It is true, he had no ships, for the Japanese have little commerce on the sea, their vessels being small and only able to creep along the margins of their own islands. But he owned vast landed estates, and as the cultivation of the soil is the most honorable occupation there, he chose to be called a farmer, and brought up his only son to that occupation.

"This young man, named Sado, was now about twenty years old, and lived upon a fine estate situated in a valley,

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called Noorki, at the foot of Mount Fusi. This is the loftiest peak in all Japan, and its top is so high as to be always covered with snow. The estate of young Sado, however, had a warm and delightful climate; in winter it was not so cold as to injure the orange trees, and in midsummer, the breezes came down from the top of old Fusi with a refreshing coolness. Here the young man dwelt, beloved and respected by all around.

"At a little distance from the valley of Noorki, lived a nobleman by the name of Gasaki. Like many of the nobles of Japan, he was poor and proud. He pretended to be of celestial origin, his remote ancestors being, as he claimed, divine beings.

"He dwelt in a castle, once of great strength, but now in a ruinous condition. He, however, affected all the pomp and circumstance of the loftiest peer; he collected his taxes and enforced his authority on all the people around him with severity; and required the utmost nicety of etiquette to be observed by all who came to his castle. It is true, that, with all this pretence, his celestial descent, his ancient castle, and his great authority, Gasaki was obliged to carry on a manufactory of baskets and varnished boxes, to increase his scanty income and supply his necessities. This, however, was done as secretly as possible, and no one was permitted to allude to the circumstance.

"Gasaki had two children, a son named Lofo, and a daughter named Soonki. The former was now required to live at Jeddo, in the palace of the Cobi, or king of Japan, as a hostage, to ensure the good conduct of his father towards the government: it being understood that if Gasaki should do anything to offend the king, Lofo must die. Such is the custom of Japan, and all the chiefs or nobles are thus obliged to keep a part of their families at court, as hostages, and pledges for their good behavior.

"Now Soonki was one of the most beautiful girls that ever was seen; and as women in Japan have as much freedom as among us, she often met young Sado, whose estate was near her father's castle. They accordingly became well acquainted, and in time they loved each other very tenderly.

"I must tell you that near the foot of Mount Fusi was a shaded glen, in which were a number of deep and dark caves. Into one of these, a Catholic priest had retired during the persecutions, and here he had continued to dwell. Only a few persons knew of his residence there; these were some who still held the Christian faith. It was necessary for them to cover their opinions with the utmost secrecy, for exposure, or suspicion even, would have subjected them to cruel torture and agonizing death.

"Among these followers of the hermit priest, was one of the seven wives of Gasaki, and she was the mother of Soonki. She had carefully educated her daughter in her own faith, and more than once, they had both stolen to the glen and held religious interviews with the now aged and decrepid father. It seems to be a fact that a religious faith is only loved the more, if it bring danger and trial upon its votary; and therefore the youthful maiden received the faith of the cross with all the fervor of youth, and all the devotion of a martyr.

"It was not long after the acquaintance between young Sado and Soonki had commenced, before he avowed his affection, and asked her hand in marriage. She replied evasively at first, and then stated that a fatal obstacle to their union existed. Sado urged her to explain, but for a long time she refused. At last she confessed the fact that she was a Christian. Sado was shocked, and for a time the intercourse of the lovers was suspended; it was, however, renewed; the cause of separation became the topic of discussion, and, under

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the tutelage of Soonki, Sado became a Christian. He was also accepted by her as her lover. He now applied for the consent of the haughty father, and received the following reply:

"'Is it possible, that a young man, whose father is a merchant, should hope to match himself with a maiden who is descended through ten thousand generations from the immortal Tensio Dai Sir? Have you, whose name is but of yesterday, the audacity to ask to ally yourself with a family that ranks among its members the many-headed idol Quanwan; Amida, the judge of departed souls; Temacco, the keeper of the door of the damned, and Driso, the commander in chief of purgatory? Young man, you aspire to an honor of which peers and princes might be proud: but sir, I am not only a peer of Japan, with the oldest and best blood of the empire in my veins, but I am a father. Soonki is my only daughter, and she rules my heart. She says her happiness is allied to yours: take her and make her blest!' The old man now made sixteen stately bows, nearly to the ground, and backed himself out of the room, as is the custom of Japan. Sado retired, and Gasaki was left rubbing his hands with delight to think that his daughter was to wed the richest youth living in sight of old Fusi's lofty peak.

Gasaki was so much elated that he determined to make a pilgrimage to Meaco, a famous city, where are a great many temples, and where the Dairi, the spiritual chief of the empire, resides. He was very anxious to swell his retinue, for a Japanese peer is estimated according to the number of his followers. Both Soonki and Sado sought to avoid this expedition, but the chief insisted on their going, and required Sado also to muster as many of his own men as possible, and to join his train. This being done, they set out with about four thousand people. Couriers were despatched to go before the company, and engage lodgings and provisions at the taverns, which are numerous along the road.

"The chief persons of the party, as Gasaki, several of his wives, his daughter, Sado and others, rode in small carriages drawn by oxen, buffaloes, or little horses. There were no asses, camels, mules, or elephants, for these are not used in Japan. The train was attended by thousands of dogs, which are held almost sacred by the Japanese; and left to their own pleasure, they barked, howled, snapped and fought with each other, making such a din as almost to drown every other sound. Add to this the lowing of the oxen and buffaloes, the neighing of the little horses, the gabble of the men and women, and the prayers and petitions of thousands of beggars that lined the road, and you may imagine the turmoil and confusion of the scene.

"The road on which they travelled was of great width, and nicely fenced; on all sides, the lands seemed burthened with the richest crops of vegetation. Every inch of ground was cultivated like a garden; even the steep hill sides were supported with terraces, yielding their harvest of fruits.

"As the pilgrims moved along, they met other parties returning, some from Meaco, and some from Isje, the seat of the temple of Tensio Dai Sir, the chief of the celestial spirits. It might seem strange that so many thousand people, passing and repassing, could find support: but it must be understood that in Japan they reject meat, milk, butter and cheese; and live, with wonderful frugality, upon vegetables alone.

Gasaki and his party at last arrived at Meaco, and proceeded to the great temple of Fokosi. This is a vast edifice, one thousand feet in length, paved with squares of white marble,

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adorned with a hundred columns of cedar, and having a colossal idol of Budda, eighty feet in height. Having performed their religious services here, the party went to the temple of Kwan-wan, and paid their reverence to the goddess of thirty-three hands, and the little deities arranged on shelves, of which there are thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three.

"Having spent some time at Meaco, which is a vast city, twice as large as New York, and the centre of Japanese trade; and having not only performed their religious ceremonies, but paid all due obeisance to the Dairi, the spiritual king of Japan, Gasaki and his vast retinue returned home. All had passed off well, and the old chief was delighted, particularly as Sado had paid the expenses of the expedition, and, by his liberality, had even left some broad pieces of gold unexpended in his treasury.

"But events soon occurred to darken the prospects of Gasaki and those who were connected with him. A few days after his return from Meaco, a messenger arrived from the Dairi, commanding his immediate presence at Meaco. The chief was alarmed, for he knew that such a summons portended danger; yet he dared not refuse obedience. He went accordingly, and was immediately conducted to the Dairi's palace. This place was itself like a town, it being of immense extent, surrounded with walls, and containing several thousand people. Gasaki was taken into the presence of the Dairi, who is a descendant of the ancient emperors, and who still claims the sovereignty of the empire. But the Cobi, having gradually usurped all political authority and power, the Dairi is only permitted to interfere in religious matters; but in these he is supreme.

The Dairi immediately proceeded to accuse the chief of harboring Christianity in his family. This accusation struck him with horror, for he knew that no crime was equal to the faith of the cross. He therefore denied it, and challenged his accusers to adduce the proof. The Dairi then proceeded to state that his favorite wife Leos and her daughter Soonki as well as her betrothed lover, young Sado, were all observed to avoid trampling on the cross before the great temple of Fokosi, and also to omit many of the essential ceremonies of that holy temple.

Gasaki grew pale, for he knew that in religious persecution, suspicion is as fatal as proof; and beside, he had himself noticed some peculiarities in the persons accused, which made him fear that the awful charge was true. But a Japanese chief never fails in courage and independence, he therefore declared his own innocence and expressed his hope, nay his confidence, that his wife and daughter as well as Sado, were all free from the imputed guilt. But this could not relieve the chief from suspicion; he was therefore ordered into prison, where he was chained, and confined in a dark room.

"Now it happened that in Meaco, and in the Dairi's palace, and among his own servants, there were several persons, who still cherished, in secret, the religion of Christ. These soon learnt what was going forward, and they sent swift messages to Sado, communicating the tidings of what had taken place. He went immediately to Gasaki's castle, and told Leos and her daughters of the appalling events. What was to be done? They knew that a mandate for their appearance at Meaco would soon come, and then nothing but torture and death could be their lot. Several plans were prepared, one of which was to fly and find safety with the hermit in the caverns of Fusi. But this would confirm the suspicions of the Dairi as to Gasaki, and he and his son were sure to be

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sacrificed. The fidelity of friendship in Japan, is true to the last—and after praying for divine aid, they went severally to their employments, determined to wait for events, and yield to the decrees of heaven.

"It was not long before the anticipated summons arrived, and Leos, Soonki, and Sado, being taken into custody, were escorted by a body of some twenty soldiers, mounted on horses, towards Meaco. It was now the latter part of August, and the heat was excessive, until the party began to wind through the ravines that lay at the foot of Mount Fusi. Here, sheltered by the overhanging cliffs, and refreshed by the breezes that came down to fan the heated lowlands, the party proceeded with a reluctant step, as if enchanted by the wild, yet lovely, scenes around. While they were still treading their way through the glen, a dark cloud began to gather over the top of Fusi, and the thunders to come muttering down its sides. The lightning was soon seen, darting from cliff to cliff, and the peals of thunder, growing louder and louder, seemed to shake the mountain to its very foundation.

"There is no part of the world where such fierce thunder storms are experienced as in Japan; and on the present occasion it seemed as if the elements were striving to display their utmost fury. The air grew dark, almost as night; the winds died away, save only an occasional gust that wrung the heavy trees, like so many wisps, and then left them still and silent. The lightning came flash on flash, and the thunder, peal on peal. The startled horses dashed away from their masters, and the trembling men stood horror-struck on the spot. Near by was a post with a board, having the appearance of a cross, but the board moved on a pivot, and was used by the Japanese as a praying machine; though in fact it stood before the hermit's cave, and was looked upon by him as a cross. Several of the soldiers ran to this, and turned the board rapidly round, hoping to appease the angry deity of the mountain and the storm, by the abundance of their petitions; each revolution of the board being deemed a prayer!

"At last the rain began to fall, and the water came down the mountain in torrents: at the same time, the wind burst like a hurricane upon all around—the trees were dashed to the earth—the darkness thickened—there was a fearful roar. This lasted but a few moments, and the tempest was over. The soldiers, who had fallen to the ground, now rose and looked around. They were all unhurt—but where were the prisoners? Not one of them was to be seen. In vain did the soldiers examine the rocks around: in vain did they inspect the rivulet that now foamed and fretted at the bottom of the glen. They were gone, and no trace of them could be discovered. It was plainly a miracle; the accused were innocent, and the offended genius of Fusi had sent the storm, not only to rescue them, but to confound their accusers!

"The story was carried to the Dairi, by the soldiers. These were put to the torture; but as they all persisted in the same tale; and, moreover, as news soon came that Leos, Soonki, and Sado were all safely at home, as if nothing had happened, their account was believed, and their interpretation of the matter was adopted. Gasaki was set at liberty; a large deputation was sent to turn round the board at the foot of Fusi, thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three times, so as to ensure the pacification of the mountain god; and the whole matter ended. Soonki and Sado, who, with the mother of the former, had fled into the hermit's glen, during the storm, were united in the Japanese fashion, the bride lighting a torch at the fire

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of one of the altars, and he lighting another at hers. They were afterwards married, according to the rules of the church, in the cave of the priest, and while they adhered to their Christian faith, they lived and died among the Japanese, as those who were under the guardianship of celestial beings."

While the Russian officer was telling this tale, the mysterious merchant came up and listened to it with apparent interest. After it was finished, he said, "Your story of Japan reminds me of a Chinese legend, which, with your leave, I will tell. China, though often associated in the mind with Japan, is still a very different country. It is true that the Japanese appear to have sprung from the same stock as the Chinese; they have the same small, half-open eyes; the same soft and sleepy expression; the same yellow skin; and to some extent the same religion. But the government, manners and customs are very different. China has but one chief, and he is sole emperor; Japan has two—the Dairi, who is king in spiritual matters, and the Cobi, who is king in all other affairs. China has mandarins, who are considered noble, but they are wholly dependent on the emperor; the nobles of Japan live in strong castles, collect revenues of the people, claim the exclusive right to the soil, and assert their independence in many things. The Chinese are mean, cowardly, selfish and treacherous; the Japanese are frank, brave, friendly and faithful, preferring torture and death, to the betrayal or desertion of a friend. The Chinese have no honor, no self-respect; the Japanese are sensitive of their honor, keenly alive to disgrace, and, when sentenced to death, ask and obtain leave to plunge the deadly knife into their bowels, rather than to die by the hand of the executioner.

"To all this it may be added that while the policy of the Chinese has led them to exclude foreigners and avoid intercourse with foreign nations, the Japanese have only adopted this custom since the intrigues of the Portuguese and Dutch interfered in the affairs of their government, and led to the same jealous system which has attached to China for ages.

"But though there are so many points of difference between these two great nations, there is one in which they resemble each other: they both claim great antiquity, and furnish long lists of kings, who, if their historians are to be believed, existed some thousands of years before the world began. China is, doubtless, the oldest of Asiatic countries, and indeed their records go back, with pretty good authority, some two thousand years before Christ, when Yee, an emperor nine feet high, is said to have lived, and during whose sway, we are told that it rained gold for three days in succession. The Chinese wall, which is by far the greatest existing monument of human labor, was built more than two hundred years before Christ; it is fifteen hundred miles long, and in some places forty feet high. The stones of which it is composed, are sufficient to construct a wall seven feet in height around the entire world. A work so immense, proves that China was a vast empire long before Rome had reached the zenith of its power and splendor.

"It is not my purpose to relate the history of China; but these details are necessary as a preface to my story. It is matter of history that China, as well as Japan, was visited by Catholic missionaries, soon after these countries were discovered in the fifteenth century. Some of them penetrated to Pekin, and a considerable number of persons here were converted to Christianity. To this day there are Catholic missionaries in China, though, when they have once entered the country, they are doomed to continue there during their lives. There are also

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several thousand Chinese converts to Christianity, in different parts of the empire.

"Well, I must go back to the year 1625, when a holy father of the church was travelling in the district of Shensy, which lies on the border of Tartary. Here, at the foot of a range of lofty mountains flows a beautiful stream called Hoei-ho, a branch of the Hoan-ho, and situated upon its banks is a great city called Singan-fou. As the priest was approaching this place, he saw a temple or pagoda dedicated to the Chinese god Fo. It looked, at a little distance, like a steeple of four stories, with arched openings in each story, and the whole terminated by a conical point. It was built upon a slope of the mountain, at the foot of which swept the bright waters of the Hoei-ho. Immediately around, the scenery was peculiarly wild, while farther off all was art and cultivation. The city lay at a little distance, and covered a large space of the valley; while every elevation around it was occupied with villas, many of them exceedingly beautiful, and all kept in a state of perfect neatness.

"The holy father proceeded to ponder upon the scene, and to reflect upon the vastness and antiquity of an empire, which had attained so great a population, and reached such a pitch of civilization, as, even among the hidden and remote borders of Tartary, to present such a scene as this. While he was thinking of these things, the skies grew dark, and in the space of a few minutes the whole scene was shadowed with a thick thunder cloud, and large drops of rain began to fall. He therefore hastened forward, and took refuge in the temple I have before mentioned. He found it to be filled with all manner of images, bearing no small resemblance, in this and other respects, to a Catholic church in his own country.

"There was no person in the temple, and as the storm continued with great fury, the priest remained there for shelter, until at last the shadows of night began to fall around. It was soon quite dark, and the father saw that it was his lot to spend the night in the place. He therefore groped about till he found a sort of niche in the wall, sheltered from the blast, and here he sat down. His mind wandered from one thing to another, until, at last, he fancied himself at home, in his own country! A priest is, after all, a man, and has his affections as well as others. The idea of being once more in the land of his fathers, so engrossed his mind, that, when at last he fell asleep, his dreams were tissues woven out of the fond remembrances of father and mother, of brother and sister; of merry childhood, and ardent youth. Holy father as he was, he dreamed—though in his sleep he crossed himself—of a maiden whom he loved in his youthful days, and whose lips, in a moment of madness, met his own. His dream went on—he wooed the maiden; he won her heart; he asked her hand, and she gave her consent.

"Alas, that man should be thus cheated!—that a priest, who had sworn to take no wife to his bosom; to devote all his affections to the church; a Jesuit, who had forsaken his home forever; a missionary, who wandered in hopeless exile in a remote region of the earth; one who even now was crouching beneath the dark arches of a heathen temple, unknowing and unknown—alas, that such a being could be deluded, even in a dream, by scenes so improbable, so impossible, as these! But so it is—the priest's heart had now painted upon it a bright picture of other days—and he yielded to the spell. He dreamed that he was about to be married—and to one he loved. He fancied that he and his bride had entered the church; they were at the altar; the

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music was pealing through the aisles and arches—when—he awoke! He crossed himself again and muttered several prayers; for the holy man felt it to be sinful for one of his profession even to dream of the pleasures of the world.

"But while he sat there crossing himself, real music, such as he had heard in his native land, and such as was unknown in China, came full and sweet upon his ears. He now looked abroad; the tempest had ceased, but amid the intense darkness, he saw lights flashing in the glen, and a procession moving slowly towards the temple. The priest rubbed his eyes, and shook himself, and then took a cord that was tied round his body, and thrashed it across his back smartly, to assure himself that he was fully awake. Still the music, soft, but sweet, came swelling toward the temple; the lights advanced, beaming brighter and brighter, and the procession moved steadily onward, through the gloom. The father was in a maze. 'Is it a reality,' said he mournfully, 'or a fiction of the Evil One to tempt me to some mortal sin?' While he was pondering upon this fearful question, the procession entered the temple; they proceeded to an arched recess on one side of the space, where, by the light of the torches, the father saw the dim outline of a cross, cut in bass-relief on the rock of the wall.

"There were two youthful figures in the party; one a female in white, and closely veiled; the other a young man, attired in the fashion of other climes. They knelt before the altar: a man who seemed a priest, read from a book. The youthful pair joined hands; the whole party now knelt; a fervent prayer was uttered by the priest, and the responses came from the numerous attendants. The torches were waved in the air; sweet music was diffused, and then a strain of music so deep, so sweet, so lovely, was poured forth, that the priest who all this time sat in his niche, in a sort of waking trance, found the tears streaming down his cheeks. In spite of his holy vows, his prayers, his penance, his heart was melted with the thoughts of home, brought back by this scene so much like the marriage rites of his native land. 'And yet,' said he to himself, 'it is all an illusion. Even in this lone land, where I am lost to my country and my kindred, the devil has pursued me, and now seeks to seduce me; to turn my heart from my high purpose of scattering the seeds of Christianity in this mighty empire, by presenting the fond images of my early days—and thus sickening my heart with this desolate banishment, this weary exile. But he shall not triumph; I will wrestle like Jacob, I will prevail like Israel!'

"Saying this, the holy father crossed himself, counted his beads, and ran over his prayers. While he was thus occupied, the wedding party crossed the temple, and proceeded to a place in front of a hideous image of Fo, at least forty feet in height. It had a resemblance to a man overgrown with flesh, and besotted with indulgence. Seen in the waning light of the torches, the face had a horrid expression of vulgar mirth and satisfaction. The father looked at it, and fancied that it was laughing at him; he imagined that he could see the twinkle of triumph in his swinish eye, and a curl of derision upon his thick and brutish lip.

"It was an awful moment—and the priest paused. The party, at least a hundred in number, bowed in the Eastern fashion before the gigantic image, and proceeded to perform the marriage ceremony in behalf of the youthful couple, according to the heathen rites of the temple. 'Alas! alas!' said the priest —'they taunt me with this infamous spectacle; they perform the holy rites of Christian marriage to tempt me to aban-

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don my duty; and now they perform the wicked incantations of their heathen faith, to drive me from the land in despair. And behold that fearful image standing there, looking me in the face, and shaking his sides at my confusion! But the artifice shall fail.'—

"Saying this, the father leaped from his niche, and sprung at once into the very midst of the party. He lifted his arms to heaven, with a wooden cross in his hand, and exclaimed:—'Avaunt—avaunt! ye spirits of darkness! in the name of the holy Catholic church, I bid you depart to the regions of the accursed. Down, down, Lucifer, and all your hosts!'

"All this was uttered in a hoarse and hollow voice—while the red blaze of the torch-light fell full upon the image of the priest—one arm lifted to heaven, and the other pointing downward; at the same time his face was haggard as death, and his eye wild as that of a demon. There was a single shriek of terror and surprise from the party, and then—they fled. The torches vanished in a moment; the music was hushed; the pageant gone. Darkness and stillness reigned around: the hideous image of Fo was invisible, and the holy father was left alone in the temple. In the morning, he departed on his way, assured that a miracle had been wrought by his hand; and confident that he was more than an overmatch for the Evil One, with all his arts and wiles. He pursued his career, and was one of those devoted and successful missionaries who planted the cross in China, where it still remains.

"But after all, it seems that the vision of the temple was a reality; for a few years after, another missionary, travelling in the vicinity of the temple of Sin-gan-fou, discovered a cross of stone, and an abstract of the Christian law, together with the names of seventy-two Nestorian preachers inscribed beneath the date, A. D. 640. On further inquiry, he found that a tradition existed among the people, that some foreigners, of fair hair and blue eyes, had visited China at the above date—and introduced a new and strange religion among the people. This still lingered in the country, though it was now generally mixed with the prevailing pagan worship of the land, and had imparted to the rites of Fo a curious resemblance to the ceremonies of the Romish Church.

"This, with some other facts, cleared up the miracle of the holy father, of which I have given an account. It seems that the Nestorians had still certain followers, who so far retained the traces of Christianity, as to perform some of its rites, while they were willing to place the religion of Fo on an equal footing. But as Christianity was not a popular or safe religion at the period of our story, they selected a dark and stormy night for the performance of a marriage ceremony, according to its creed."

THE fogs in England have been always complained of by foreigners. A Spanish ambassador told a friend who was going to Spain, to give his compliments to the sun, whom he had not seen since he had been in England. A Neapolitan minister used to say that the only ripe fruit he had seen in England were *roasted apples;* and he took the liberty of saying once, when conversing with the king, that he preferred the *moon* of Italy to the *sun* of England.

"No." The celebrated John Randolph, in one of his letters to a young relative, says, "I know nothing that I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying 'no.' You must expect unreasonable requests to be preferred to you every day of your life, and must endeavor to deny with as much facility and kindness as you acquiesce."

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Varieties.

THE following ludicrous description of the effects of influenza, is an extract from a letter by the celebrated writer, Charles Lamb.

"Did you ever have a bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to a water gruel diet? My fingers drag heavily over the paper; I have not a single thing to say to you; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; duller than a stage when the actors have gone. I am weary of the world and the world is weary of me. I can't distinguish veal from mutton. I have not volition enough to dot my i's; my brains are gone out, and did not say when they would come back; I acknowledge life only by an occasional cough. Yet do I try everything I can to cure this obstinate cold, but they only seem to make me worse, instead of better."

THE mahogany tree, which grows in the tropical parts of America, is said to be 200 years in attaining its growth. Its trunk sometimes measures four feet in diameter, and the timber of a single tree is sometimes worth 4 or 5000 dollars, when brought to market.

THE following verse in the book of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet but one: "And I, even I, Artaxerxes, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of Heaven shall require of you, it be done speedily."

AN Irish post-boy, having driven a gentleman a great many miles, during torrents of rain, the gentleman said to Patrick, "Are you not very wet, my lad?" "Arrah, I don't care about being very *wet*, but, please your honor, I'm very *dry!*"

THE almond tree resembles the peach both in leaves and blossoms; it grows spontaneously only in warm countries, as Spain and Barbary. It flowers early in the spring, and produces fruit in August. Almonds are of two sorts, sweet and bitter. The fruit of both is contained in a hard shell, that is enclosed in a tough sort of cotton skin.

A gentleman, nearly a century old, on hearing that a neighbor of his had died at 85 years of age, remarked that all his family were *short-lived!*

IN Kentucky, a traveller on the other side of the table at a hotel, will address you with, "I say, stranger, give us a leetle sprinkle of that bread, if you please."

A MAN seeing an oyster seller pass by, called out, "Hallo! give me a pound of oysters." "We sell oysters by measure, not by weight," replied the other. "Well, then give me a yard of them!"

A lady passing through New Hampshire observed the following notice on a board: "Horses taken in to grass; long tails three shillings and sixpence; short tails two shillings." She asked the owner of the land the difference of the price. He answered, "Why, you see, marm, the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short ones are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all.

THOMAS WILSON, who was Bishop of the Isle of Man about a century since, was a particularly benevolent man. To supply the poor with clothing, he kept in constant employment at his own house several tailors and shoemakers. On one occasion, in giving orders to one of his tailors to make him a cloak, he directed that it should be very plain, having simply a button and loop to keep it together.

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"But, my lord," said the tailor, "what would become of the poor button-makers, if every one thought in that way? they would be starved outright." "Do you say so, John?" replied the bishop; "why then button it all over, John."

TEMPERANCE.—Temperance puts wood on the fire, flour in the barrel, meat in the tub, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and *spirit* in the whole composition of man.

THE following anecdote was told by Lord Mansfield, a celebrated English judge. He had turned away his coachman for certain small thefts, and the man begged his lordship to give him a character that he might obtain another place.

"What kind of a character can I give you?" said his lordship.

"Oh, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me, I shall most thankfully receive."

His lordship accordingly sat down and wrote as follows:

"The bearer, John ——, has served me three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver and a sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me. Mansfield."

John thanked his lordship and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his lordship was stepping into his coach, a man in a handsome livery made him a low bow. To his surprise, he recognised his late coachman.

"Why, John," said his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"Oh! my lord," said John, "it was an exceedingly good character; my new master, on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me for a good driver and a sober man. "These," said he, "are just the qualities I want in a coachman. I observe his lordship adds that he discharged you for cheating him. Hark you, sirrah, I'm a Yorkshireman; I defy you to cheat me."

WHEN Capt. Clapperton, the African traveller, breakfasted with the Sultan Bautsa, he was treated with a large broiled water rat, and alligators' eggs both fried and stewed.

GOOD MEASURE.—"I don't know how it is," said a person who was fond of writing poetry for the public journals, but whose productions had always met with a rejection—"I have written a great deal, but my pieces have never been published."

"Perhaps," replied his friend, "there were faults in your effusions that you were not aware of, but which were easily detected by the hawk-eyed editors. The measure might not have been correct."

"There it is now," rejoined the disappointed poet; "I can always write the first line well enough; but I am often perplexed about the second. Now, this is poetry, but it don't seem to jingle to my satisfaction.

'Tread lightly, stranger, o'er this hallowed dust,
For if you don't mend your ways—lay like me
you must.'"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the critic, "that's bad measure."

"Bad measure! why, man, you're mistaken, it's very good measure—it's more than enough!"

"Boy," said a gentleman to a lad in the West, "boy, is there any game where you live?" "Yes," said the lad, "there's a *power* of turkies, a *heap* of squirrels, and a *right smart sprinkle* of deer."

A RETORT.—An old miser, owning a farm, found it impossible one day to do

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his work without assistance and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half-starved pauper hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, the farmer invited his help to breakfast; after finishing the meal, the old skin-flint thought it would be saving time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast-table. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and dinner was soon despatched. 'Suppose now,' said the frugal farmer, 'we take supper; it will save time and trouble, you know.' 'Just as you like,' said the eager eater, and at it they went. 'Now we will go to work,' said the satisfied and delighted employer. 'Thank you,' replied the delighted laborer, 'I never work after supper!'

An Illustration.—There was once a converted Indian, who, being asked if he believed in the Trinity, said he did. He was then asked his reason. He said he would answer in his Indian way. 'We go down to the river in winter, and we see it covered with snow; we dig through the snow and we come to ice; we chop through the ice and we come to water;—snow is water, ice is water, and water is water,' said he; 'therefore the three are one.'

The Scottish Thistle.—The origin of this national badge is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and, in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched bare-footed. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superbly prickled thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

Osceola.—It is stated that the name of Osceola was given to that famous chief by an old lady in a frontier village, who had newly arrived in the country, and had never seen an Indian. On his approach, she broke forth in utter astonishment—"*Oh see! oh la!* what a funny looking man!"

To Correspondents.

College Hill Poughkeepsie, July 30th, 1842.

Mr. Merry:—

I have made out the following answers to some of your puzzles in the August No. of the Museum, which it will be gratifying to me to know are correct. Yours respectfully.

William ——.

To the first, of 6 letters,—*Stable.*
To the second, of 16 letters,—*Washington Irving.*
To the third, of 13 letters,—*North Carolina.*
To the fourth, of 15 letters,—*Marie Antoinette.*

☞ Our friend William is a good Yankee, and has, therefore, guessed right.

Mr. Merry:—

Sir,—If you think the following puzzle worthy a place in your excellent magazine, by inserting it you will confer a great favor on

A Subscriber.

I am a word of 16 letters.

My 4, 5, 13, 15, 8, 13, is a city in Spain.
My 13, 14, 12, is a river in Russia.
My 1, 2, 16, 3, 5, 1, is a part of the body.
My 4, 11, 1, 2, is a very troublesome insect.
My 7, 8, 9, 9, 8, 5, 4, is a boy's name.
My 10, 8, 13, is what all are guilty of.
My 6, 12, 3, 7, is something very common in cold weather.

My whole is a person who has created some excitement of late.

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 5.

SKETCHES OF BIBLE SCENES.

Ruins of Jericho as they now appear.

Jericho was situated twenty miles northeast of Jerusalem. It was taken by Joshua, who received orders from God to besiege it soon after his passage over Jordan. There was a most remarkable fulfilment of Joshua's denunciation against any who should rebuild it: "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho; he shall lay the foundations thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gate of it.' This warning prevented the Jews from building on the spot where the ancient city had stood; but about five hundred years after, Hiel of Bethel undertook to rebuild it, and lost his eldest son in laying the foundations, and his youngest when he hung up the gates.

The modern village, called Eicha, is situated in the midst of a plain, and is very miserable and filthy, being composed of hovels made of four stone walls, covered with cornstalks and gravel. The

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few gardens around seem to contain nothing but tobacco and cucumbers. About two miles from the village may be seen foundations of hewn stones and portions of walls, which render it probable that it was the site of the ancient city.

The Scriptures speak of Jericho as the city of palm trees, and Josephus everywhere describes them as being very abundant and large. The region also produced honey, the cypress tree, and the common fruits of the earth in great abundance. The sycamore tree likewise flourished there.

Of all these productions, which so distinguished the plains of Jericho, few now remain. The groves of palms have all disappeared, and only one solitary palm tree lingers in all the plain. The sycamore too is nowhere seen, and honey, if found at all, is very rare.

In the time of the crusades the sugar-cane was cultivated at Jericho, but is now unknown there.

Askelon.

This is a city in the land of the Philistines, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. It was once a place of great importance and note among the Philistines, and was one of their seats of government. It is also famous for a temple dedicated to Apollo, at which Herod, the grand-father of Herod the Great, officiated as priest. After the death of Joshua, the tribe of Judah took the city of Askelon.

The wine that is made in this city was very much esteemed, and the cypress tree was also common. This was very much admired by the ancients for its grace and beauty. The modern town is called Scalona, and is a small and uninteresting place.

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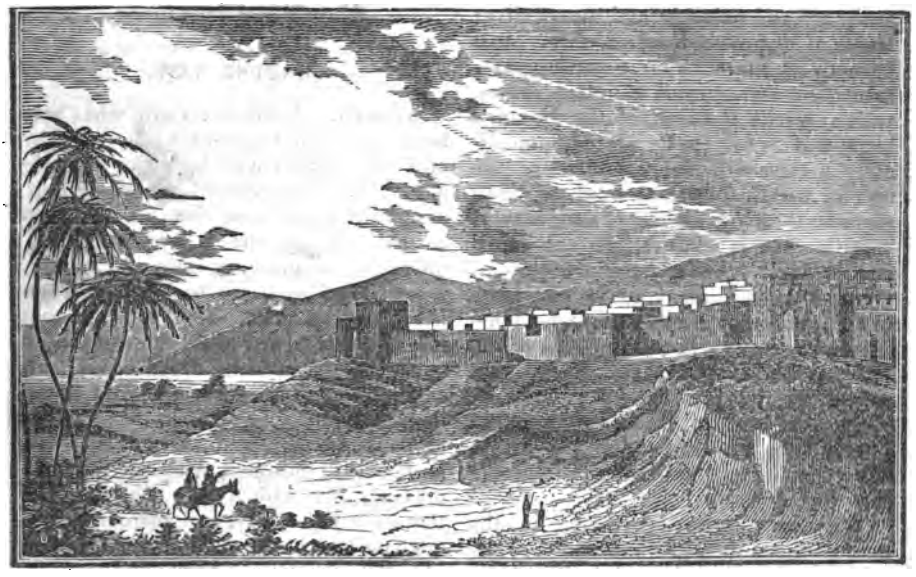

Bethlehem.

This town is situated about five miles and a half southeast of Jerusalem. There is no doubt that the village called by the Arabs Beit Lahen, which means "House of Flesh," is the same as the ancient Bethlehem, which the Jews called "House of Bread."

The present inhabitants of Bethlehem are all Christians, and they amount to three thousand souls. The town has gates at some of the principal streets; the houses are solidly built, but are not large. There are many olive gardens, fig orchards and vineyards round about, and the adjacent fields, though stony and rough, produce, nevertheless, good crops of grain. Here was the scene of the beautiful narrative of Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz, after his reapers. The inhabitants, besides their agriculture, employ themselves in carving beads, crucifixes, and models of the holy sepulchre and other similar articles in olive wood and mother-of-pearls. Indeed, the neatest and most skilfully wrought specimens of these articles come from Bethlehem.

About thirty rods from the village stands a large convent, occupied by Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. It encloses the church built by the empress Helena, over the spot where, according to tradition, our Savior was born. Vast numbers of pilgrims come to view the place, especially at Easter, when such multitudes assemble, that the church is often crowded to suffocation, and contests frequently ensue between the different sects. On one occasion, the privilege of saying mass at the altar on Easter day was fought for at the door of the sanctuary itself, with drawn swords.

The pretended place of the nativity is a grotto or cave beneath the church, very splendidly ornamented with a marble pavement, recesses decorated with

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sculpture and painting, and massy silver lamps of exquisite workmanship. Just beneath the marble altar, upon the pavement, is a star, formed of inlaid stones, which marks the spot of the Savior's birth, and is said to be placed immediately underneath the point where the star of the East became fixed, to direct the wise men in the object of their search.

This cave is not the only celebrated spot within the precincts of the church. One grotto is pointed out as the tomb of the Innocents; another possesses some interest as having been the abode of St. Jerome for many years. Another is shown as the spot where Joseph sat during the birth of Christ, and another is said to be the place where the Virgin Mary hid herself and her son from the fury of Herod.

The most remarkable spot in the neighborhood of Bethlehem is the reservoir called Solomon's pools. There are three of them, of great magnitude, the waters of which are discharged from one to another, and conveyed by an aqueduct to Jerusalem.

Bethlehem is celebrated in the Old Testament as the birthplace and city of David; and in the New as that of David's greater Son, Christ, the Savior of the world. For 1800 years the earth has renewed her carpet of verdure, and seen it again decay; yet the skies and the fields, the rocks and the hills, and the valleys around remain unchanged, and are still the same as when the glory of the Lord shone about the shepherds, and the song of a multitude of the heavenly host resounded among the hills, proclaiming, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men!"

To preserve a friend, three things are required—to honor him, present; to praise him, absent; and assist him in his necessity.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Although I did not know what was before me, and had no scheme even for providing myself with bread for a single day, I felt an indescribable degree of delight at my release from prison. To be shut up by our fellow-men, as if unworthy of enjoying light and liberty, is very hard to bear: to know that one is innocent of crime—and yet to be cast into a dungeon, and made the companion of the wicked and the degraded—is calculated to beget a deep sense of injustice. Such, indeed, was my feeling while in prison; and even when I was free, it still mingled with my joy, impressing me with a sad consciousness that even in society, and surrounded by laws designed to protect us from wrong, we are not wholly secure, and may be called upon, through the weakness or wickedness of our fellow-men, to suffer the most bitter pangs.

I, however, resisted these feelings and poured out my gratitude to Bill Keeler—my deliverer. On inquiry, I learned of him, that while at Salem, he had accidentally heard of my imprisonment; and though he supposed me guilty of some misdemeanor, he still gathered all the money he could, and pushed off on foot to New York, to obtain my release. The success of his endeavors has already been detailed.

Having talked over the events already laid before the reader, Bill asked me what I intended to do. I told him that I had formed no plan. He then urged me to go back with him to Salem; but as I seemed very reluctant to do so, his mind appeared to be turned to some other project. We walked along the street for a considerable distance in silence, and with an uncertain and sauntering gait—my companion evidently

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in great perplexity. At last his countenance brightened, and turning round on his heel, he led me on, with a decided step, in a direction opposite to that which we had pursued.

"Well, well," said Bill, cheerfully, "when one door shuts, another opens: if the mountain does n't come to you, you must go to the mountain. How would you like to become a traveller, Bob?"

"I should like it of all things."

"So I thought—and I'll get it all fixed."

"But how am I to pay the expenses?"

"I brought a couple of friends with me, who'll do that for you: they'r queer chaps, but you'll learn to like 'em. You remember old Sarah's cave? well, as I was climbing among the rocks just below it, a few days ago, in search of a woodchuk that had just duv into his burrow, a large stone gave way under my feet, and down the ledge I went, for more than three rod. A great mass of rubbish came down with me, and it's a kind of miracle I wan't smashed. I was a little stunned, but by-and-by I came to myself. There I lay, half covered with stones, leaves and gravel. Thinks I, what's this all about? Just then I put out my hand to get up, and I felt something mighty cold. Well, what do you think it was? Why, 'twas a rattle-snake, and just by his side lay seven others! It was cold weather, and they were as straight and stiff as bean poles. Well, says I, there's nothin made in vain—so I took tew on 'em, and doubled 'em up and put 'em into one of my stockins, and carried 'em home.

"When I got there, I took 'em out and laid 'em on the harth, and when they got warm they began to squirm. Well—my wife—Hepsey—(you remember Hepsey?—by the way—she sent her love to you, Bob—though I'd forgot that)—she made a dreadful screechin about it, and little Bob, he set up his pipes, and the cat stuck up her back, and Jehu barked as if there'd been an attack of the Indians!

"Well, pretty soon the two critters began to stick out their tongues and their eyes grew as bright as a couple of lightnin-bugs in a foggy night. They then put their tails this way and that, and finally rolled themselves into a heap, and set up such a rattlein as I never heard afore. It was as much as to say—let every man look out for his own shins! Everybody cleared—wife, baby, cat and dog—except myself. Takin' the varmin in the tongs, one by one, I threw 'em out the winder, into a snow-bank, just to keep 'em cool and civil. I then made a box, and put 'em in, and fitted a pane of glass in the top, so you could look in and see 'em. Well, I brought the box and the two sarpints along with me, thinkin that when you got out of prison, they might be of sarvice."

"What do you mean?" said I, in the greatest wonder.

"Mean? why, that you should take this box under your arm, and travel over the world, as independent as a lord. The sarpints will be meat and drink and clothin and lodgin, and a welcome to boot. I thought it likely, when I set out, from what I heerd, that you'd got into some scrape, and that it might be necessary for you to be scace in these parts; so I thought the snakes would suit your case exactly. You need n't look so sour, fir I don't expect you to eat 'em. But hear my story. I was three days in going from Salem to York, and when I got there, I had tew dollars more in my pocket than when I set out, and I lived like a prince all the time! And how do you think 'twas done? Why, by the sarpints, to besure! When I put up at the tavern at night, I set the box down by my side in the bar-room, and took my fife, and began to play Yankee Doodle.

"Pretty soon everybody got round

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me, and then I teld 'em about the sarpints, and how they might see 'em for sixpence apiece. Well, I got sixpences as thick as nuts in November. Now, Bob, you've had a good eddication, and can tell all about sarpints, and make up a good story, and you can travel all over the world, and come home as rich as a Jew. So you may have 'em, and I shall be happy to think that you're travelling like a gentleman, while I go home to pound my lapstone and take care of my family."

"I thank you a thousand times, my dear Bill," said I; "but I fear this will not do for me. You can turn your hand to anything, but I am a helpless creature, compared with yourself!"

"No, no," said my friend earnestly. "You'll do well enough when you get your hand in. You must try, at least. Here, take my penknife, if you haint got one. A penknife 's a mighty good thing—no man need to feel low-sperited with a penknife in his pocket. When I'm away and feel kind o' humsick, I take out my penknife, and get a stick and go to cuttin on't, and it turns out a whistle, or a walkin-stick, or somethin else, and all the time I am as contented as a cow a stealin corn-stalks. A penknife's a friend in need, and no man should ever be without one. You must take my fife, too, Bob, for you can play it well. It will make you welcome everywhere —as we catch flies with molasses, you can catch customers with music."

To all this, I still replied that I doubted my success, and feared to undertake the scheme. "Faint heart never won fair lady," said Bill. "Nothing venture, nothing have. You won't succeed if you don't try: a man never fails, when success is matter o'life and death. If you set out, you won't starve. You'll be like Seth Follet's eel—you must go ahead."

"Well, tell me the story of the eel."

"Why, didn't you never hear of Seth Follet's eel? Seth had a long aqueduct, made of logs, with an auger-hole bored thro''em, to carry the water from a spring on a hill, to his house. After a while the water wouldn't run, because the hole in the logs had got filled up with mud. Well, Seth was a queer genius; so he got an eel and put into the hole in the logs at one end. The critter went along pretty well for a time, but by-and-by he came to the mud. He then thought he'd turn about, but he couldn't do that, for he just fitted the hole, you know! Then he thought he'd back out, but he could'nt do that nother, for an eel's a thing that can't work both ways. Well now, what should he do? Why, there was only one thing to be done—to go ahead; and ahead he went—and cleared out the aqueduct!"

I could not help laughing heartily at this anecdote, and I confess that the reasoning of Bill seemed to be fraught with good sense. We spent the night together at the little tavern where he had left his box, and in the morning I concluded to adopt his scheme. Bill departed, the tears standing in his eyes —and taking the serpents, strapped across my shoulders, I set out on my adventures.

I am not going to give a detail of my travels, at present. I am afraid my readers are weary of my long story; and beside, I have promised to bring my narrative to a close in my next number. I must, therefore, pass lightly over my adventures as a showman; I must say little of my experiences as a travelling merchant, and come down to a period several years subsequent to my parting with Bill Keeler, as just related. The war with England, declared by the United States in 1812, was then raging, and circumstances led me to take a part in it. The events to which I allude, will be given in the next chapter.

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Rivers.

Rivers have their rise in little rills, which gush from the sides of mountains. Several of these unite, and form a stream; and these again meeting, form a rivulet; and several rivulets form a river, which sometimes runs for many thousand miles, and makes all the country fertile through which it passes.

When a river descends from high land to that which is lower, it often falls over rocks and precipices,—it is then called a cascade; or, if very large, a cataract. Some of these are so large, that the water breaks into spray before it reaches the ground, and the sound of it may be heard for several miles.

Some rivers overflow their banks at certain seasons, owing to the melting of the snow on the mountain tops, or the fall of heavy rains. The river Nile overflows its banks; and, when the waters subside, very great crops of rice and corn immediately spring up, as food for man. There are very few parts of the earth in which rivers are not found; and great, indeed, is their use to mankind.

Shall I tell you what a river is like? It is like the life of man—small at first; the little stream is like a little child, and plays among the flowers of a meadow; it waters a garden, or turns a puny mill.

As it flows on it gathers strength; and, like a child in youth, it becomes turbulent and impatient as it swells along. Now, like a roaring cataract, it shoots headlong down many a rock; then it becomes a sullen and gloomy pool, buried in the bottom of a glen.

Recovering breath by repose, it again dashes on, till, tired of uproar and mischief, it quits all that it has swept along, and leaves the valley, through which it has passed, strewed with its rejected waste.

Now, again, it travels more slowly. It passes through the busy haunts of men, lending its service on every side, and, advancing in its course, becomes stately and grand. Now, instead of breaking over obstacles, it twines round them, and it thus passes along a more quiet course.*

At last it leaves the busier world, and slowly and silently travels on; till, at the end, it enters the vast abyss of ocean, which seems spread out, like eternity, to receive it.

Boy and Bird.

"Little bird, upon that tree,
Sing, I pray, a song to me;
Are you happy all day long,
Tell me, tell me, in your song?"

"I am happy, little boy,
To be free is all my joy;
In the shade, or in the sun,
I am still a happy one.

"In the gay and merry spring,
I am *free* to play and sing;
In the summer free to fly,
Where I will, beneath the sky."

"But in winter, sad and drear,
What, my bird, will give you cheer?
What will warm you in the frost?
What will save when tempest-tost?"

"*Being free*, my little boy,
Freedom is my winter's joy;
This will ever cheer my heart,
Though all other joys depart:

"This will keep me blithe and warm,
Through the frost and through the storm;
Little boy, oh! love, like me,
Ever, ever to be free!

"Free to do, and free to dare,
The very worst, for freedom's air;
Free and fearless of the strong,
Free to all—but doing wrong!"

* Pliny.

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The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXV.

Journey toward Venice.—Water-scenery.—The vettura. — Slow travelling. — Fig-trees.—Ascent of the Apennines.—Night on the mountains.—Blazing earth.—Farewell to Tuscany. —Bologna. — Leaning towers. — Arcades.— Paintings.—Lack of education in the people.— Bologna sausages.—Ferrara.—A deserted city. —Empty palaces. —Whims of travellers.— Cause of decay in these countries.

So agreeable did I find the residence at Florence, that my stay there, which I designed should be only a fortnight, became prolonged to four months. It was the middle of September when I left that city for Venice, by way of Bologna. The road crosses the Apennines, and is more or less hilly for the whole distance to the latter city. The heat of the summer had somewhat embrowned the landscape, yet the aspect of the country was everywhere inviting. The vineyards and olive-trees were abundant. Groves of oak, and hills picturesquely tufted with cypresses, clumps of chestnuts and conical firs, poplars, walnuts, and other trees which I did not know by name, gave a perpetual variety to the beautiful scenery along the road. There were no large streams of water, but little rivulets here and there murmured along among the broken hills. In water-scenery, Italy, except in the north, is very deficient: it has nothing to be compared with the little lakes or *ponds* of New England, which form so beautiful and striking a characteristic of our landscapes. The streams, moreover, have hardly ever the clear waters and well-wooded banks of the American rivers. The Arno, the Tiber, the Nar and the Garigliano, which I had already seen, were turbid and muddy; the Po, which I saw afterward, was still more so. The Clitumnus appeared to be the only clear stream in the country, and this little brook has been famed from all antiquity for the transparency of its waters.

Finding it impracticable to perform the journey on foot, on account of the quantity of baggage which I had by this time collected, I was forced to take passage in a *vettura*, or common travelling coach. This vehicle much resembles an American stage-coach in shape, but it is commonly in a shabby and crazy condition. The driver never changes his horses on the journey, in consequence of which the rate of travelling in these conveyances is none of the most expeditious. They start with the first peep of dawn, and travel till eleven in the forenoon, then lie by three or four hours to avoid the heat of the day, start again in the middle of the afternoon, and continue till sunset. This is the common mode of travelling all over Italy, and has been so, time out of mind. They never run their horses down a steep hill, like our Yankee stage-drivers, but lock the wheels. On a hilly route, therefore, which is the greater part of the time, the speed does not average more than a brisk walk. I often got out of the carriage and walked ahead, strolled into the fields, or climbed a fig-tree which hung over the road, and helped myself to a ripe fig. The figs appeared to be abundant this season, and as they are a fruit which are not preserved in this part of the country, but must be consumed fresh, they are not valued higher in the villages than the crab-apples of our farms. A ripe fresh fig is a delicious fruit, but too sweet and luxurious to be relished alone. It is common to eat bread and figs together: this is as good as bread and honey, and not so cloying. On the journey I commonly made my dinner in this way.

The road became steeper and steeper, and at length brought us to the top of the Apennines. On this wild and lofty spot, I found a lonely post-house, where

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we were to pass the night. There were no other houses near, and the spot looked not at all inviting. I was told, moreover, that it had been a famous place for robbers in its day, having long served as a rendezvous for a gang of banditti that were the terror of the whole country. These troublesome gentry, however, were all extirpated, and the driver assured me we should be just as safe here as in the midst of Florence. I comforted myself with this assurance, and saw that my pistols were in order. A little prudent precaution is never superfluous in a place that has a bad reputation, especially on a lonely mountain-top, where you have no good neighbors to call in. However, we passed the night without any molestation, and in the cool air of this elevated region I had a sound night's sleep.

The morning dawned beautifully, showing the blue ridges of the mountains at a distance, the shaggy woods of the neighboring steeps, the rocky cliffs, dark dells and green swelling hills that stretched away in the distance as we looked down from the lofty Apennine. I could not behold this prospect without some pangs of regret: it was my last view of ever-beautiful Tuscany. We were now about to descend the northern slope of the Apennines, into the Roman territory. Just before reaching the frontier, we came to the village of Pietra Mala, where we were stopped at the custom-house: during this delay, I went to visit a singular spot about half a mile off, known here by the name of the *wood-fire*. It is at the foot of a steep mountain, and surrounded by cornfields. The first view I obtained of it, was that of a body of flickering flames rising about a foot above the ground. On approaching nearer, these flames were found to issue from ten or twelve spiracles, and rose without the least sparkling or noise. In stormy weather, however, I was told they made a great crackling, and rose six or eight feet. The whole space they occupy is not more than fifteen feet in diameter. There is no smell of sulphur, but sometimes an odor of nitre arises from them, particularly when the ground is stirred. When the flame is extinguished by choking up one of the spiracles, it breaks out again in a few seconds. It is probably caused by subterranean gases. There is a phenomena somewhat similar on the shore of lake Erie, where a lighthouse is maintained from a source of this nature.

Still descending the slope of the Apennines, we came in sight of the great plain of northern Italy, extending towards Milan, and bounded by the distant Alps. This wide extent of level country is considered the garden of Italy, in regard to fertility, though for picturesque and variegated scenery, it will not compare with Tuscany or Naples. The region through which we were travelling, however, continued broken and hilly: the soil was stony and poor, and the hills so steep, that we had frequent occasion to lock our wheels. Chestnut trees were abundant, and none of these are ever cut down, as the inhabitants of the hill-country subsist chiefly on the fruit. They have no bread except what is made of chestnut meal: the soil is too thin and poor to raise grain. As we descended into the more level tracts, the cultivation improved, and we passed some fields where wheat had been harvested. On approaching Bologna, the land became a level plain, and ere long, we came in sight of the leaning towers and curious antique spires of that ancient city.

A lofty wall of brick runs round the whole city, above which the spires, domes, and towers, rise loftily into the air, with an imposing effect. Passing through the gate, we were struck with the antique and venerable appearance of the place, which, though not ruinous, but

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on the contrary very well preserved, has an air of old age that contrasts strongly with the modern freshness of Florence. The streets are furnished with arcades, supported by handsome columns. There is one arcade, or covered portico, of stupendous dimensions, being no less than three miles long, extending from the city wall to a church in the neighborhood. It was erected for the purpose of affording a comfortable walk to the church-goers in winter, at which time, the weather here is cold and rainy. The whims of the Italians are singular and extravagant. They pass their lives in the want of many comforts and conveniences without which we should think existence hardly supportable, yet will bestow enormous sums of money upon an object which we cannot help regarding as most frivolous and unimportant. Here is an incredible amount of treasure lavished upon a structure, the only use of which is to save people occasionally the use of a cloak and umbrella.

The churches and palaces of the city I need not describe; but there are two singular leaning towers, which attract every traveller's curiosity. One of them is nearly four hundred feet high, and leans over its base a little more than three feet. This small inclination, however, in a building of such enormous height, gives it a most threatening aspect. I went to the top, from which I had a pleasant view of the neighboring country, bounded by the Apennines in the south, with the city of Modena in the west, and Ferrara in the north. This tower was originally of the incredible and dangerous height of four hundred and seventy-six feet; but after an earthquake in 1416, the inhabitants began to be frightened, as well they might, and took down about a quarter part of it. There is enough of it remaining, I should think, to be dangerous still, especially in a country subject to earthquakes. The Italians are not considered a courageous people, yet it is surprising what hazards they will encounter sometimes, and that, too, without necessity. After seeing a powder-mill on Mount Vesuvius, it did not much surprise me to find leaning towers nodding their lofty heads over a populous city. The other tower is only one hundred and forty feet high, and inclines six feet and a half. The same erroneous belief, as in the case of the tower of Pisa, prevails with regard to these structures, namely, that they were built upright, and leaned afterwards by the sinking of the foundations. They were all erected in the twelfth century, the commencement of the era of modern architecture, when the ingenuity and taste of artists ran into strange caprices.

The reader perhaps will be surprised that I have given no description of the splendid paintings for which this country is so celebrated. Every large city abounds with them, and there is not even a small town or village without some considerable objects of the kind. Pictures, however, must be seen; they cannot be described. I can only say, that their number is infinite, and caused me to wonder where these people found heads to design, or hands to execute, so many beautiful works of art. The quick and keen perception of beauty seems to be an inherent and natural quality of the Italians, by which they are distinguished from other nations as much as the Greeks of antiquity.

Bologna has a famous university; yet the population are, in the mass, as ignorant as if the college were the other side of the Alps. Education has never been extended to the middling or lower classes, and, in a country like this, there might be a dozen seminaries of learning in every town, while the bulk of the population could not write their names. Popular education is not promoted by the government at present, although

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during Napoleon's reign, the foundation of a general system of popular instruction was laid, and a strong desire to possess the accomplishments of writing and reading was manifested by all classes. The restoration of the papal government, however, put a stop to this undertaking, and the peasants and mechanics plod on in their old, ignorant, and hopeless way.

It would be unpardonable in me to leave this place without saying a word of *sausages*, for which Bologna is as famous all over the civilized world as our own Taunton is for alewives, Hingham for buckets, or Boston for notions. It is a good thing for a place to have something to boast of, as it keeps up character and ambition. The Italian cities are remarkable for their characteristics, not only in manner and language, but in productions. Naples bears the palm for soap and macaroni, Florence for oil, Parma for cheese, Padua for learning, and Bologna for sausages. It seemed to me, however, that most of the Italians care more for sausages than for science. Under a better government, their taste in this matter might be altered for the better.

Leaving Bologna, the appearance of the country improved. The cottages of the peasantry were neat and comfortable; the soil was under good cultivation, and its fertility reminded me of the rich borders of the Connecticut. I saw large fields of Indian corn, which ripens well here, but does not grow so tall as in America. The kernel too is smaller, but the meal is equal in sweetness to any I ever tasted. Fields of hemp were abundant, growing very tall and luxuriant. At Malalbergo, we came to a canal, being the second I had seen in Italy: the first one connecting Pisa with Leghorn. Both are only a few miles in length: this one unites the Po with the little stream which runs from this place into the Adriatic. It appears to have no great amount of navigation. A few miles farther brought us to Ferrara, a fine large city, but almost deserted. It is regularly built, with spacious streets and sumptuous palaces, but the streets are grass-grown, and the palaces are lonely, without doors, windows, or furniture. Nothing gave me more impressive sensations than to wander through the silent solitudes of this beautiful city, where nothing is ruinous but all is deserted. In the quarter bounding on the river were some houses inhabited by a few mechanics, laborers and boatmen; but in all those streets which were lined with lordly palaces and stately piles of architecture, no living beings were to be seen except cows, quietly feeding upon the grass which had overgrown the pavement.

I went into many of these empty palaces, which, of course, any one may do, without invitation. The appearance corresponded with what I saw without. Colonnades, sculptured staircases, galleries and ornamented walls were overgrown with ivy, and other trailing plants. Moss and green foliage decked the terraces and roofs. Great marble vases, containing jasmines and pomegranates, stood on the terraces, abandoned, nobody knows how long, and left to flourish in luxuriant neglect. They had spread themselves on every side, and hung down full of flowers over the marble cornices and balustrades. What a spectacle!—and this not in one place or two, but all over the better part of the city. What is the cause of this melancholy desolation? Not pestilence, famine, war, earthquakes, storms, inundations, nor any hostility of nature or the elements. The soil of the neighborhood is rich, the air is pure, the sky is mild, the elements tranquil, and the country has been long at peace. The inhabitants do not lack genius, and require only the application of the proper means to become intelli-

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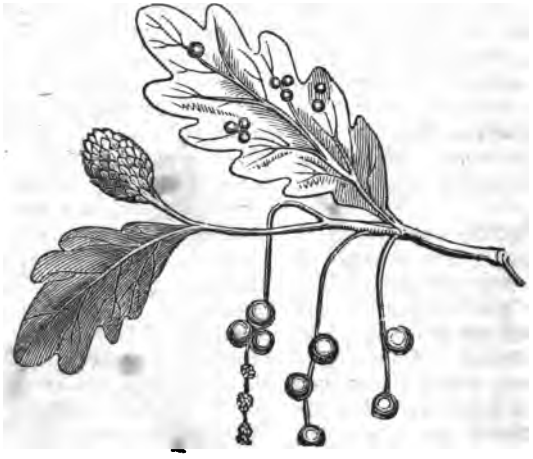
gent and industrious. What then is the cause that this fine city is desolate and falling to ruin? I answer, bad rulers —a government that neglects two great things—education and industry in the people.

Mr. Stephens, the ingenious traveller, on visiting one of the volcanoes of Guatemala, wished he could transport it to the United States, as he could have bought it for ten dollars, and, the fire having gone out, he could have made his fortune by showing it for a sight. Had I the power of removing mountains and other great tracts of country, I should choose to bring home something better than a dead volcano, which might come to life some day, and make my house too hot for me. I would rather select some of the magnificent cities of the old world, that lack inhabitants as much as we lack fine buildings. How I longed to transport the city of Ferrara, with its empty palaces and grass-grown streets, to the state of Massachusetts! I would soon turn the cows out and put the inhabitants in. There is many a man in the United States who could buy it, and the owners would willingly sell out. Unfortunately, this cannot be done, and this fair city, which might accommodate, most nobly, all the inhabitants of Boston, will remain deserted, with cattle pasturing in her streets and ivy mantling her walls, for many a year to come. Nothing but a political renovation of the country will save it from crumbling to ruin.



Gall Insects.

These are bred in an excrescence of a species of oak which grows in Africa, and are formed by a kind of fly, which bores into the bark of the tree, for a place in which to deposit its eggs. The sap of the tree hardens round the egg, grows with the growth of the tree, and becomes what we call the gall-nut, and which is used for dyeing. The worm that is hatched within this spacious vault, lives upon the substance of the ball, till after its change into a chrysalis and then a fly, when it eats its way through into the air, and gains its freedom.

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Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ESQUIMAUX.* *Personal appearance.—Houses.—Food.—Fishing.—Females.—Dress.—Children.—Marriage and Character.*

The Esquimaux are a race of savages scattered over the bleak, icy regions in the north of America, and the large, dreary peninsula of Greenland. They are a diminutive people, not more than five feet high, with broad, flat faces, and noses so small, and sunk so deep that a ruler might be laid across, from one blubber cheek to the other, without touching it. Their hair is long and black, and their complexion of a tawny brown. They cannot be called handsome, but their broad faces and little twinkling eyes give them a good-humored, jolly appearance, which is not far from bespeaking their real character.

Their dress consists of a double coat of deer-skin, with the hair both inside and out, to which is joined a large hood which covers the head. The breeches, also of deer-skin, reach to the knee and overlap the boots, which are made of seal-skin. The females have their boots very wide and deep, for the purpose of carrying their children in them; they also serve, at times, to hide stolen goods, as the English under Captain Parry one day discovered. An old woman, who saw their eagerness to obtain furs, very readily sold them one of her boots, but nothing could induce her to part with the other; suspicion was at last excited, and the boot was taken off by force, when they found in it two pewter spoons and a plate, which she had secretly appropriated. The following account is taken from Parry's Voyages.

* Pronounced *Es-kis-mo*.

Their winter houses are built of snow, and sometimes have several apartments, in each of which lives a whole family. The roof is round like a dome; a thin piece of ice serves as a window, and admits the light like ground glass. In the middle of the room is hung a large lamp, with which they cook all their victuals; they dare not, of course, have a large fire, for fear of melting their roof down about their ears. These snow huts answer very well during the long northern winter, but when summer commences the walls and roofs melt, and sometimes fall on the heads of the inhabitants.

The food of the Esquimaux is obtained entirely by fishing and hunting; their implements are bows and arrows made of bone, and harpoons of every sort and size. For nine long winter months the native is obliged to support life by what he can obtain from the sea alone. In this element live the huge whale, the unwieldy walrus, and the seal, the most useful of all. In hunting these animals he will sit, hour after hour, under a little shed of snow, waiting for his prey to rise and take breath. Then he throws his harpoon with unerring aim, and the animal plunges into the water to escape; but in vain. To the harpoon is tied a long line with a bladder at the end, which floats on the water; and this the hunter watches, for he is always sure that the animal will rise somewhere near, to breathe. Another harpoon is then driven into his body, and so on, until he is at length exhausted by his wounds, and becomes an easy prey to his exulting enemy.

Whenever the news arrives at a village that a whale or walrus has been taken, shouts of joy are raised by all, for among this generous people such food is common to the whole. On its arrival, it is instantly cut up; every lamp is supplied with oil; the houses are all in a blaze; all the pots are filled with

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flesh, and all the women are engaged in cooking the savory food. When the feast is ready, one man takes up a large piece, and bites off as much as his mouth will hold; he then passes it to the next, who does the same, and thus the process continues until the animal is entirely consumed, or until their stomachs will hold no more. It must be a large quantity, however, to surfeit an Esquimaux. The mass of food which they will eat is astonishing. One young man, named Toslooak, eat in one day enough to have served two sailors a week. Their taste seems to us rather odd; they turned away in disgust from all the sweet-meats, gingerbread, and spirits which were offered them; but tallow, fat, and oil they devoured in alarming quantities. The captain seeing one rather pretty young woman, gave her a candle, thinking she might need its light in the long nights of winter; when, to his utter astonishment, she began to eat it, and would have finished the whole, tallow and wick, had not he, fearing for her delicate health, insisted upon pulling out the last.

For travelling on the land, or rather the snow, they use sledges drawn by dogs. These animals are very useful to the natives, though not so swift as the Lapland reindeer. The Esquimaux are fond of them, and always share with them their food, whatever it may be.

The boats in which they sail are called cayaks; they are made of birch-bark or of skins stretched on a slight frame of whalebone or wood. These are entirely covered over by boards laid across, except a hole in the middle where the man sits and propels, with one oar, his little vessel so swiftly that no English sailor can compete with him.

The Esquimaux women are very fond of their children, and sometimes carry them, when very young, in their large fur hoods, carefully wrapped in furs; in many tribes, however, they use their wide boots for this purpose. The children repay the kindness of their parents by their gentle and dutiful behavior; they never disobey their parents in their slightest commands; if ever they feel inclined to be froward or mischievous, a word or even a look is enough to bring them back to their duty.

The little Esquimaux, nevertheless, are just as fond of play as any other young people, of the same age; only that while an American boy draws a cart of wood, the little northern child has a sledge of whalebone; and for the superb baby-house of the former, the latter builds a miniature hut of snow, and begs a lighted wick from his mother to illuminate the little dwelling.

It must be confessed that the Esquimaux, when grown up, treat their aged and infirm parents by no means with that regard which we might expect from their obedient temper in childhood. They allow them to remain neglected, ill-clothed and ill-fed, even in the midst of plenty. There are many other unpleasing traits in their dispositions; they are ungrateful, and never seem to think the most valuable favor worthy even a "*thank you.*" On the other hand, they are scrupulously honest with each other; they leave their property exposed around their huts, without the slightest fear that any will be taken. Some English sailors often sent presents by one to another of them, and always found that they were faithfully delivered.

When an Esquimaux falls sick, his friends do not attempt to relieve him by medicine or careful attendance; they merely bring in a juggler or conjurer, who performs a few unmeaning ceremonies. If the patient becomes worse, as is generally the case, they resort to another expedient. All his relations and friends collect together in the room, and hold a *crying* meeting around him,

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much like an Irish wake; every one tries to howl and weep the most vehemently, his acquaintances as well as his nearest relations. As might be expected, the health of the sick man is not much improved by this method of treatment.

On his death the same ceremony of crying takes place; the corpse is then buried under the snow, where it is often dug up and eaten by the wolves. In order to prevent this, the English sailors, when the wife of one of their Esquimaux friends was buried, placed several large stones upon her grave; the husband did not seem very well pleased at this, and expressed some fear lest the weight should prove painful to his buried spouse; but when, a short time after, one of his children died, he absolutely refused to have it buried in that way, for he said it was impossible for it to endure the weight of the stones.

The marriage ceremony among the Esquimaux is very simple; the young man, having obtained the consent of the parents of his intended bride, goes to their house and pretends to take her away by force; the female always affects great reluctance, but at length suffers herself to be led away, and thus the marriage is concluded.

With regard to the sciences, the Esquimaux cannot pretend to any great advancement in that respect. From their long wanderings they have a pretty good knowledge of the geography of much of the northern coast of America, and several of them were able to draw maps of those parts of the world, which the English voyagers found very useful and accurate. In arithmetic they are miserably deficient; the most knowing of them could not count beyond ten, even with the aid of their fingers; and when asked for any higher numbers, they were greatly distressed, and are always glad to get off by saying *oonooktoot*, which may mean any number from ten to a million.

On the whole, these inhabitants of the frozen north seem to be a kind, good-humored race, somewhat selfish, indeed, but honest and frank. They are generally intelligent and quick-witted, and have much natural talent for mimicry. With the benefits of a good education, much might be made of such a people.

Anecdote of the natives of Porto Rico.

After the Spaniards had almost subdued the inhabitants of Porto Rico, they were very anxious to find out whether their new masters were immortal, as it was generally supposed they were. One of the caziques, accordingly, by many acts of kindness, induced one of the young Spaniards to visit him.

This young man at last accepted the invitation, thinking himself quite safe. He was persuaded to let himself be carried over a river. In the midst of it, those that bore him dropped him into the water and held him there so long that he was drowned.

They then brought the breathless body to the shore, but could not persuade themselves that he was dead. They called him repeatedly by name, saying, "Salcedo, get up! it is not our fault that you fell into the river." They watched the corpse three days, till it began to decay.

This was reported to the cazique, but he was so far from giving credit to it, that he sent others to see if Salcedo did not rise when called. At last he went to view the body himself, but this did not satisfy him; he ordered it to be watched still longer, till it was in such a state as to remove all doubt.

The natives now began to think that their masters were mere mortals like themselves; the consequence of which, was a general insurrection a short time after.

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Winter Sport.

Down, down the hill,
How swift I go!
Over the ice
And over the snow!

A horse or cart
I do not fear,
For past them both
My sled I steer!

Hurra! my boy!
I'm going down
While you toil up;
But never frown.

The far hill top
You soon will gain,
And then, with all
Your might and main,

You'll dash me by,
While, full of glee,
I'll up again
To dash by thee!

So on we glide:
Oh, life of joy!
What pleasure has
The glad school boy!

From Parley's Picture Book.

Clouds.

How beautiful are the clouds at morn! they look like ruby gems set round with gold; and the lark mounts towards them, and sings as if he were at heaven's gate.

How bright are the clouds at mid-day, when high in the sky they hang, and show their pearly whiteness in the azure sky!

At sun-set they again are beautiful, and in the far west they take all hues and forms. Sometimes they look like towers and castles, high thrones and lofty palaces, of topaz and of gold.

At night, when the moon shines on them, they look fair and white, and pure; and when all is hushed and still, they seem like a flock of little lambs asleep.

Yet what are clouds but vapors?—soon they pass away, soon they change: now they become dark with tempest; now they swell in storm; but then the bow of mercy is seen, and nature, in the midst of showers, is cheered.

Life is like a cloud, fleeting and changeable: to-day it is gay and bright, to-morrow it is dark and full of gloom; yet again the sun shines upon it, and it sinks to its rest in peace.

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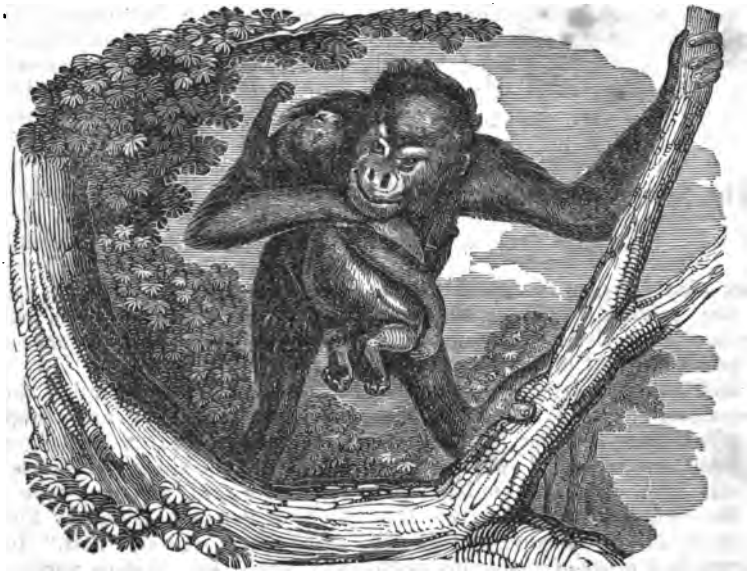
What gives to the clouds their brightness and their beauty? it is the sun that lights them, gilds them with his beams, and paints them with his smiles.

What gives to life its glory? it is the smile of Him who formed the clouds to water the earth with rain, and to refresh all plants and herbs.

It is He who gives to life's morning its bright joys; who in manhood's prime, exalts us and sustains; who in the storm and darkness, like the rainbow, smiles upon us; and who, at even time, when death would draw his curtains round us, brightens the soul with hope.



Orang-Outang.

This animal possesses a countenance more nearly allied to man than that of any other. The frame is less like the human frame than that of the chimpanse, a large species of ape found in Africa. It is capable of walking nearly erect, but the usual gait on the ground is like a cripple who supports himself on his hands, and draws his body forward. It is probable that it seldom walks on the ground in its native state, its home seeming to be on the trees.

A young orang-outang was brought to Boston, in 1831, from Borneo, and was exhibited in the country for nearly two years, when it died. It had very much the appearance of an unhappy little negro, who was sick of the world, and wished to have as little to do with its inhabitants as possible. Another species was brought here recently, which also died.

The orang-outang belongs to the family of apes; it has four hands, long arms,

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long fingers, with a thumb on each hand; all the fingers and the thumbs of the four hands are furnished with nails. He is covered with a thin coat of reddish-brown hair. He lives upon fruits, and in a wild state is fierce and formidable, being sometimes six or seven feet tall. When tame, he appears to acquire a quiet disposition, and has a grave, melancholy air. He is easily taught to sit in a chair, to drink in a cup, and to perform many actions in imitation of those around him. In the island of Borneo he grows to the size of a man: he then appears to possess great strength, and sometimes he is very savage.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ship Czarina continued to pursue her southerly course, and soon came in sight of Corea, a large peninsula, separated from China by the Yellow Sea, and from the Japanese islands by the straights of Corea. It is four hundred miles long, and one hundred and fifty broad, and inhabited by a tall, brave and polite race, who appear to live much after the fashion of the Chinese. The country is finely cultivated, and though traversed by a range of mountains, many portions are very fertile. Kingkitao, an inland town, is the capital. The king of Corea pays a small tribute to the emperor of China, but he is in most respects independent. The government here appears to exclude strangers from the country with the same jealous care, as in China and Japan.

Sailing forward in a southerly direction the vessel soon came near the Loo Choo islands, the largest of which is sixty miles long. It would seem that these islands possess the most delightful climate in the world. Fanned by perpetual sea-breezes, they are alike free from the frosts of winter and the scorching heat of summer. The soil is prolific, and the vegetation is of the most luxuriant kind.

But the people of these islands are the most interesting objects of observation. The captain of the Czarina went ashore upon the great Loo Choo, and Suvarrow and Alexis were permitted to accompany him. They found the people not more than five feet high, very fat, and with a smooth, oily skin, of a copper color. Their houses were low, and built in the Chinese fashion. The people seemed the most cheerful and happy creatures imaginable. They were very polite to the captain and his party, and gave them a feast of roasted dogs, monkeys and cats. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the country. Though it was now winter, still the whole extent of the landscape was nearly as verdant as spring. The high state of cultivation gave the island the appearance of a vast garden.

Alexis and Suvarrow left this lovely island and these gentle people with great regret, and proceeded, with the captain, to the ship. Their course was still southward, and they soon came in sight of the large island of Formosa, a name which signifies "fair." It belongs to China. The western portion of it is very fertile and inhabited by a civilized people. The eastern part is rugged and mountainous, and is occupied by savages, who tattoo their skins, sleep in caves on beds of leaves, and have scarcely any clothes or furniture.

While the ship was passing by the island, the Russian merchant asked Alexis if he had ever heard of Psalmanazar. To this the youth replied in the negative; but expressing a desire to hear the story, the merchant related it as follows:

"The extraordinary man, who called

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himself Psalmanazar, is supposed to have been a native of France, but this is not certainly known. He obtained an excellent education in some of the colleges of the Jesuits; and at an early age he stole a pilgrim's cloak from a church, where it had been dedicated, and putting it on, travelled about as a pilgrim, and lived upon the charity he thus obtained.

"After this, he put on another disguise, and pretended to be a native of Japan. Not succeeding very well in his scheme, he went to another place, and there passed himself off as a native of Formosa. In this character he went to Liege, in Belgium, and there being met with by an English clergyman, who was duped by his plausible story, he was converted to Christianity, baptized, and formally admitted into the church!

"The conversion of so able and extraordinary a man was esteemed a great thing, and accordingly, as he went to London soon after, he easily obtained the patronage of Compton, the bishop of London. Under his auspices, Psalmanazar became one of the greatest objects of interest and curiosity, especially among learned men. He lived in the house of bishop Compton, and was greatly sought after and flattered by persons of high rank and station. All this time, he pretended to be very pious, but to keep up his imposition, he affected a little of the wild man too, and fed upon raw flesh, roots and herbs.

"Things went on very well with him, and so he set to work and made up a language, which he called the Formosan! He even translated the church catechism into this fictitious lingo; and finally he wrote a history of Formosa out of his own brains!—Such was the ingenuity of his trick, and such the credulity of the public, that this quickly passed through two editions, few or none doubting that it was all a genuine relation of real events. But at last some inconsistencies were detected in the history; suspicions were excited; the learned Formosan was charged with his imposition; and being thus detected, he confessed his guilt. He lived a number of years in London after this—and though fully exposed, he devoted himself to writing books, and greatly assisted in preparing a famous work entitled a 'Universal History.' He professed to be penitent for his imposture, and lived in an exemplary manner. He wrote a life of himself, in which he told the story of his deception, and died in 1763."

Leaving the Chinese Sea to the right, the navigators now turned to the east, and were soon upon the bosom of that mighty sea—the Pacific Ocean. In a few weeks they came to the Ladrones, a group of islands, inhabited by an interesting race of people, who appeared to have made farther advances in civilization than most of the barbarous tribes who occupy the islands of the Pacific. When first discovered, in 1512, the islands were quite populous, the whole number of inhabitants amounting to forty thousand. They are now reduced to five thousand.

Leaving the Ladrones, and passing by various other groups of islands, our voyagers at length approached the Fejee islands, which are situated nearly in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. At one of the largest of the group, called Paoo, the captain concluded to stop for a short time, for the purpose of obtaining fresh water. The vessel was accordingly brought to achor near the land—and the captain, with two or three of the officers, the Russian merchant, and about a dozen men, went ashore.

Here they were met by some of the natives, who invited them, by signs, to visit the king, at a short distance. To this the party agreed, and were led for-

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ward about a mile, where there was a considerable village, at the head of a small bay. As the strangers approached this place, their attention was drawn to a considerable vessel, built in the fashion of a canoe, coming up the bay. She had tall masts, and four ranges of spars across them, to each of which were suspended a great number of figures bearing a resemblance to the human shape.

The margin of the bay was soon crowded with the natives, all eagerly awaiting the arrival of the canoe, and seemingly excited by some event of great and animating interest. The strangers paused on the brow of a hill near the bay, for they began to be surrounded with multitudes of the savages. The Fejee vessel soon came to the shore, and now the captain and his friends could easily see that the images which decorated the spars of the savage vessel, were human bodies—the upper tier consisting of infants—the second of larger children, the third of women, and the fourth of men! It appeared that the king and his warriors had been to wage battle against a neighboring island, and these mangled bodies were the trophies of victory which they bore back with shouts of triumph and rejoicing.

No sooner was the Fejee king informed of the visit of the Russian captain, and his company, than he marched to his cabin, and there awaited the strangers. Here a short interview took place, during which the Russians observed that a crowd of warriors were gradually surrounding them. Alarmed at this, the captain begged leave of the swarthy prince, to withdraw, when a sudden signal was made, and the Fejee warriors set up a wild yell, and brandished their weapons in the air, with a fierce and threatening aspect. It was clear that an attack was about to follow, and it was to be the onset of hundreds against little more than a dozen men.

It was a fearful moment—and even the Russian officers seemed to quail before the dark and lowering throng of armed men that hemmed them in on all sides. The hope of escape appeared to be utterly vain; and by degrees they were making up their minds to sell their lives as dearly as they might—when an incident occurred which suddenly changed the whole aspect of the scene. The Russian merchant had taken the precaution, before leaving the ship, to arm himself with a brace of pistols, which were stuck in his belt, and a dagger, which he had swung at his side. Seeing the imminent danger which now threatened his party—he sprang forward like a tiger, seized the king, hurled him to the ground, and holding his pistol to his face, threatened him with instant death. At the same time, he required him, by signs, to command his men to depart. The king, utterly confounded at the whole manœuvre, did as he was required; the warriors drew back, and the Russians made a hasty retreat—leaving their savage foes to recover at leisure from their panic. Scarcely had the party reached their boat, when the throng of savages came roaring after them, like a foaming tide fretted by a rocky beach.

The Russians soon gained their vessel in safety—and were glad to take leave of the island of the Fejee king. Nor did the captain fail to express his gratitude to the fur merchant, who had saved his life and the lives of his companions by his prompt skill and manly daring. The event indeed was noticed by all on board, and from that time the fur merchant became an object of notice, and all seemed to see something extraordinary about him.

I cannot undertake to tell all the details of the voyage of the Czarina, in

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her passage homeward. My readers must be content to hear that, after touching at various islands in the Pacific Ocean; after doubling Cape Horn, crossing the Atlantic, and stretching far to the north, she at length passed through the British channel, entered the North Sea, traversed the gulf of Finland, and approached the city of Cronstadt, a port about twenty miles from St. Petersburgh, where vessels of war always stop, it being impossible for them to reach the city on account of the shoals.

It was now about a year since the vessel had left Okotsk, and at least eighteen months since Alexis had parted with his father and sister at Tobolsk. He expected to find letters from them at St. Petersburgh; but what mingled emotions agitated his heart as he approached the mighty city that was now before him! What hopes and fears—what ardent desire—and yet what apprehension lest it should all end in learning that some fearful calamity had befallen those he loved—alternately took possession of his heart.

In this agitation, Suvarrow participated to a considerable degree. Although he always spoke cheeringly to Alexis, in respect to his father and sister, he could not deny to himself, that there were causes of uneasiness. He feared that the misfortunes which had befallen the noble-hearted Pultova—misfortunes which alike extended to his country and himself—had broken his heart, and, added to the weight of years, had borne him down to the grave. This apprehension was founded partly upon his own observation before he left Tobolsk, and partly upon the last letters which Alexis had received from his father and sister.

Nor was this his only source of uneasiness. A shadowy fear—a dim suspicion of Krusenstern, the commandant of the castle at Tobolsk, on account of his attentions to Kathinka, had sprung up in his bosom, before he left that place, and by degrees it had grown into an active feeling of distrust and jealousy. He knew the man to be profligate and base, capable of carrying into execution any wickedness his heart might suggest. Suvarrow's mind had dwelt much upon this subject during his long voyage; and in the absence of other occupations, he had woven a variety of little circumstances which he had noticed in the conduct of Krusenstern, into a consistent web of proof, sufficient to satisfy himself that the Russian officer harbored some evil design against the daughter of the Polish exile—and who now seemed dearer to him than any other earthly object.

While thus Alexis and his young friend had these common sources of uneasiness, there was still another, which affected them in no small degree. Alexis knew the secret of the mysterious merchant, and as he had become deeply interested in his behalf, he trembled when he thought of the probable fate that awaited him on his arrival at St. Petersburgh. He knew the stern and relentless character of the emperor Nicholas in dealing with matters of state policy; and he could not doubt that the unauthorized return from exile of so important a personage as the Polish count Zinski, and that too in disguise and on board a Russian ship of war, would be punished according to the bloody code of the Czars. Impelled by his fears for the safety of one whom he now loved as a friend, he urged the count, and almost with tears, not to take the rash step he meditated, which was immediately to report himself to the emperor; but, rather to seek concealment for a time; to make his situation known to the princess Lodoiska, and trust to her mediation in his behalf. These suggestions, though kindly received, seemed

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to have little effect upon the determined purpose of the count.

While such were the feelings of Alexis, in respect to the count, those of Suvarrow, though of a lively nature, were somewhat different. He had not been told the real name and character of the merchant—for Alexis had kept his friend's counsel in good faith; but still, the bearing of the stranger, though in general harmonizing with the part he was playing, in a multitude of instances, and especially in the affair of the Fejee islands, betrayed the fact that he was not what he would seem to be. Suvarrow was not alone in remarking this—for the captain of the ship, and the other officers had come to the same conclusion. Suvarrow had often heard them expressing their suspicions, and more than once he had listened to the suggestion that the seeming Russian merchant was the Polish count Zinski.

Under these circumstances, Suvarrow had a severe struggle between his feelings and his sense of duty. He was a Russian officer, and bound by every tie of honor to act with fidelity to the government. Could he let such a secret as this, in respect to the count, pass by, without communicating his knowledge to the emperor? While he was thus debating the question in his own mind, he was summoned to the apartment of the captain, where he found the officers of the ship assembled, together with Alexis and the count. The latter soon after rose, and addressed the captain as follows:

"Before we part, my dear sir, I have an apology to make to you and these gentlemen. It is to hear this apology that I have requested you to meet me here. I have practised a disguise, I may almost say, an imposition, upon you all. I am not a Russian merchant—but the disgraced and banished Count Zinski. I have taken this step, merely to reach St. Petersburgh. We are now approching the city, and my object being accomplished, it is due to you and my own character to remove the mask under which I have sought and obtained your kindness and courtesy. Do not fear that either your character or mine shall suffer for this; my purpose is fixed: I shall forthwith surrender myself to the emperor." "Here," said he, addressing the captain, while he held a paper in his hand, "is a statement of my return: this I shall entrust to Alexis Pultova, who will bear it to the emperor. As is your duty, captain, I have to request that you will place me under a guard, that I may remain in security on board your vessel, at Cronstadt, till the will of his majesty is known. At the same time, my wish is, that my real name may not be exposed. Indeed, captain and gentlemen, if it be compatible with your sense of duty and propriety, I could wish that my whole story might for the present be held in reserve, as a matter only known to ourselves."

As the count finished, the captain rose, and grasping his hand, was about to speak—but his voice was choked, and the tears gushed down his cheeks. In a moment, however, he recovered and said—"My dear count, I will do as you request, for I know that this is as well my duty, as your interest; I would not encourage false hopes—but, sir, I am indebted to you for my life, and for the lives of many of these friends around me. But for you, our career had ended ingloriously, at the island of Paoo. You shall not suffer for the want of due representation of this service rendered to us and to the country. If it can avail, we will go down on our knees, or lay down the lives which your gallantry purchased."

The vessel at last approached the frowning castle of Cronstadt, and was saluted with a discharge of cannon

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which shook the sea to its bed and made even the stout ship stagger in her path. This was returned by the vessel—and soon after she entered one of the docks provided for the Russian fleet.

After taking an affectionate leave of the count, and other officers, Suvarrow and Alexis set out immediately for St. Petersburgh, where they arrived late in the evening. The latter proceeded immediately to the place where he expected to obtain letters from Tobolsk; but judge of his disappointment to find that none awaited him! With a heavy heart he returned to the hotel where he had taken lodgings—but as he was about to ascend the steps, his arms were seized by a rough, strong hand, and turning suddenly round, he recognised the well-known features of old Linsk!

Story of Philip Brusque.

CHAPTER XIII.

The little nation of Fredonia, was now in a happy and prosperous condition. It is true that they had not the means of living luxuriously, but still they possessed all that was necessary to comfort. It must be remembered that they had no such things as axes, saws, knives, nor any of those tools made of iron, which are so common with us, and which are so useful in many ways. It is with iron tools that we cut down trees for fuel, for houses, and furniture: it is with tools of iron that we make all the machines by which we cultivate the earth, and weave cloths of every kind. It is, therefore, by means of iron, that we, in civilized society, obtain furniture, food and dwellings. So important is this metal in the affairs of life, that one of the greatest distinctions between civilized and savage nations, is that the former possess it and know its use, while the latter are generally destitute of it. Iron is therefore much more important than gold or silver—for nations may possess the latter, while they are yet barbarous. The Indians of Mexico and Peru had abundance of gold and silver, when discovered three hundred and fifty years ago; yet they had no iron, and therefore no good cutting tools. Accordingly, they had no very fine or perfect manufactures.

Some circumstances occurred at Fredonia, which made the use of iron very apparent. In building their houses, and making their furniture, the people of the island often wished they had saws, and axes, and planes. How much time these tools would have saved! They were obliged to use sharp stones for cutting down trees and shaping them, as they desired. It, therefore, often took a man a week to do a job, which he might have performed much better in an hour, with a carpenter's axe.

Well, after a time, as Piquet was fishing one day, he saw a piece of timber floating in the sea at some distance. Being curious to know what it might be, he swam out to it, a distance of near a mile, and you may guess his surprise to find that it was a log of wood, in the end of which was stuck a carpenter's axe! It had evidently fallen from the deck of some vessel; and as the axe was exceedingly rusty, it must have been in the water for several months.

Piquet managed, with a great deal of labor, to push the log, with the axe, to the shore. He then carried the latter to the village, and it is not easy to tell what an excitement the event produced. "Piquet has found an axe!"—was shouted from house to house: "an axe! an axe!" was echoed from hill to hill. The inhabitants came running together—men women and children,—and there stood Piquet, holding up his trophy, more

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proudly than did David the head of Goliah!

It was indeed an affair of national importance, and for two or three days after, Piquet was called upon, again and again, to tell the story of the axe. He grew indeed to be a hero, not only among the people, but especially in the fancies of the children and in his own conceit. His narrative, became more and more marvellous every time he told it, and in the space of a couple of years, the wonderful tale of the "Fisherman and the axe," was at least equal to our legend of old Blue Beard.

When the first excitement had a little subsided, the question arose, as to who should be the owner of the axe. Some persons insisted that it belonged to Piquet—he found it, and he was entitled to the fruits of his good luck. Beside, he swam out a mile into the sea, and by risking his life, and making great exertions, he brought it to the shore. It was, therefore, due to him as a reward for his sacrifices and exertions. On the other hand, it was maintained that it ought to belong to the state or the nation, inasmuch as it was found upon the waters near the island, which were said to belong to the people at large. This question produced a good deal of discussion; but finally it was put at rest by the governor, who decided, for the reasons suggested, that the axe belonged to its finder.

From this time Piquet became a great man. He ground up his axe, and such was the demand for it, that he could get a great deal more money, or more pieces of salt, merely for the use of it, than by fishing all day. In the space of a year he had more salt than any other man on the island, and was in fact the richest of the whole society. But it is curious and interesting to remark, that what seemed his good fortune, came near proving his ruin. Finding it unnecessary to work for his support, he grew idle, and then discontented. Some persons suggested that as he was the richest man on the island, he ought to be the governor. This idea having entered into his head, he set about endeavoring to carry the scheme into effect. He gathered around him several partisans, whom he paid liberally in salt, and pretty soon these persons set up quite a clamor against M. Bonfils. They insisted that the latter was despotic, haughty and aristocratic. They found fault with all he had done: and even where his conduct admitted of no reproach, they impugned his motives, and said he had done good only to get honor and glory in the eyes of the people, that he might thus rivet firmly the chains of that despotism which he exercised! They also started a thousand false stories about him, and if one was proved to be untrue, another was immediately invented to take its place.

M. Bonfils did not heed all this, but pursued the even tenor of his way, devoting himself, with all the energy his great age permitted, to the promotion of the public good. But his patriotism was not sufficient to ensure tranquillity. Intoxicated by the flattery of his partisans, and deceived as to the state of opinion among the people, Piquet, at the head of his followers, took forcible possession of the Outcast's Cave, and thence issued a command for all the people to come before him, and acknowledge him as their governor. This summons was so far obeyed that in a few hours all the men of the island were gathered at the cave, and after a while Piquet appeared, and commanded them to acknowledge him as their governor.

This was followed by a general burst of laughter—and Piquet, stung with shame, to find himself thus an object of ridicule, slunk back into the cave. His partisans, finding their position to be

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anything but respectable, deserted their leader, and left him alone. Piquet remained in the cave till it was night; then creeping out, he went straight to his hut, took the axe which had been the source of all his trouble, and ascending a high rock on the border of the ocean, hurled it as far as he could into the sea. The next morning he again took to his hooks and lines, and from that day he quietly pursued the life of a fisherman, declaring that the intoxication of riches was by no means so pleasant as the content attending a career of humble but useful toil.

As I am telling this story chiefly to show how necessary it is to have some established government, and how this contributes to the happiness of society, I cannot detail very minutely the history of individuals. I must not forget to say, however, that Brusque was married to Emilie, and, notwithstanding the part he had taken in the French Revolution, he became a very kind, honest and useful man. He devoted his time to the manufacture of salt, and was thus able to procure all the articles produced on the island, which he needed.

François continued to pursue the life of a huntsman, and supplied the market with goat's flesh and wild game. He had also tamed several of the goats, and some families were beginning to get milk from them. He had also tamed some wild ducks and geese, and from these eggs were now obtained.

Two years soon passed away in Fredonia, and the people were, on the whole, prosperous and happy. Every family had a house, and sufficient land —but now a difference began to appear between their several situations. Some of the houses seemed constantly to grow better; instead of looking old and shabby, they had, month by month, a more agreeable and comfortable look. The furniture also became better; the lands around them grew more and more productive; the gardens were not only more fruitful, but they were stocked with a greater variety of fruits and vegetables.

There were other estates, where a totally opposite state of things was to be remarked. Here the houses were going to decay; they were dirty, and ill-furnished, and the lands were but poorly tilled. All around wore an aspect rather of poverty than thrift.

The causes of these differences were easily to be traced. Those people who were industrious and frugal, had good houses and good farms; every year they advanced a little, and gradually they became rich, comfortable and happy. On the other hand, those who were idle, had comfortless houses, poor furniture, poor farms and poor gardens.

About this period an event occurred which excited great interest in Fredonia, and served eventually to change the prospects of the island in no small degree. Vessels had frequently passed within sight of the place, but never had come near enough to be hailed. But now, on a fine summer morning, a vessel was seen under full sail, passing close to the shore. A signal was immediately raised, and the vessel heaving to, sent her boat ashore.

The captain, who was an Englishman, was greatly astonished at finding such a society on the island, which was generally regarded as uninhabited. He spent two or three days at the place, and supplied the people with a number of articles which they particularly wanted. Among them were a saw, hatchet, hammer, auger, several gimblets, a quantity of nails, some knives, and other similar instruments. He furnished them also with two or three books, and several newspapers, which were objects of great interest; for there was nothing of the

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kind on the island. But that which gave the greatest satisfaction, was about a pint of wheat, which happened to be on board the ship, and which was taken by the islanders for the purpose of sowing, so as to obtain the means of making flour bread. After staying at the island a few days, the captain departed on his voyage to China, whither he was bound.

The iron tools were put into the hands of a man who had been brought up a carpenter, and he began to make various articles of furniture, such as chairs, bedsteads and other things, which the Fredonians had been obliged hitherto to do without—or if they had them, they were of a very rude kind. The carpenter was also called upon to make doors and windows to the houses, which before consisted only of rough openings, fastened with a frame-work thatched with palm leaves. In this way a great improvement in the comfort of the people speedily took place.

But that which now became the source of the greatest interest was the building of a little vessel, which was undertaken by Brusque and François. The latter had been brought up on the sea-shore, and was familiar with the construction of vessels of all kinds, from the keel to the top-gallant-mast. Brusque, by his industry and skill, had laid up salt enough to pay the cost of the enterprise. The vessel which they undertook to build was of about seventy tons burthen, to be rigged schooner-fashion—that is, with two masts.

You may well believe that it was no small job to build a vessel, under such circumstances. The want of iron, for making spikes and nails, was the greatest difficulty, but industry and ingenuity can conquer all obstacles. Instead of spikes, pins of hard wood were used. Tar for filling up the seams between the boards, so as to keep out the water, was made from fir trees found on the island; and paint was made of yellow and red earth found on one of the hills, mixed with grease obtained from the goats. Every obstacle was at last overcome, and in about a year from its commencement, the vessel was launched, amid the shouts and rejoicing of the whole nation —men, women and children.

In six months more, the vessel was rigged, and named the Hope. François took command of her, and lifting his broad sail, woven of the fibrous bark of the palm tree, sailed forth upon the sea, in the presence of all the people. You may have seen a more splendid ship—but never did one appear half so beautiful and so wonderful as did the Hope of Fredonia, in the eyes of the admiring spectators, as she scudded before the breeze, on the occasion we describe.

Field Teachers.

"I WILL now tell you of a little boy who determined to be idle:—

"'I do hate my tasks,' said little Robert,—'I wish there never had been a school in the whole world. I think the man that first thought of a school must have been a very cruel, hard-hearted man, and could never have been a child. What is the good of sitting, and spell, spell, spell? First, learn *this* by heart, and then *that;* then say the multiplication table; and then say the pence table; and then the Latin grammar; and then the catechism; and then read; and then write; and then cypher; and then, and then, and then ——. But there is no end to it,' said Master Robert.

"'But there is one good thing,—we can play truant; and so I am off for a ramble, and am determined to be as idle as ever I can be. I am resolved not to

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do anything to-day; I will do nothing but caper, and run, and catch butterflies, and make ducks and drakes in the water, and blow the heads off the dandelions, and kick my hat about for sport, and roll about among the daisies. There, you stupid old spelling-book,' continued he, giving it a toss into a corner,—'go and take your rest there.' If you were as tired of me, as I am of you, we should never see each other again.'

"So saying, little Robert ran out at the garden gate, bounded over the next meadow, leaped over hedge and ditch, up hill and down dell, till, at last, he thought no one would follow him.

"So he leaped, and capered, and rolled on the grass. He took up many a dandelion stalk, and blew off the winged seeds; at last he approached a pond, and began to make ducks and drakes in the water. At this sport he continued for some time, but at last grew tired; he then set himself down in the warm sun. The smell of the flowers and vernal grass quite overpowered him, and so, in a short time, he fell fast asleep.

"No sooner had he fallen asleep than he began to dream. He dreamed that a number of birds, and beasts, and insects, were humming and singing about him, and that they were busied in all sorts of ways. On a tall tree, just above him, he thought he saw a monkey swinging by his tail to and fro, with his arms folded, and looking as if he was half asleep. This monkey very much resembled himself.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz, went a bee, close to his ear, as he thought. 'What makes you so merry, Mr. Bee?' said the little boy. The bee never turned to look at him, but immediately dived deeply into the bell of a flower, and licked out all the honey, and scraped up the wax; then he came out, and dived into another flower, singing all the time. 'What makes you so merry, Mr. Bee?' called out Robert, a second time. 'Because I have got something to do,' said the bee. 'And pray what can you have to do?' the little boy thought he said to the bee. 'Oh! a great deal,' said the bee:—'I have to visit above a thousand flowers this afternoon; I have to go to my hive, and back, a score of times; I have honey to put in my cells, and wax to make, and a great deal to do.' And hum, hum, hum—bum, bum—m-m-m, z-z-z-z-z; and so the bee put its head into another flower.

"'But you seem so merry,' said Robert: 'you seem so merry, Mr. Bee.'

"'That is because I have plenty to do:—

'To work is my delight,
From morning until night.'

"So the bee flew away, and the little boy thought that he got up, and walked, and walked, till he reached a wood. He came to a sunny bank, and sat down upon it. He had not sat long, however, before he felt a smart pinch on his leg, and leaped up in great consternation,—he looked, and saw an ant; it appeared to him as if the ant spoke. 'Go away, you idle boy,' said the ant; 'see what mischief you have done,—you are breaking down our city walls, and destroying our dwellings. Why do you not work as we do?—Look at us!'

"So the little boy looked, and beheld a great number of ants, some bringing small grains and seeds up the steep bank, some scooping out the ground with their paws, some pushing, some pulling, some running hither and thither, but all busy.

"'Why, how you *do* work?' said Robert.

"'Yes,' said the ant. 'Winter will come, you know; besides, we are never so happy as when we are at work,—that is the greatest pleasure we have. Our fathers worked, our mothers worked,

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our little ones work,—we all work here. —There is nobody idle.'

"'Then, if you are so fond of work, you may work by yourselves,' said Robert; so he walked away, and set himself down upon a little hillock, at no great distance.

"Presently he felt the ground shake under him, and heard a slight noise in the earth: a little animal peeped from the turf close by.—'Ha!' said Robert, 'that is a mouse.—No; it is a ——. What is your name, pray?'

"'My name is mole,' said the little animal; 'I am very busy just now, and cannot stop to talk to you. You would oblige me, however, by moving a little further, for I cannot do my work properly if you do not.'

"'Work again?' said Robert.

"'Yes: I have my castle to build; a great many trenches to place round it; a number of galleries to construct, with various outlets, that I may not be caught napping by my enemies. I have plenty to do, I assure you; but the more I have to do, the happier I am. So, go along.'

"Robert moved off, for he began to be ashamed of himself; and, as he passed through the trees, he felt something pass over his eyes;—it was the long thread of a spider, which had just began to form its web. The spider was suspended from the branch of a tree.

"'Little boy,' said the spider, 'can you not find anything better to do than to come and spoil my work?'

"'Work again?' said Robert.

"'Yes,' said the spider, 'I should be sorry to live without work; and, if you will stop a minute, I will show you how I make my web.' So saying, the spider passed his threads from bough to bough; formed it in one place, and tied it in another;—now tightened it;—now made it secure in its weaker parts; and, at last, gave it a shake in every part, to see that it was firm. 'There,' said he, 'that *task is done*, and now for a fat fly for supper.'

"'*Task?*—do not talk of tasks, I pray you,' said Robert.

"'It is no task to me, I can assure you,' said the spider; 'but, have the goodness to stand on one side, if you please, for I see you are not fond of work. If you wont do any good, do not do any harm.'

"'No,' said Robert, 'I came out to play.'

"'Play, play?' said the spider; 'I never heard of such a thing.'

"Robert was glad to get away from the spider, and said, 'You are an ugly looking thing,' and left him. He had not gone far, however, before he saw a beautiful bird, with a twig in his bill. 'Bird,' said he, 'I want to speak with you.' 'I have no time,' said the bird, —'I am busy,—I have my nest to build.'

"Presently a rabbit crept from the underwood, with some dried grass in its mouth. 'Bunny! Bunny!' said Robert. 'I can't stop,' said the rabbit: 'I am particularly engaged.'

"'Well,' thought the little boy, 'everything seems very ill-natured;' and so he wandered to the side of a rivulet, and began to throw pebbles in the water; whereupon he thought a beautiful little boy, with flowing locks, came up out of the spring, and said,—'Why do you disturb me, little boy?'

"'I am only playing,' said Robert.

"'But I have a great deal to do,' said the river sprite, 'and must not be interrupted. I have a long journey to perform; and, although I am only a rivulet now, I shall some day be a river. I have to afford moisture to millions of plants; drink to thousands of animals; to bear heavy burdens; to turn mills; to grind corn; and to do a great number of things. There are few so busy as I

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am;—so, go along, little boy, to some one who has time to idle away.'

"'Then I will go the wind,' said Robert; 'I have heard the wind called the idle wind.' 'Stop,' said the wind, with a violent gust just in his face; 'hold, if you please,—I am not so idle as you think me.'

"'Not idle!—why, what do you do, I should like to know?'

"'I am just going to turn a few hundred mills between this and the sea-coast, and then I have a few thousand ships to convey into port. Besides this, I have to disperse, as I go along, a great variety of seeds. I have also to carry the clouds from one part to the other, that they may discharge their showers in different places; and, then, I exercise the trees, and shrubs, and plants; I do not like to see anything idle.' Thus saying, the wind started off at a rapid rate.

"'Well,' said Robert, 'I am quite tired of talking to all these things, and was it not for the nice, warm, soft, sunshine, I should really think everything was busy; but that seems as if it would be as playful and careless as myself. How it dances and capers in the brook; and how softly it slumbers in the pond.'

"'Not so fast,' said a beam of the sun, which, glancing among the trees, stood like a spirit of light; 'not so fast, little boy, I have more to do than you think for; I have millions of plants to bring forth out of the earth, fruits to ripen, seeds to perfect. I am the least idle of anything; I go from world to world, from clime to clime: now I am melting the ice at the poles, and now bringing to maturity the vegetation of the torrid zone. I am never idle, even in playing on the waters. It is true, I laugh and sparkle on the brooks and rivulets; but this is because I am happy. You thought I was sleeping in the lake;—at that very moment I was busily employed in bringing to perfection a number of water plants and young fish. I am never idle; and, to show you that I am not, I will just take the skin off your nose.'

"So saying, the hot and mid-day sun, which had all this time been scorching little Robert, raised a very fine blister on the bridge of his nose. Robert felt the smart,—he leaped up,—and behold it was a dream!

"Yes, all was a dream, except the last part of it. The sun had, indeed, taken the skin off the little boy's nose; but he had been taught a lesson, which he was not soon likely to forget.

"He went home, therefore; and, as he walked onwards, came to the conclusion, that everything had some task to accomplish,—some duty to perform,—*something to do.* That nothing seemed to live for itself alone; that the idle are sure to get into mischief; and that to *be idle* was to be unnatural. He went, therefore, to his tasks, made up for lost time, soon mastered the Latin grammar and the multiplication table,* and ever afterwards found *something to do.*"—*Martin's Holiday Book.*

The Life and Character of Alexander the Great.

ALEXANDER, the son of Philip, succeeded at the age of twenty to the throne of Macedon, on the death of his father, which took place three hundred and thirty-six years before Christ.

On the night of his birth, the great temple of Diana, at Ephesus, one of the

* There is a corollary to this lesson, which my young readers ought not to forget, namely, that when Adam was placed in *Paradise*, he had *something given him to do*,—to dress the garden, and to keep it.—GEN. ii.

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most wonderful edifices ever erected by human skill, was burnt to the ground by Eratostratus, who madly hoped to perpetuate his memory by the incendiary deed.

The first warlike expedition of Alexander was against the barbarians to the north of his kingdom. During his engagements here, a powerful confederacy was formed against him by the Grecian states; and the Thebans, upon a false report of his death, killed all the Macedonians within the reach of their fury.

Alexander speedily came against their city, took it, and utterly destroyed it: six thousand of the inhabitants were slain, and thirty thousand were sold for slaves. This dreadful example of severity spread the terror of his arms through all Greece, and those who had been opposed to him were compelled to submit.

A general assembly of the states of Greece was now summoned at Corinth. Alexander, as heir of his father, was made generalissimo against the Persians, and he immediately commenced preparations for the momentous expedition.

Alexander set off with an army of only thirty thousand foot, and five thousand horse, and provisions for a single month. He crossed the Hellespont, and marched through Asia Minor, towards Persia. Darius Codomannus resolved to crush at once this inconsiderate youth, and met him on the banks of the Granicus, with one hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand horse. The Greeks swam the river, their king leading the van, and attacking the astonished Persians, left twenty thousand dead upon the field, and put to flight their whole army. Darius was left almost alone in his lofty chariot; he had but just time to get on horseback, and gallop away from the battle.

Alexander now sent home his fleet, leaving to his army the sole alternative, that they must subdue Asia, or perish. Prosecuting their course for some time, without resistance, the Greeks were attacked by the Persians in a narrow valley of Cilicia, near the town of Issus. The Persian host amounted to four hundred thousand, but their situation was such, that only a small part could come into action, and they were defeated with prodigious slaughter. The loss of the Persians was one hundred and ten thousand, that of the Greeks very inconsiderable.

After the battle of Issus, Alexander besieged Tyre, but the Tyrians resisted him with great bravery for seven months. At length, the city was taken by storm, and thirty thousand of its population were sold for slaves, and two thousand were crucified upon the sea-shore, for no other crime than that of defending the country from an invader. The shocking cruelty of Alexander to this city, stamps him with eternal infamy.

Incensed with the Jews for not sending supplies to his army, when besieging Tyre, Alexander marched to Jerusalem, resolved upon its ruin. Jaddus, the high priest, and all the other priests of the temple, proceeded from the city to meet him, and to implore his mercy. Alexander no sooner saw the venerable procession, than he paid the high priest all the tokens of profound respect, and left them in satisfaction and peace, without the least molesting the temple or the city.

The whole of Syria had submitted to Alexander; Gaza had followed the fate of Tyre; ten thousand of its inhabitants were sold into slavery; and its brave defender, Belis, was dragged at the wheels of his victor's chariot,—an act far more disgraceful to the conqueror than to the conquered.

The taking of Gaza opened Egypt to Alexander, and the whole country sub-

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mitted without opposition. Amidst the most incredible fatigues, he led his army through the deserts of Lybia, to visit the temple of his pretended father, Jupiter of Ammon. When intoxicated with the pride of success, he listened to the base flattery of the priests; and, upon the foolish presumption of his being the son of that Lybian god, he received *adoration from his followers.*

Returning from Egypt, Alexander traversed Assyria, and was met at Arbela by Darius, at the head of seven hundred thousand men. Peace, on very advantageous terms, was offered by the Persians, but was haughtily rejected. The Persians were defeated at Arbela, with the loss of three hundred thousand men, and Darius fled from province to province. At length, betrayed by Bessus, one of his own satraps, he was cruelly murdered, and the Persian empire submitted to the conqueror, B. C. 330.

After the battle of Arbela, Alexander marched in triumph to the cities of Babylon, Susa, and Persepolis, where he found amazing treasures. Excited by intemperance, and instigated by a wicked woman, he set fire to the magnificent palaces of the Persian kings, that no one should enjoy them but himself.

Alexander, firmly persuaded that the sovereignty of the whole habitable globe had been decreed him, now projected the conquest of India. He penetrated to the Ganges, defeated Porus, and would have proceeded to the Indian Ocean, if the spirit of his army had kept pace with his ambition; but his troops, seeing no end to their toils, refused to proceed. Indignant that he had found an end to his conquests, he abandoned himself to every excess of luxury and debauchery.

Returning again to Babylon, laden with the riches and plunder of the east, he entered that celebrated city in the greatest pomp and magnificence. His return to it, however, was foretold by his magicians as fatal, and their prediction was fulfilled.

Giving himself up still further to intoxication and vice of every kind, he at last, after a fit of drunkenness, was seized with a fever, which at intervals deprived him of his reason, and after a few days put a period to his existence; and he died at Babylon, on the 21st of April, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of twelve years and eight months, of the most brilliant success.

His death was so sudden and premature, that many attributed it to poison. Antipater has been accused of administering the fatal draught, but it was never proved against him.

In the character of Alexander we shall find little to admire. In the early part of his career he had shown many excellent and noble traits of character; but he met with such great and continual success in all his undertakings, that his disposition was ruined by it. At last he began to think himself something more than mortal, and made himself a god.

Yet so far was Alexander from being a god, that some of his actions were unworthy of a man. One of his worst deeds was the murder of Clytus, an old officer, who had fought under King Philip. He had once saved Alexander's life in battle, and on this account he was allowed to speak freely to him.

One night, after having become intoxicated, Alexander began to brag of his own exploits, and he spoke more highly of them than old Clytus thought he deserved; accordingly he told Alexander that his father, Philip, had done much greater things than ever he had done.

The monarch was so enraged, that he

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snatched a spear from one of his attendants, and gave Clytus a mortal wound; but, when he saw the old man's bloody corpse extended on the floor, he was seized with horror:—he had murdered the preserver of his own life!

Alexander's remorse did not, however, last long. He still insisted on being a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon; and he was highly offended with a philosopher, named Callisthenes, because he refused to worship him: for no other crime, Callisthenes was put into an iron cage, and tormented, till he killed himself in despair.

After Alexander's return from India to Persia, he met with a great misfortune,—it was the loss of his dearest friend, Hephestion, who died of a disease which he had contracted by excessive drinking. For three days afterwards Alexander lay prostrate on the ground, and would take no food.

He erected a funeral pile of spices, and other precious materials, so that it was as costly as a palace would have been. The lifeless body of Hephestion was then placed on the summit. Alexander then set fire to the pile, and stood mournfully looking on, while the corpse of his friend was consumed to ashes.

It would have been well if he had taken warning by the fate of Hephestion: but Alexander the Great was destined to owe his destruction to the wine-cup, the bane of more heroes than one.

There was once a certain pirate, who made great havoc among the shipping of the Mediterranean Sea. He was taken prisoner by the Macedonian soldiers, and brought before Alexander, who asked him by what right he committed his robberies. "I am a robber by the same right that you are a conqueror," was the reply: "the only difference between us is, that I have but a few men, and can do but little mischief, while you have a large army, and can do a great deal."

It must be confessed, that this is the chief difference between some conquerors and robbers.—*Treas. of Knowledge.*

Varieties.

Truth has been thus eloquently described by a writer who lived upwards of two hundred years ago:

"Truth is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity; she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom; she is the brightness of honor, the blessing of reason, and the joy of earth; she is the angel's worship, the saint's bliss, and martyr's crown; she hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart. Her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never fails, and her faith never fears. She is honored in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved."

Honey Moon. Though this phrase is in common use among us for the first month after marriage, yet its derivation is not commonly known. Its origin is from a custom of the Teutones, an ancient people of Germany, who drank mead, or metheglin, a beverage made of honey, for thirty days after every wedding.

A wild man of Oronoko, in South America, said to a priest, who was urging him to forsake his gods, "Thou keepest thy God in thy church, as if he were sick and needed thy care; our God is on the mountain top, directing the storm, and guarding us in the still watches of the night."

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MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 6.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Conclusion.*)

Leaving New York with my "two friends," as Bill called them, I proceeded to New Jersey, and thence I travelled to Washington. I was well received wherever I went, and though I did not get rich, still I procured money enough to pay my expenses. Having spent some time at Washington, and having seen the President, Mr. Jefferson, and several other famous men, I departed, and travelled through the southern states, and in about a year reached New Orleans.

During the expedition, I saw many new things, and acquired a good deal of information. I also met with many curious adventures; but I cannot stop to tell them here. Having spent several weeks at New Orleans, I set my face northward; and proceeding along the banks of the Mississippi, one day, as I was approaching the town of Natchez, in descending a steep bank, I stumbled and fell, and my box was thrown violently to the foot of the hill. The glass at the top of the box was entirely broken out, and my travelling companions, seeing that they could secure their liberty if they chose, gradually slid out of their confinement, and brandishing their tongues, and rattling their tails, they glided away into a neighboring thicket. In vain did I coax and threaten: neither fear nor affection could stop their progress, and thus suddenly I took leave of them forever. It might seem that a couple of serpents were not the objects upon which the heart is likely to fix its affection—yet I felt a sort of desolation when they were gone, and calling to mind the friend who had bestowed them upon me, and my helpless condition, now that they were departed, I sat down by the road-side, and indulged myself in a hearty fit of tears.

In a short time, however, I recovered my spirits, and entered the town of Natchez. I here took passage on board a small sloop, and in five weeks reached St. Louis—a voyage which is now made, in steamboats, in four or five days. Here I found myself nearly out of money—and seeing that it was necessary to do something, I purchased a small stock of beads and other trinkets, and set off on foot to trade with the Indians, of which there were several tribes in that region. My business was to exchange the goods I carried, for furs. In the first trip, I succeeded so well as to try it again, and finally I became a regular fur dealer, and carried on a considerable trade.

In my excursions, I met with many incidents that might be worth telling;

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but I can only stop to relate one of them. On a certain occasion I had penetrated into the Indian territory, to a considerable distance from any white man's settlement. Having learned something of the Indian manners and customs, and a few words of their language, I almost felt myself at home among them, particularly as some of the men spoke English. It was not, therefore, a cause of any anxiety, at the time to which I refer, that I was obliged to seek lodging in one of their villages.

It was a beautiful summer night, and I slept alone beneath a hut of skins. About midnight I was waked by a slight noise, and saw the dark figure of an Indian, about to enter the hut. I started in some alarm, but he put out his hand in token of peace, and begged that I would listen to a request which he had to make.

He sat down by my side, and stated that he loved a dark-eyed girl of the tribe, but that she would not return his affection. He was the bravest of the young chiefs in battle, as he said: the swiftest of foot in the race; the strongest in wrestling; the most successful in hunting—and yet the maiden, Zary, refused to become his wife. In this condition, he begged me to give him some charm by which he could conquer the heart of the girl, and persuade her to yield to his suit. I had, among my wares, a pair of ear-rings about three inches long, set with glass of various colors—green, red, and yellow. These I gave to the chief, and told him to present them to Zary. He thanked me after his Indian fashion, and went away. I did not know the result at the time, but I learned it at a subsequent period.

At last, the war with England broke out, and the Indians being incited to hostilities against us, there was no farther opportunity to venture among them. I therefore left St. Louis, and after a variety of incidents, reached New York. Here I spent a few days, and then set off for Salem, where I arrived without accident.

At first, the place seemed a good deal altered. Every house was in fact precisely as I left it, three years before—but still, all seemed on a smaller scale than I had fancied. The roads and lanes were narrower than they had once seemed; the old tavern of the Cock and Bull was not more than two thirds as large, and the meeting-house seemed to me to have shrunken to one half of its former dimensions. But my friends were still the same, at least so far as to be glad to see me. In some few cases, I could see the effect of habitual attendance upon the bar-room, which flourished much the same as ever. This was manifest, by an increased slovenliness of dress; a bloating of the face; a tottling step; an uncertain and staring look, as if the mind wandered; and, in short, a general aspect of degradation both of body and soul.

Raymond was perhaps a little thinner and paler than when I left him; Matt Olmsted seemed absolutely unchanged; but as to my best friend—Bill Keeler—alas! my heart bled to look at him. It was of an afternoon that I reached the village, in the stage-coach. Without making myself known at the tavern to a single individual, I walked to Bill's house, which was at a short distance, and standing by itself. As I approached it, I remarked with pain, that it had a shabby, neglected, and desolate appearance. The garden by its side was overgrown with weeds—the fence was broken down in several places: the gate of the little door-yard was laying flat by the road-side. All had on the appearance of waste and neglect, as if the proprietor cared not for the place.

I was on the point of turning back, but seeing a child at the door, I went up and spoke to it. It looked me in the

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face, and I could see, even in the soft features of infancy, the semblance of my friend. I could not help smiling to note in a child, the features which were so associated in my own mind with the boyish tricks, youthful frolics, and Yankee shrewdness of the father. In a few moments, the mother came to the door, and asked me to walk in. I did so, but she did not recognise me for some time. When I left Salem, she was the picture of ruddy health, and light-hearted happiness; she was now thin and pale, and her countenance told of sorrow. Her house was ill furnished, and had a comfortless appearance.

We went on conversing for some time; at last I enquired for her husband, and thus she recognised me. Soon after, Bill came in. He knew me instantly—but I thought the meeting gave him pain, rather than pleasure. I noticed that he looked poor and shabby, and he seemed to be oppressed with the consciousness of it. However, he soon rallied, and went on talking in his usual way, putting a great many questions, and much faster than I could answer them. "Where's the box and the two sucking doves, Bob? —Mr. Merry—I beg your pardon!—How you have altered! Why, you're grown up complete. Where have you been all this time? Let me see—it's better'n four years since you left us, aint it? I dare say you've been all over the world. Did you go to China, where they have houses made of crockery? Come, tell us all about it."

Thus Bill rattled on, for a time, and at last I left him. The next day at early dawn, I took my way to the mountain. It was autumn, and the leaves had already fallen from the trees. The chilly winds sighed through the branches of the forests that clothed the shaggy cliffs, and seemed to speak of coming winter. The birds had fled, the insects were hushed, the flowers had gone down to their tombs. I could not but feel a sort of melancholy, which in some degree prepared me for the scene which followed.

As I approached old Sarah's cave, I saw her sitting at the door. I went nearer and spoke to her—but she answered me not. I looked again, and perceived that her head was leaning against the rock—her white hair hanging loose upon her shoulders. She seemed asleep, and I spoke again—and again. I took hold of her arm to awake her—but she awoke no more. Alone—with no friend at her side—no one to hear her parting words, no one to say a last prayer—she had departed, and doubtless her spirit had gone to a better world.

I returned to the village and told what I had seen. Some of the inhabitants went to the mountain with me, and we buried the hermitess near the cave which she had chosen as her home. If the reader should ever be passing through the little town of Salem, let him obtain a guide to the mountain, and if he cannot show him the exact site of old Sarah's grave, he will still point out the ruins of the cave, and the shelving rock, beneath which it was built.

After remaining a few months at Salem, finding it necessary to engage in some business in order to obtain the means of living, I again went to New York. But business of every kind was greatly depressed, and finding nothing to do, I turned my attention to the seat of war, along the line that divides the United States from Canada. Setting out on foot, I soon made my way to Fort Niagara, and afterwards to Cleveland, on the southern border of Lake Erie.

About this time, a company of riflemen was raised, chiefly to operate against the Indians, who were very troublesome along the borders of the lake. In this I enlisted, and we were soon marched into the quarter where

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our services were needed. Here we joined a small detachment of American troops, and set out with them to march northward to join the army of General Winchester, then in the vicinity of the river Raizin.

Our route lay through a country consisting alternately of prairies and forests; and as we were passing through one of the latter, we were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians. A smart engagement followed, and several of our party were killed. I was myself wounded in the knee, by a bullet, and falling to the earth, fainted from loss of blood and the anguish of the wound. When I recovered my senses, I was alone, except that one of my dead companions was near me. I attempted to rise, but fell again to the earth.

At this moment, I saw a tall Indian peering through the woods. He saw me, and with some caution came to the spot. He lifted his scalping-knife over my head, and as my senses faded away, I supposed that my last hour had come.

It was long before I was conscious of existence. When my reason returned, I was on a straw bed in an English block-house, where I had been taken by the Indian who found me after I was wounded. It was the young chief whom I had supplied with a charm, some years before, by which, as he told me, he was able to win the heart of the beautiful Zary. As he was about to take my scalp, he recognised me, and with a heart full of gratitude, took me to the fort, and caused me to be attended with the utmost care. These things I learned by degrees, for it was several weeks before I was able to listen to the whole story. When I came fully to myself, I found what I had not before known, that the surgeon of the fort had amputated my leg, as the only means of saving my life. My recovery was slow, and when at last I was able to rise from my bed, it was with the sad consciousness that I was a cripple for the remainder of my days.

Months passed away, and I was again at Salem. There still swung the sign of the Cock and Bull, and there still flourished the tavern. It had lost, indeed, its former character; for the greater part of the travel had been directed from this route, and instead of being the local point for numerous lines of stages, it was now the stopping place of only a tri-weekly stage. But the bar-room was as well filled as ever; and when I returned, I found nearly the same set of persons there who had been accustomed to visit it before. A few indeed were missing; and, on enquiry, I learned that they had all gone down to their graves. Their place was however occupied by others, who bore the same general aspect.

The tavern-keeper who succeeded my uncle, followed his example, and shared his fate. He drank liberally, was called a clever fellow, and died early. His successor, so far as I could judge, was walking in their footsteps. Thus flourished the Cock and Bull. My readers may call it a sad place, but no one thought so then. It was esteemed a good tavern, and there were none to remark its deadly influence. It is true that it was a place where men went to get poison, which took away their reason, brutified their souls, and destroyed their bodies. It was a school where vice and crime were taught; a place which converted many a kind husband and good father into a ruthless savage—and sent down many a noble form to a premature grave. Yet in these days such things were deemed matters of course. Let us be thankful that the deadly influence of the tavern and the grog-shop is now understood.

But poor Bill Keeler—how shall I tell his story! Alas, he too was the victim of the village tavern! He was naturally a kind-hearted, generous fellow—quick-witted, active and ingenious. If any one

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had met him on the highway, and struck him to the earth, and taken his life, he would have been called a murderer. But a tavern-keeper could not only take his life, but degrade his body and soul, and it was a very respectable business! So it was once—thank Heaven it is so no more!

I have not the heart to tell the details of my poor friend's downward steps in the path of ruin. It must be sufficient to say that when I returned to Salem, I found his widow with a large family, struggling against poverty, but with cheerfulness and success. It was for some time a part of the care, as well as the pleasure of my life, to do something for the education of these children. In this occupation I forgot my own sorrows, and I became contented, I may almost say, happy. It is a curious fact that cripples are generally cheerful, and I really believe, that, in spite of what may seem the frown of fortune, their lot is generally brighter than that of the average of mankind. I can at least say, that, though I have seen what is called hard luck in life, it has generally been the result of my own weakness or folly. At all events, I hope my story will show my young readers how many evils flow from the neglect of early advantages; and that a man with a wooden leg, may still be MERRY.

Hualpa discovering the mine.

Discovery of the Mines of Potosi.

THERE are many silver mines in Potosi. They were first discovered by an Indian called Hualpa, who was scampering up the side of a mountain, after some wild animal. Finding that it had jumped up a steep place quicker than he could, and determining to follow it, he laid hold of a branch of a shrub, to assist him in climbing. But instead of assisting him, it broke in his hand, or rather it was torn up, root and all, out of the earth. He was, however, repaid for his disappointment, by the sight of something bright in the hole which the plant had come from. He soon discovered this to be a lump of silver, and he found several small bits sticking about the roots. These he picked up carefully,

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and home he went with great joy. Right glad was he to have found such a treasure.

He returned to the mine whenever he was in want of money; and by-and-by he became so much better in his circumstances, that his neighbors began to wonder at it. So at last he told one of his friends about his discovery, and shewed him the place where the silver was to be found. They went on for some time very peaceably, but at length a disagreement arose, because Hualpa would not tell how he purified the silver. The Indian was so angry at this, that he went and told the whole story to a Spaniard. The mine being once found out, the Spaniards soon took possession of the whole, and the poor Indians got no more of the silver. This was in the year 1545.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER XV.

In a state of extreme agitation, Alexis hurried Linsk into his room, locked the door, then turning round upon him, said to him, almost with fierceness, "Tell me, Linsk—tell me—are they well?"

"Who do you mean?" said the old fur-hunter—scarcely knowing whether Alexis was not out of his head.

"Tell me, instantly," said Alexis, "is he alive?"

"Is who alive?" said Linsk.

"My father—my father," said Alexis, bursting into tears, from apprehensions suggested by the hesitation of Linsk.

"I hope he is," said Linsk, a good deal affected; "I hope he is alive, and well."

"And Kathinka—is she well?"

"I hope so," said Linsk.

"My dear friend—do not torment me thus; see, I am calm! Tell me the whole truth—I will hear it all—I believe I can bear it. If they are dead, let me know it—anything is better than suspense."

"Well, now that's right, be calm and I will tell it all—but you must give me time. In telling a long story, I must manage it just as a crane does an eel—I must swallow the head first, and then go to the tail. If it gets cross-ways, it wont go down at all, you know."

"Go on—go on!"

"Well—now you must know that four months ago I left Tobolsk to come here and sell my furs. As I was coming away, your sister Kathinka ——."

"O, tell me, Linsk—tell me, for heaven's sake, is my sister well?"

"Patience, boy—patience. I hope she is well—let me go on. Your sister Kathinka, as I was coming away, gave me the roll of furs you had sent her, and requested me to seek out the princess Lodoiska, and see that they were safely placed in her hands.

"All this I promised faithfully to do, and departed. When I reached this city, I sought out the princess, and gave her the parcel. There was something in it from count Zinski, whom we saw in the cave of Siberia, and the princess almost went mad about it; she told me to go right back to Siberia, and find the hermit and bring him here, and she would give me a thousand dollars! I should have taken her offer, but that I saw the count in Okotsk, in the disguise of a fur merchant, and doubted if I should be able to find him."

"But my father—my sister?"

"All in due time, master Alexis. When I left Tobolsk, your father was very poorly, and Kathinka used to shed a great many tears about it. At last, Col. Krusenstern, who had seemed to be very kind, told your father that he had got the consent of the Emperor that he and Kathinka should leave Siberia, and

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return to Poland. This put new life into the old gentleman, and he set off with Kathinka for St. Petersburgh. They had money enough, for the colonel provided everything.

"Well, when they got to St. Petersburgh, Krusenstern was there. He immediately caused information to be lodged at one of the police offices, that your father had fled from Tobolsk and was in the city."

"The villain—the villain!" said Alexis, springing to his feet, and unable to contain himself longer.

"Be quiet—be quiet," said Linsk; "you must command yourself. Your father was arrested and hurried to prison, with poor Kathinka. There was no one to appear in their behalf, for Krusenstern kept the matter very quiet. At last I heard what was going on. With the greatest difficulty I gained admittance to the prison. I have heard about angels, master Alexis, but I never saw one till then. Your sister was pale as death, but there was a sweet sunshine upon her face, that seemed to cast a gleam of light through the dungeon. She was sitting by your father, and telling him some pleasant tale, for I saw the old man smile—though the place was very dim."

Alexis wrung his hands and groaned in an agony of impatience—but he still commanded himself so as to allow Linsk to proceed.

"Well—they were delighted to see me; and your sister, taking me apart, told me to go to the princess Lodoiska, and take to her a ring, and tell her that Pultova of Warsaw and his daughter were in prison, and to beg her immediate aid. I went to find the princess immediately, but she was gone to Poland. In the mean time, your father was tried and condemned. In this state of things, Krusenstern, who was in love with your sister, told her that if his love could be returned, he would save her father. She spurned him as if he had been a serpent, and this turned his heart to gall. Now he seems anxious that your father should die, and the fatal day is fixed for a week from to-morrow."

Alexis seemed for a few moments in a state of mind which threatened to upset his reason: but soon recovering himself, his step became firm, and his countenance decided. "Take me," said he, "to the prison, Linsk: I want to see my father and sister without delay." They went to the place, but found that they could not be admitted. What now could be done? "I will go to the emperor," said Alexis—"I will appeal to him."

At this moment the message committed to him by count Zinski, came into his mind. Proceeding to the hotel, he made the most rapid preparations in his power, for proceeding to the palace. This, however, was a work of several hours. At last he set out. Dismounting from the carriage at the gate of the palace, he entered, and as he was crossing the court, a coach with a lady was passing by. At this moment, the horses took fright at some object, and rearing fearfully for a moment, set forward at a full run. They swept quite round the circular court with desperate fury, and were now approaching Alexis.

Springing suddenly upon them, he fortunately seized the bridle of one of the horses, and by his vigorous arm, arrested the progress of the furious animals. While he held them, the driver descended from his box, opened the door of the coach, and the lady, almost fainting from fright, sprung forth upon the ground. Alexis now approached the lady, and was about to offer to conduct her across the court to the palace, when some of the servants, who had witnessed the scene we have described, came up, and gave their assistance. As the lady was moving away, she spoke to Alexis,

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and asked his name. "Alexis Pultova," said he.

"Pultova? Pultova?" said the lady, "Alexis Pultova, of Warsaw?"

"Once of Warsaw, madam, but now of Tobolsk."

"Come, young gentleman," said the lady, seeming at once to have recovered from her fright, "you must come with me." Accordingly, she took the arm of Alexis, and they entered the palace. After passing through several halls and galleries, they came to a small room, which the lady entered and Alexis followed.

It is unnecessary to give the details of the interview. The lady was the princess Lodoiska, who had just returned from Poland. The story of count Zinski was soon told, as well as that of the father and sister of Alexis. The princess seemed at first overwhelmed with the double calamity which seemed to fall like shocks of thunder upon her ear. She saw at once the danger to which Zinski, whom she still loved with devoted attachment, had exposed himself by his rash return: and she also felt the extreme difficulty of controverting the artful and villanous scheme of the wicked Krusenstern, in respect to Pultova and his daughter.

She begged Alexis to delay his interview with the emperor a single day, and promised her utmost efforts in behalf of all those in whom Alexis felt so deeply interested. When he was gone, she went straight to Nicholas, and told him the story of the count, as she had heard it from Alexis. She then told frankly her feelings, and stated the circumstances of their former acquaintance, which have already been detailed to the reader. She then threw herself upon her knees, and begged for the life and liberty of her lover.

We need not say that it was a touching plea—but the emperor seemed unmoved, and positively refused to grant the request. He insisted that the count's crime was one of the highest nature, and it was indispensable that he should receive a signal punishment. "His fate is sealed," said Nicholas, firmly, "and it shall be executed tomorrow. I hope, fair lady, if you do not approve my mercy, you will at least acknowledge my justice."

Baffled and broken-hearted, the princess left the stern monarch, and sought her room. On the morrow, Zinski was taken to the castle of St. Petersburgh, and preparations for his execution seemed to be immediately set on foot. In vain was the petition of Lodoiska: in vain the representations and the prayers of the captain of the Czarina. When Alexis came, and delivered the message of Zinski, Nicholas seemed to feel a touch of emotion; but it appeared to pass immediately away.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the day fixed for the count's execution, there was a heavy sound of musketry in the court of the castle, then a dead silence, and finally a gate was opened, and a coach, briskly drawn, issued forth, wending its way to the palace of the emperor. A man of a noble form, and still youthful, issued from the coach, and was conducted to the audience room of the Czar.

There stood Nicholas—a man of great height, and vast breadth of shoulder, as if he had been made as the very model of strength: at the same time, his countenance, lighted up by a full blue eye, expressed, amid a lofty and somewhat stern look, an aspect almost of gentleness. By his side was the princess Lodoiska.

The stranger entered the hall, and proceeding toward the emperor, was about to kneel. "Nay, count Zinski," said his majesty, "we will not have that ceremony to-day. You have been shot,

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and that is enough. I owe you my life, count, and I am glad of being able to testify my gratitude. I sentenced you to Siberia, expecting that you would petition for reprieve; but you were too proud. I have long mourned over your stubbornness. Your return has given me pleasure, though I could have wished that it had been in some other way. I could not overlook your crime, so I ordered you to be shot—but with blank cartridges. And now, count, what can I do for you?"

"One thing, sire, and but one."

"What is it?—you shall have your wish."

"The restoration of Pultova and his family."

"It cannot be—it cannot be! The rebel has just returned from Tobolsk, like yourself."

"Then, sire, let him be like me—forgiven."

"You are ready with your wit, count—but you shall have your way. I will give immediate orders for the liberation of Pultova; and he, as well as yourself, shall be restored to your estates at Warsaw."

Shooting wild geese.

Wild Geese.

The passage of wild geese to the north commences with the breaking up of the ice; their first appearance in Canada and on the shores of Hudson's Bay, varying with the forwardness of their spring, from the middle of April to the latter end of May. Their flight is heavy and laborious, but moderately swift, in a straight line when their number is but few, but more frequently in two lines meeting in a point in front. The van is said to be always led by an old gander, in whose wake the others instinctively follow. But should his sagacity fail in discovering the land-marks by which they usually

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steer, as something happens in foggy weather, the whole flock appear in the greatest distress, and fly about in an irregular manner, making a great clamor. In their flights, they cross indiscriminately over land and water, differing in this respect from several other geese, which prefer making a circuit by water to traversing the land. They also pass far inland, instead of confining their course to the neighborhood of the sea.

So important is the arrival of geese to the inhabitants of these northern regions, that the month in which they first make their appearance is termed by the Indians the *goose moon*. In fact, not only the Indians, but the English settlers also depend greatly upon these birds for their subsistence, and many thousands of them are annually killed, a large proportion of which are salted and barrelled for winter consumption. Many too that are killed on their return, after the commencement of the frost, are suffered to freeze, and are thus kept as fresh provisions for several months.

Travels, Adventures and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The plain of Lombardy—Inundations of the Po—Padua—First prospect of Venice—Arrival at the city—Description of Venice—Character of the Venetians—Contrast of the Italians with the Americans—Journey to Milan and Turin—The plain of Marengo—Genoa—Leghorn—Return to Boston—General observations on travelling in Italy—Conclusion.

The remainder of our journey to Venice was through a region which exhibited a remarkable contrast to that which we had recently traversed. No mountains nor even hills diversified the face of the country. The whole extent was an immense uniform horizon. We were now in the great plain of Lombardy through which the Po rolls his waters into the Adriatic. For many miles beyond Ferrara the soil was marshy, and instead of fences, there were broad ditches covered with water lilies, which served to keep the cows and pigs from straying into the wrong meadows. These were the first swine that I had seen north of the Pontine marshes; and they were poor specimens of the piggish race, lean, scraggy and weak. Wooden barns and stables—another rarity—also struck my sight here. As we proceeded, the aspect of the country became more and more dreary and monotonous. No villages nor even farm-houses were to be seen. Sheds and fences for cattle were all the structures that relieved the universal flatness of the plain. The road became soft and spongy, so that the sound of the wheels and the horses' feet could no longer be heard. The dikes which extended as far as the eye could reach, like a long green rampart, showed that the country was subject to inundations. In fact, the Po often overflows its banks, and floods whole miles of the neighboring country. In many parts of this alluvial tract are fields of rice, but the cultivation of this article is allowed only to a limited extent, on account of the unwholesome air which the rice plantations are supposed to generate. There were no trees except poplars and willows in long lines on the borders of the ditches: and the most abundant of all living animals seemed to be the frog, which kept up an incessant croaking as we passed.

The sight of the masts of vessels gliding along at a distance beyond an immense line of green wall, apprized us that we were approaching the Po, though we could nowhere discern the current of the river. When we came to that celebrated stream, we found a channel, three quarters of a mile broad, con-

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fined on both sides by artificial banks which rise high over the neighboring plains. The waters of the Po are muddy and turbid like the Mississippi, and every three years a great inundation happens in spite of the dikes. On this account, every house is provided with boats, and at the first fall of the heavy rains, which precede the rising of the river, the inhabitants embark with all their goods, so that commonly little damage is caused except to their dwellings, which are of no great value. The river brings down immense quantities of mud, which are deposited at the bottom here, so that the bed of the stream is continually rising.

Crossing the Po by a bridge, we entered the Austrian territory, and submitted to the usual examination from the custom-house officers, after which we were permitted to proceed. The appearance of the country somewhat improved, but still continued equally flat and unvaried in surface. We passed through Rovigo, a decaying and unhealthy town, and travelled over a sandy district to the Adige, which we crossed by a ferry. Here were a number of floating mills moored in the stream.

Beyond the Adige, the country becomes hilly, and is diversified with pine and cypress trees. A more cheering prospect appeared in the sight of several neat little villages, full of people, which we were glad to behold, after the journey across the dreary and desolate plain behind us. Still more welcome was the sight of the city of Padua, where we arrived at sunset, and put up for the night.

The streets of Padua are lined with long arcades; it has some pleasant green gardens; the walls of the city are grass-grown, and in taking a walk on the top, I could espy the Alps with their snowy summits away in the north. The general appearance of the city is old-fashioned and rusty, and an air of quiet repose reigns in every part. There is a queer-looking old building, which the inhabitants show to travellers, as Livy's house. I should have wondered if they had not done this, even though the whole city had been levelled to the foundation a dozen times since the day of the great historian. We made only a short stay in Padua, and hurried onward to Venice. A few hours' travel brought us within sight of the Adriatic, and I beheld the towers of that wonderful city rising out of the waves "as by the stroke of the enchanter's wand." It is hardly possible to imagine a more singular spectacle: a great city appears to be floating on the water, and you remain in doubt whether the whole is not an optical illusion.

Embarking in a steamboat, we crossed the lagoon or wide expanse of water which separates the city from the main land. No one has heard of Venice, without forming in his imagination a very distinct and vivid picture of that singular place. Many celebrated cities disappoint expectations, but the preconceptions of Venice are never contradicted or dispelled by the actual view. In a few particulars, the previous notions of the place are not realized, but the general idea is fully verified; and there is besides so much that is strange, unexpected, and magnificent, that the grand impression of the scene is stronger than anticipation. We expect to find it a strange place, and so it proves. The sensation of strangeness, too, remains a long while on the traveller: I have known persons who have lived there for more than a year without getting rid of the feeling of novelty which impressed them on their first arrival. Venice may be characterised as a dreamy place, where a man feels habitually in a sort of transition state between the world he formerly knew, and another one.

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On approaching other cities, you hear sounds of life and population, the rattling of wheels, the tramp of footsteps, the cries of the streets. No such sounds here greet the ear. Venice has neither horses, carriages, nor streets. We shot into a canal between two rows of lofty houses; and though I was prepared by previous descriptions for these long lanes of water, yet the reality of sailing through a city, turning corners and passing under bridges, gave me sensations which I find it impossible to describe. After threading what appeared to me an inextricable maze of these narrow passages, we issued at length into the Grand Canal, which, to compare water with land, may be called the Broadway of Venice. It passes in a curved line through the whole city, and is fronted by splendid marble palaces for almost its whole extent. Across this canal is thrown, in a single arch, the lofty bridge of the Rialto. Black gondolas in great number were gliding up and down the canal, and some small feluccas and river craft lay moored at the quays and landing places.

Palaces, churches and other magnificent structures, the common ornaments of Italian cities, also abound in Venice: but there is no end of describing them. Some of the architecture has a sort of barbarian grandeur, strikingly distinct from that of other parts of this country. There are no monuments of classical times in Venice, for the city grew up after the decline of the Roman Empire. Yet the place is full of objects associated in our memories with historical and poetic recollections. The Place of St. Mark, the Palace of the Doge, suggest stirring remembrances of the celebrated Council of Ten and their mysterious doings. No one can cross the Rialto without thinking of Shylock. The great square of St. Mark is the only place in the city where a man feels as if he were upon *terra firma*. It is spacious, paved with stone, surrounded with stately buildings, and overhung with lofty towers and domes. Here the crowd of Venice assemble in the evening, sauntering about in the open space, or sipping coffee and sherbet in the shops. The whole place is in a blaze of light from the multitude of coffee houses which line the arcades. The busy hum of chattering crowds, and the lively strains of music which fill the air, render it almost a scene of enchantment, the effect of which is much heightened by its contrast with the stillness and solitude of the remainder of the city. The commerce of Venice brings hither a great crowd of strangers from all parts of the Mediterranean,—Greeks, Turks, Austrians, Dalmatians, Moors, and all the trading population of Europe.

The gondolas of Venice are familiar to every reader. They are long, narrow boats, with a prow like the neck of a giraffe, and a house in the middle. In this, you may be rowed all over the city, as you would ride elsewhere shut up in a hackney coach. They are cheap conveyances. You may hire one for a dollar a day, and see all the rarities of the city. For lazy people, I do not know a greater luxury. There is no jolting, nor danger of an overturn, or of horses running away. The gondoliers are civil and obliging, and very useful as guides about the city. They used to sing verses of Tasso by moonlight, but this practice is now discontinued;—the world seems to be growing unpoetical everywhere. It was strange to my eyes, as I rowed down the Grand Canal, under the Rialto, thinking of old times and the golden days and glories of Venice, to come suddenly upon an American brig with "*Duan, Boston*," on her stern. Such an apparition amidst the marble palaces of this city of enchantment was the last thing for which I was prepared.

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She had brought out a cargo of cotton, and was loading with corn for the Boston market.

Gondolas are used not only as hackney coaches, but they also serve the same purpose as handcarts, wheelbarrows, and jackasses in other cities. Country people bring their grain to market, pedlers and hucksters hawk about their commodities, in them. If you want an apple, you hail a gondola. Many of them are rowed by women, and they cry their goods in a demi-musical strain. Most of the traffic of Venice is done in a small way, for though it has some maritime commerce, it is inconsiderable for a city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The wealth and population of the place are evidently decaying, and the Austrian government, which prevails in this quarter, is detested by the inhabitants. Many of the palaces are falling to ruin, and the traveller who makes any considerable stay here cannot help seeing proofs that Venice is "dying daily." Yet, in spite of their misfortunes, the Venetians are cheerful and amiable, and form, what is thought by many, the pleasantest society in Europe. Strange contrast with our own country!—where the people, with every material of enjoyment and prosperity within their reach, in the possession of the most unrestrained political liberty, and amidst the benefits arising from popular education and the general diffusion of knowledge—with a free government, a free press, free commerce, and unbridled freedom of speech—are so far from being happy or contented, that we pass the greater part of our time in comfortless disquiet, engaged in the barbarous contests of political faction, in unsocial bickering and rivalries, and in the unprofitable indulgence of those sordid and malignant passions which arise from the abuse of the bounties of Providence!

There is one thing which a traveller may learn by visiting foreign lands; namely, that this western world does not enjoy a monopoly of all the wisdom of the universe;—and that, wise and intelligent and enlightened as we are accustomed to call ourselves, it would do no harm to "see ourselves as others see us," before we attempt to take the first rank among civilized nations. We have yet much to learn and much to do, before we outstrip all other communities in the acquisitions and qualities that render human beings estimable. It is perfectly true, that, as a nation, we possess great advantages, but it is no less true that we have a strong propensity to pervert and abuse them. The good and evil of this world are much more equally balanced than we are apt to suppose. Under tyranny and oppression, the Italians exhibit a cheerfulness and good humor which might put the dissatisfied grumblers of our own land of liberty, to the blush.

Being now compelled to bring my narrative to a close, I shall pass hastily over the remaining portion of my tour. Having satisfied my curiosity with the wonders of Venice, I left that city and proceeded west, along the great plain of Lombardy, to Milan. All the country is cultivated like a garden, and produces the most abundant crops. Everywhere the lofty ridge of the Alps may be seen on the right, like a gigantic wall guarding this rich and beautiful region from the hungry invaders of the North. Yet in all ages this formidable barrier has proved insufficient to preserve Italy from their hostile irruptions. From the times of Brennus and Hannibal, to the present day, army after army of enemies, and swarm after swarm of barbarians have swept over Italy; yet in spite of their ravages, such is the fertility of the soil, such the natural beauties of the territory and the genius of the inhabi-

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tants, that it still remains the fairest country upon earth.

Milan is a splendid city, where every house looks like a palace. As the whole city was levelled to the ground about six hundred years ago, there are no marks of antiquity in its buildings. Its enormous cathedral is a gorgeous structure of white marble. The marble statues that cover it on the outside may be counted by thousands. It was begun between four and five hundred years ago, and finished by Napoleon when king of Italy. Milan, however, though full of splendid buildings, does not interest the traveller like most of the other Italian cities. Its level situation takes away everything picturesque from the prospect, and it compares with Florence as Philadelphia does with Boston.

From Milan I proceeded to Turin. This city stands on the Po, and, like very few other places in Italy, appears to be growing fast. The population has rapidly advanced within a few years; and every year adds to the fine structures with which it is embellished. The greater part of the city is regularly built, with straight streets and uniform architecture. There is a very spacious square fronting on the river, with arcades on the three sides. The breadth and open situation of this fine esplanade, with the beautiful prospect of the fresh green hills across the river, render it one of the noblest squares I ever saw. I remarked a handsome bridge just erected across the Dora, a branch of the Po. It is of a stone very similar to Quincy granite, and springs in one wide arch across the stream. The hills around Turin are lofty and picturesque, covered with vineyards, orchards and every kind of fresh verdure. On the top of the highest and steepest of them all, stands the most magnificent church in the whole country. Why it was built upon a spot hardly accessible by human feet, one is puzzled to guess, till he learns that it owes its origin to a vow of the Duke of Savoy, previous to a victory obtained over the French in 1706. The church was erected on the spot where the Duke and Prince Eugene stood while they laid the plan of the battle. It is a pity the Duke had not the sense to reflect, that a vow of something useful would have been equally acceptable.

Leaving Turin, I journeyed southeast towards Genoa, crossing, in my course, the plain of Marengo, where the battle was fought which decided the fate of Italy and established the government of Napoleon over the French. The Alps are in sight at a great distance, and a soldier would say that this wide plain seemed designed for the theatre of a great battle. A steep and rugged road then led me across the Apennines, and the next day I reached Genoa.

I have no space to devote to a description of this noble city, with its hundreds of palaces. I found it necessary to hurry my departure homeward, and took passage in a Genoese felucca for Leghorn, which place I reached in twenty-four hours. Here I was fortunate enough to find a Boston brig on the point of sailing. I embarked in her, and after a long and boisterous passage, landed on Long Wharf, nine months from the day of my departure.

I will add one thing more which may give the reader a notion of the expense of travelling in this quarter of the world. I spent four hundred and fifty dollars on the whole tour, passage out and home included. I visited every considerable Italian city, and resided a reasonable length of time at all the capitals. I lived as well as I could wish, and paid as liberally for everything as any traveller is expected to do. As far as the common objects of travelling are considered, I think there is no other country in which a man can get so much for his money as in Italy.

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The Two Friends.

THERE were once two little boys, who lived near each other in a very pleasant village, near the new forest in Hampshire, England. The name of one was John, and that of the other Paul.

Paul's father lived in a large house, and kept horses, and servants, and a coach; had a nice lawn and garden, and was, what is called, a gentleman. Paul had a pony to ride on; he had also a great many playthings—tops, hoops, balls, a kite, a ship, and everything he could wish for. He had also fine clothes to wear, and nothing to do but to go to school.

John's father was a poor man, for he had only a little farm to keep him; and John was forced to get up in the morning and look after the cows, feed the pigs, and do a great deal of work before he went to school.

Although John's father was a poor man, he was determined to send his son to the best school in the parish: "for," said he, "if my boy turns out a good lad he will be a comfort to me in my old age."

When John first came to the school to which Paul went, the boys, who were dressed better than he was, all shunned him. They did not like his rough cord jacket, nor his thick hands and coarse shirt. One said, "he shall not sit by me;" and another said, "he shall not sit by me:" so when he went to a form to sit down, the boy who was on it slid himself to the other end.

Poor John did not know what this meant. At last, when he looked at his coarse clothes, and rough hands, and thick shoes, and compared them with those of his school-fellows, he said to himself, "It is because I am a poor boy:" and the tears came into his eyes.

Paul saw what was going on, and he felt for him, and could have cried too; so he went to the form on which the new scholar sat, and said, "Do not cry, little boy; I will come and sit by you: here, take this nice rosy apple: do take it; I do not want it! do, there is a dear little boy."

This made John cry the more; but these were tears of joy, at having found some one to feel for him. He looked at Paul, and sobbed out, "No, no, I thank you." Then Paul put his arm round his neck, and said, "I cannot bear to see you cry;" and kissed him on the cheek.

One of the boys called out, "Paul Jones is playing with apples;" and, in a minute, the usher came up, and, without making any inquiry, took the apple away, and gave Paul a cut with his cane. The apple he gave to the boy who told, for that was the rule of the school. Paul did not mind the cut, because he knew he was doing right.

Then the other boys laughed, and seemed quite pleased; some peeped from behind their slates, which they held before their faces, as if they were doing their sums; and one called out, in a whisper, "Who likes *stick* liquorice?"

John felt as if he could have torn the usher to pieces. "Oh!" said he to himself, "if I was a man, see if I would not give it you!" for he felt it cruel that Paul should be struck for being so kind to him.—(It was, however, wrong for him to wish to take revenge.)

From that time, John felt as if he would have died to serve Paul, and he never seemed so happy as when he could play with him, or sit by him at school.

Some time after this happened, Paul, who had about half a mile to walk to his home, through the green lanes, met some gipsies. There were three of

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them. One said to the other, "Bob, do you see that youngster? He has some good things about him."

So they whispered a little together. At last, one came close to the little boy, and in a moment seized him round the waist, and put his hand over his mouth and nose, to prevent his calling out. They had made up their minds to steal him for his clothes.

So they put him in a sack, and tied a handkerchief over his mouth, and told him, if he made the least noise they would kill him.

After going for some miles, they went aside into a thick wood; and, when they reached the middle of it, they stripped poor little Paul quite naked, left him under a tree, and went off with all his clothes.

It was now very dark, and Paul was very much frightened. When the gipsies were gone, he cried out for help till he was hoarse, and could cry no longer. Being naked, he was very cold, and he crept under a bush, to screen himself from the wind.

When Paul's father found he did not come home, he was very unhappy, and went to look for him; he sent servants, first one way, and then another, but no one could find him. His poor mother too was in great grief. Indeed both father and mother were nearly mad through losing him.

They dragged all the ponds in the neighborhood, went up and down the river, inquired of every one they met, but no one had seen him. John was called up, and said, the last time that he saw him was when he bade him good bye, at the corner of the lane.

The night began to close in, and it grew dark; Paul was not found, and poor John was as unhappy as any little boy could be; he went crying to bed, and when he knelt down to say his prayers, he prayed that Paul might come safe home again. He then went to bed, but he could not sleep for thinking of his kind school-fellow.

At last he leaped out of bed, and said, "I must go and see if he is found —I must go and seek him too." So he slipped on his clothes, let himself out, and fastened the door after him.

At first he did not know what road to take, and he wandered up one lane, and down another. It was very dark at first, so that he could scarcely see where he went. At last the moon rose up, and seemed to cheer him in his search.

So on he walked, looking into every ditch and every pond, going through every little clump of bushes, but to no purpose—he could neither see nor hear anything of poor Paul.

It was about twelve o'clock at night, and he reached the church-yard. Some boys would have been afraid of going into the church-yard, for fear of ghosts. John said to himself, "If the living do not hurt me, I am sure the dead will not; besides, why should I be afraid, when I am doing what is right."

John thought he would have one look in the church porch, so he drew towards it. The old arch seemed to frown on him; and it looked so dark within, it made him shudder, although he would not be afraid. He stepped boldly in, and cried, "Paul, are you there?"

Something started with a loud noise, and bounded by him, calling out, "Halloo! halloo!" and leaped to one of the tombstones. When John looked, he found it was a poor silly boy, whom they used to call Silly Mike; and whose part John had often taken, when other boys used to tease him.

"Ah! Mike," said John, "don't you know me?" The poor idiot knew him directly, and said, "He is in the sack! he is in the sack!—buried in the wood! Dong, dong—no bell go dong, dong."

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After some trouble, John made Mike understand that he was in search of Paul; who kept saying, he was in a sack in the wood: "Gipsy men,—sack in wood;—Mike frightened."

At last John prevailed upon the poor fellow to show him to the wood; for the boy thought it might be that Paul had been taken away by somebody.

So they went on till they came to the wood. Mike led the way. At last they thought they heard a moan. John listened:—he heard it again; he then pushed through the brambles, tearing his face and hands at every step.

He called out, "Paul, Paul?" "Here, here," was faintly said in reply. John rushed to the spot, and there lay the poor little boy, half dead.

John ran and helped him up; he then pulled off some of his own clothes, and put them upon him. Mike then lifted him on his back, and they soon got out of the wood.

Paul's father had been out all night after him. His poor mother had also been searching every place she could think of, and had given him up for lost. They thought he had fallen into the river, and had been drowned.

When the poor lady saw her child borne towards her she could scarcely speak; and, when he leaped into her arms, she fell down in a fainting fit.

Paul's father soon came home, and was rejoiced to see his son. He took John up also in his arms, and pressed him to his heart, for saving his son.

"I offered a hundred pounds reward to any one who would find him, dead or alive," said his father. "You shall have the hundred pounds, my little fellow; nay, more, I will give you the best pony in my stable."

"What for, sir?" said John.

"Why, for being such a brave little fellow."

"No," said John, "one good turn deserves another: you remember the nice rosy apple you gave me the first day I went to school, Paul."

Nothing could prevail upon John, or his father, to take the reward: "To pay my son for doing his duty," said the poor man, "would spoil all."

From this time Paul and John were firm friends, and grew up together like brothers. At last Paul became a very rich man, and John was his *steward.—English Periodical.*

The Selfish Boy.

THE selfish boy is one who loves himself solely, and nobody else; who does not care who he deprives of enjoyment, so that he can obtain it. Should he have anything given him, he will keep it all to himself. Should it be a cake, he will keep it in his box, and eat it alone: sometimes creeping up stairs in the day-time, to munch when nobody sees him; at others, getting out of bed at night, to cram himself in the dark.

The selfish boy likes playthings, but he does not like anybody to touch them: "You shall not bowl *my hoop;* you shall not touch *my bat,*" is constantly on his tongue. He is ever on the watch, to find out if any one has been even near anything of his. He is *restless, anxious, fearful;* he knows it lies at the bottom of his heart to *rob* others, because all selfish boys are *covetous,* and he thinks that everybody will take from *him.*

When he sits down to his writing, if he happen to make a good letter he holds his hand over it, so that no one may copy it. When he has worked his sum, he hugs it up to his breast, for fear any one should be benefitted by knowing how it was done; not that it is right to

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show your sums to others, but this is not his motive.

He obtains knowledge, perhaps works hard for it, but he has no desire for *communicating* it to others. If he should see a fine sight at the window, he calls for no one to share his delight, but feels a pleasure in being able to say, "*I saw it, and you did not.*"

The selfish boy cannot see the good of anything, without he is to be the gainer in some way or other. When *his* interests are concerned, you will see him quite alive, although he was ever so sluggish just before. He sees in a moment what will make to his own advantage, and is, therefore, an adept at chopping and changing, and at making bargains. He knows well enough how to *disparage* (to speak against) his school-fellow's plaything. If it be a knife, he will pretend the spring is bad, and find out a hundred faults; then, when he has made a good bargain, oh! how he chuckles over it, and rubs his hands.

The selfish boy is a great cheat: when he plays marbles he takes care, when an opportunity offers, of kicking his alley nearer to the ring; when he makes a false shot, he will pretend that he was not in earnest, on purpose to get another; when the game is going against him, he will pretend he has hurt his knee or his knuckle, and can't play any more.

The selfish boy is a great braggart; he often says, "I have got this, and I have got that. Aye, you do not know how much money I have got in my saving-box." Sometimes he hints that his father is rich, and he shall have a fortune left him when the old gentleman is dead; and he does not seem to care how soon he dies.

His whole life is a sort of *scramble;* if anything is to be given away, he is the first to cry out, for fear he should lose his share, and the first to grumble when he obtains it. If another boy happen to receive a larger slice at meal-times than himself, he pines over it, and can scarcely contain himself for vexation. He always looks out for the best of everything, and thinks he has a right to it.

Poor boy! he thinks the world was made for him. He never thinks of others. It is no pleasure for him to see others happy; nay, he would sooner make his dearest friends miserable, than deprive himself of anything. He will make no self-sacrifice, I can assure you.

Nay, more than this, if he does not want a thing, he cannot bear that anybody else should enjoy it. This is the last stage of his disease; and thus he is like the dog in the manger, and snaps at every one who comes near him.—What a pretty *man* he will make!—*Martin's Treasury of Knowledge.*

Story of Little Dick and the Giant.

Poor little Dick; what a gay, blithe fellow he was! He used to go singing and whistling about nearly all day: he was always merry, and scarcely anything could make him sad.

One day, little Dick thought he would have a ramble in a large forest, at some distance from his home. He had often been to the sides of it before, but it looked so dark he was afraid to enter.

But Dick was more merry than usual on this day, for the sun shone so brightly, and the flowers looked so lovely, that he sang and whistled till he made the woods ring again. He delighted himself for some time among the trees and flowers; and, at last, seemed quite glad to have found out such a sweet spot.

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There was a clear brook ran through the wood; and the waters looked so clean, that Dicky, being very thirsty, stooped down to drink; but, just at that moment, he was suddenly seized from behind, and found himself in the hands of a great, tall, fierce, ugly-looking giant, a hundred times as big as himself; for Dick was not much bigger than the giant's thumb. The giant looked at him with savage delight; his mouth opened wide, and he made a noise which seemed to Dick quite terrible.

Dick thought the giant would have eaten him up alive, at one mouthful: he did not, however, do this, but took and put him into a large bag, and carried him off.

The poor little captive tried all he could to get out of the bag, but to no purpose,—the giant held him fast. He screamed, he struggled, he tried to tear a passage—the giant laughed, and carried him quite away.

At last the giant came to his house—a gloomy looking place, with a high wall all round it, and no trees or flowers. When he got in he shut the door, and took Dick out of the bag.

Dick now thought his time was come. When he looked round he saw a large fire, and before it hung four victims like himself, roasting for the giant's supper.

The giant, however, did not kill Dick; he took him by the body, and gave him such a squeeze as put him to great pain; he then threw him into a prison which he had prepared for him. It was quite dark, and iron bars were all round it, to prevent his getting out.

Dick beat his head against the iron bars; he dashed backwards and forwards in his dungeon, for he was almost driven mad. The giant gave him a piece of dry bread, and a drop of water, and left him.

The next day the giant came and looked, and found that Dick had eaten none of his bread; so he took him by the head, and crammed some of it down his throat, and seemed quite vexed to think he would not eat. Poor Dick was too much frightened to eat or drink.

He was left all alone in the dark another day, and a sad day it was; the poor creature thought of his own home, his companions, the sun-light, the trees, and the many nice things he used to get to eat; and then he screamed, and tried to get between the iron bars, and beat his poor head and limbs sore, in trying to get out.

The giant came again, and wanted Dick to sing, the same as he sung when he was at home, and to be happy and merry. "Sing, sing, sing!" said he: but poor Dick was much too sad to sing—a prison is no place to sing songs in.

The giant now seemed quite in a rage, and took Dick out to make him sing, as he said. Dick gave a loud scream, a plunge, a struggle, and sank dead in the giant's hand.—Ah! my young reader, poor *Dick* was a *little bird*, and that *giant* was a *cruel little boy*.—*Holiday Book.*

The Flowers.

When we walk in the *fields*, how many *flowers* we see; some spring from the *grass*, where they look like little stars; some twine in the *hedge;* some grow on each *bank;* and some hang from *trees* and *plants*.

How we love to look at them—*red* and *blue*, and *yellow* and *white*. Some are round, like cups; some stand up, with sun-like rays; some hang down their heads; but all their forms seem to please the eye.

And then, while they look so bright

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and fair, how sweet they smell. The air is full of their sweets; and bees sing songs round them, and sip honey from their rosy lips.

They come in the first soft winds of spring, and shed their pure bloom on the white bosom of the snow; they seem to look at the sun with joy, and watch him through the day. At night, when the sun is gone to rest, they seem sad, hang their heads, and droop.

But at morn, they open their leaves, and the clear dew seems, like a tear of joy in their eyes, to hail the sun that lights them.

Why did God make the flowers so fair and pure, and bright, and paint them with so many hues? Because it was his wish that they should make glad our eyes.

He might have made them dull, dark, ugly things, so that when we looked upon them they would have given us pain, and not joy; but God wished to make us happy.

As the sun shines upon flowers, so God smiles on us when we do what is right: when we, like him, try to shed light, and joy, and peace, about us.

As flowers turn toward the sun all day, and seem to follow him in his course, so should we let our hearts turn to the God who made us; for he is *our* bright *Sun*, and without him we should fade and die.

Christmas.

This famous Christian festival is held on the 25th of December, in commemoration of the birth of Christ. In all countries where the Catholic religion prevails, it is noticed with a great variety of ceremonies. In England, it is a day of cheerfulness and festivity. The festival of Christmas is continued for twelve days, and in the Catholic and English churches, they have frequent religious services during the period. The churches are dressed with evergreens, and it is a common custom to decorate the rooms of houses with branches of evergreen trees.

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Story of Philip Brusque.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Conclusion.

After the little community of Fredonia had provided for their first wants,—houses, clothes, and food,—they began to think of other things. There were several children among them, and for these they required a school. Accordingly they employed a young woman, who had been well educated; and a place being provided, the children were assembled together, and she taught them as well as she could. She had few books, however; for neither the works of Peter Parley or Robert Merry had then been written. Nor were there any bookstores or printing-offices. There was one copy of a Bible, and in this the children were, one after another, taught to read.

In all that could make the people happy, M. Bonfils, the good old governor, took a lively interest. He did not confine himself merely to a routine of official acts, but he was constantly considering how he could influence the people in such a way as to make them live better, more comfortably, and more happily. Being a wise man, he thus exercised a great influence; and I beg my young readers to remember, that in this way—by the exercise of wisdom and patriotism—rulers may be great blessings to their country.

The governor had a notion, which you may think strange, but I will mention it to you. His idea was, that no person can be happy without religion. He was a Catholic himself, but he did not insist that all should think exactly as he did on this subject. What he desired, was, that every person should love and fear God with sincerity. He maintained that no nation could be honest, virtuous, industrious, or patriotic, without religion; and that an enemy to religion was always an enemy to good government; always an enemy to the true interests of mankind, even if we only regard the affairs of human society in this world.

He therefore was desirous of sustaining the institutions of religion, and for this purpose it was his custom, every Sabbath, to get the people together, and offer up prayers, and make some kind of address. It was a beautiful thing to see the people gathered beneath a group of palm trees, and all kneeling in prayer, or listening to the exhortations of the gray-haired patriarch who addressed them. It was also a beautiful thing to hear them joining in their hymns, of which they were able to sing a few from recollection.

Thus it was that society advanced one step after another, and no doubt their improvement arose from the happy guidance of their governor. How different was the state of the people from what it would have been if Rogére had succeeded in making himself king! He was perfectly selfish, and he would have subjected all around to his own personal wishes and interests. Even if he had suppressed riot and turmoil and anarchy by a strong hand, still the people would gradually have sunk lower in the scale of civilization: a few would have been lords and the rest slaves. But now, under the government of M. Bonfils, they enjoyed equal rights and privileges; each one was secure of his house, his home, and his lands, and the produce of his labor. Justice was also duly administered; morality and religion were cherished; education encouraged; peace, industry, and good neighborhood became the established and habitual virtues of society. These are the results, in a great degree, of the conduct and character of the ruler of the little kingdom; and it ought to teach us the importance of having good, wise, and religious rulers.

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Thus affairs went on, till the good old governor became very feeble, and was unable longer to attend to the affairs of government. He had drawn up a plan for a constitution, and upon resigning his office, submitted it to the people for their ratification or rejection. It was another pleasing consequence of the virtues of the good old sage, that what he recommended, came with the force of a command, and was immediately adopted by the people. Thus, without agitation or disturbance, the nation adopted a free constitution, and thenceforward, they enjoyed that greatest of blessings—the privilege of self-government.

It is not my purpose to extend this story further, nor have I indeed the means. About a year after François had completed his little vessel, he made a trip to the Isle of France, where he obtained a great variety of articles needed by the Fredonians. During his stay there, which however was brief, he related the events which we have been detailing. He soon set out on his return, from which time we have not heard from the little island which has so long occupied the attention of our readers. If we get any news from them, it shall be immediately laid before our friends of the blue and black eyes.

Winter is coming.

Yes—cold, bustling, roaring winter is coming. Soon the earth will be covered with snow: the leaves are already stript from the trees; the flowers have perished; the birds have fled; the woodchuck and chip-squirrel have gone to their burrows and laid themselves down for a long nap. The farmer has gathered his hay and grain and potatoes; the cattle are collected from the woods and pastures, and now wait for their meals around the barn; the axe-man is in the woods gathering a supply of fuel, that he may kindle the bright fire, and keep his children warm.

Well—cold, chill, and desolate as is the world without, this is the season to

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have comfort and cheerfulness in the house and the home. Let each do his part to make all happy. What a delightful place is the fireside, in winter, where the parents and children are affectionate to one another; where there is obedience, quietness, kindness, all around! And let us not permit our thoughts to be confined to ourselves during this dreary season. Let us think whether there is not some neighbor, less fortunate than ourselves, to whom our kindness, our charity, our attentions may be a blessing.

Liberty.

LIBERTY is freedom from restraint. In its widest sense, it is the free permission to exercise our powers of body and mind as we please, without hindrance or restraint. This is *absolute liberty*. According to this, a man might take away another's property or life; or enslave another man; or make him the tool of his pleasures or caprices. According to this, a strong man might use a weak one as he pleased, or the cunning man might cheat or circumvent another, and thus take away his life or property, or make him the slave of his pleasures.

This is liberty without law. Such liberty as this could exist only in theory, for where society has enacted no law, the obligation of justice exists. A savage is as truly bound by the golden rule, "do to another as you would have another do to you," as a member of civilized society; for even the savage has a sense of right and wrong. Truth and justice are intuitive perceptions and feelings in every human soul, and conscience enforces their observance. Every human being, therefore, has his absolute liberty abridged, by notions of right and wrong, anterior to the formation of civil government.

Practically, absolute liberty would be the harshest kind of tyranny, for it would immediately result in making the weak the slaves of the strong. Not only would the weak, therefore, be deprived of liberty, but of justice. In this state of things, no man is free, except the strongest man; he alone has power to act as he pleases; all the rest are his slaves: so that a community endeavoring to establish absolute liberty, imme-

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diately make all the members but one, the slaves of a master whose might is the rule of right.

Absolute liberty, therefore, as said before, immediately runs into despotism. It is a thing that can only exist where one man, like Alexander Selkirk, or Robinson Crusoe, is alone upon an island, and "monarch of all he surveys." Absolute liberty, in society, is a practical absurdity—an impossibility.

Natural liberty is freedom from restraint, except so far as is imposed by the laws of nature. According to this, a man may speak, act, and think as he pleases, without control; in this sense, it is synonymous with absolute liberty. But it is often applied to a state of society, where restraints do actually exist; as, for instance, among savages, even where property is held in common, and where of course there is no theft, there are still obligations, rules, and restrictions, of some kind.

The coward is punished with death; the parricide is banished; the traitor is shot. Every member of such a society is under certain restraints, and certain abridgments of absolute liberty. If one is guilty of cowardice, he consents to lose his life; if he kills his parent, he consents to be forever cast out of his tribe; if he betrays his nation, he agrees that he shall be slain by an arrow. Thus, he is restrained from cowardice, killing a father or mother, or betraying his country; all of which are abridgments of absolute liberty.

Thus, in the simplest and rudest stages of natural liberty, as put in practice among mankind, we see certain restraints upon absolute liberty, established by the laws or customs of the nation. But, in point of fact, other restraints are put upon the largest part of the community, for in such a state of society the weak are obliged, for the most part, to bow to the strong. If, indeed, the weak are protected from the strong, then the strong are restrained, and so far, natural or absolute liberty is abridged. If it is not thus abridged, if the weak are not protected from the strong, then they are the slaves of the strong. In this state of society, where natural liberty is said to prevail, the mass are subject to the despotism of a few; the weak are the slaves of the strong. A state of natural liberty, is, therefore, practically, a state of tyranny on the one hand and slavery on the other.

An illustration of this is found among the animal tribes. Among the fowls of the barnyard, there is no law: the males meet in conflict, and the strongest or most active becomes the master. Among a pack of wolves, or among dogs, the question who shall have the bone, is settled by fighting it out, and the strongest has it. The law of nature, then, is a law of force: where there is no other than natural law, might is the only rule of right.

Even if all men were virtuous, a state of natural and universal liberty could not exist—for virtue itself implies an observance of rules, obligations, and laws. A virtuous man will not steal; his liberty therefore, in this respect, is restrained. It is restrained by law; and the only difference between this restraint and that of civil government, is, that God enacts, and his own heart enforces, the law.

Civil government is founded in the idea that men are not all virtuous; that men will not enact and observe just laws individually and of themselves; and therefore to secure order, peace and justice, government must enact and enforce laws, and thus abridge natural or absolute liberty.

Experience, in all ages, has taught the lesson, that among men, as well as among animals, there being some strong and some weak, the former will ever seek to get the advantage

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of the latter. Thus government steps in to protect the weak against the strong; to substitute justice for force, right for might.—*Young American.*

Dress and other matters in France, in the time of Henry IV.

One grand object of the king, Henry IV. of France, was to promote the arts and manufactures. The silk trade of Lyons owes its birth to him. Thinking to benefit trade and commerce, he encouraged his courtiers in habits of expense, quite opposite to his own frugal habits.

The expense of dress became enormously great on account of the quantity of gold, silver, and jewels with which it was decorated. It was not only costly, but dreadfully heavy. It is related of one of the ladies of the court, that, when she was in full dress, she was so encumbered by the weight of her finery as to be unable to move, or even to stand.

The dress of a gentleman of the day is thus described: "He was clothed in silver tissue; his shoes were white, and also his stockings. His cloak was black, bordered with rich embroidery and lined with cloth of silver; his bonnet was of black velvet, and he wore besides a profusion of precious stones."

The ruff had been laid aside in the last reign, because Henry III. took it into his head that the person whose business it was to pin on his ruff, had been bribed to scratch him on the neck with a poisoned pin.

Its place, so far as the ladies were concerned, was supplied by a sort of frame of wire and lace, in which the head was enclosed, and which, in compliment to the queen, was called a *Medicis.* Masks were much worn by both sexes. They were made of black velvet, and were so necessary a part of the out-door costume of a lady, that she was thought to be in *dishabille* if seen without one.

This weight of dress led to the introduction of a new luxury. The ladies could no longer ride to court on horseback. Coaches were therefore employed to carry them. The first coach made its appearance in Paris, in the reign of Henry II.

For a long time, there were but three in the whole city. The queen had one; a great court lady had another; and the third belonged to an old nobleman, "who, being too fat to ride on horseback, was obliged to submit to the mortification of being carried in a coach like a woman."

The tapestry, carpets, and bed hangings of the houses corresponded in splendor and costliness with the dress. When the constable Montmorenci was killed, his body was brought to his own house, and lay in state, as it is called; that is, for exhibition, in a hall, the walls of which were hung with crimson velvet bordered with pearls.

But in all other respects, the houses, and even the king's palaces, were very deficient in what we should call furniture. Excepting one or two arm-chairs for the heads of the family, the rooms usually contained one coarse long table, some stools, a few benches, and several chests, which also served for seats.

Those who could not afford the expense of hangings of silk, or damask, or satin, covered the walls with gilt leather, or had them panelled with wood. I think the last was the most appropriate, from the description we have of what was perhaps the only parlor and sitting-room of a French *chateau*, or country house.

"The hall was very large. At one end was a stag's antlers, which were used for hanging up hats, coats, dogs' collars, and the chaplet of paternosters. At the opposite end of the hall were

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bows and arrows, targets, swords, pikes and cross-bows.

"In the great window were three harquebusses, (a kind of gun,) with a variety of nets, and other apparatus for sporting. In the chests (called coffers) were coats of mail laid up in bran, to keep them from rusting. Under the benches was a plentiful supply of clean straw for the dogs to lie on."

Amidst all this litter, there were two shelves, on which was deposited the library. This consisted of the Bible, Ogier the Dane, the Shepherd's Calendar, the Golden Legend, the Romance of the Rose, &c.

From this selection, it would appear that romances were preferred to those memoirs and histories, so much more interesting to us, of which many had been written. The period itself produced several writers, whose works are still held in high estimation.

At the head of these is the great Duke of Sully, who has given a most interesting account of those scenes in French history, in which he and his great master bore the most conspicuous part. Next to him is De Thou, who has written a minute general history of the period between 1545 and 1607.

Another distinguished memoir-writer was Theodore d'Aubigné, half-brother to the king, and grandfather to Madame de Maintenon.

One of the first cares of Henry when he came to the throne, was to restore his capital to its former flourishing condition. He found the streets overgrown with grass, many of the shops shut up, and others, abandoned by their owners, had been converted into stables. When the Spanish ambassadors arrived, a few months after his coronation, they expressed their admiration at the great improvement which had taken place in the city, since it had been under his rule.

The king replied, "When the master is absent, all things get into disorder; but when he is returned, his presence ornaments the house, and all things profit."—*Pictorial History of France.*

The Last Leaf of Autumn.

It came with spring's soft sun and showers,
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers;
It flourished on the same light stem,
It drank the same clear dews with them.
The crimson tints of summer morn
That gilded one, did each adorn;
The breeze that whispered light and brief
To bud or blossom, kissed the leaf;
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions passed away,
And left the leaf to lone decay.
The gentle gales of spring went by,
The fruits and flowers of summer die.
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,
And winter's breath came cold and chill.
The leaf now yielded to the blast,
And on the rushing stream was cast.
Far, far it glided to the sea,
And whirled and eddied wearily,
Till suddenly it sank to rest,
And slumbered in the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins—its morning hours
Bright as the birthday of the flowers—
Thus passes like the leaves away,
As withered and as lost as they.
Beneath the parent roof we meet
In joyous groups, and gaily greet
The golden beams of love and light,
That dawn upon the youthful sight.
But soon we part, and one by one,
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.
One gentle spirit seeks the tomb,
His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom:
Another treads the paths of fame,
And barters peace to win a name.
Another still, tempts fortune's wave,
And seeking wealth, secures a grave.
The last, grasps yet the brittle thread—
Though friends are gone and joy is dead,
Still dares the dark and fretful tide,
And clutches at its power and pride—
Till suddenly the waters sever,
And like the leaf he sinks forever.

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THE elevated and marshalled flight of wild geese seems dictated by geometrical instinct; shaped like a wedge, the whole body cuts the air with less exertion to separate individuals, and it is conjectured that the change of form from an inverted V, A, L, or a straight line, is occasioned by the leader of the van quitting his post at the point of the angle, through fatigue, dropping into the rear, leaving his place to be occupied by another.

THE LADY-BIRD.—The following address to the lady-bird is from the German. Part of the second verse, most of my young friends are acquainted with:

"Lady-bird! lady-bird! pretty one stay;
Come, sit on my finger, so happy and gay.
With me shall no mischief betide thee.
No harm would I do thee, no foeman is here—
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
These beautiful winglets beside thee.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home;
Your house is on fire! your children will roam.
List, list to their cry and bewailing!
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom!
Then lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,
Hark, hark to thy children's bewailing!"

WINTER. Mary Howitt has beautifully described the contrast between the rich and the poor at this season of the year:

"In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And furry robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.

Oh, poverty is disconsolate!
Its pains are many, its foes are strong.
The rich man, in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas winter all the year;
The poor man, 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long."

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER. An English writer, by the name of Jennet, thus describes the signs of the weather:

"The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely send her—
Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowl cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low on the grass, the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp she sings!
Puss, on the hearth, with velvet paws
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws;
The smoke from chimneys right ascends—
Then spreading back to earth it bends;
Through the clear stream, the fishes rise
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms num'rous, clear and bright,
Illumined the dewy hill last night!
At dusk, the squalid toad was seen
Like quadruped stalk o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dress'd.
Behold the rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite;
In fiery red, the sun doth rise,
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies.
'T will surely rain, we see with sorrow,
No working in the fields to-morrow."

THE amaranth is one of the latest flowers in autumn, and when the plant is dead, the flowers still retain their rich scarlet color. The ancients associated it with supreme honors, choosing it to adorn the brows of their gods. Poets have sometimes mingled its bright hue with the dark and gloomy cypress, wishing to express that their sorrows were combined with everlasting recollections. Homer, an ancient poet, tells us that at the funeral of a great warrior, named Achilles, the Greeks wore crowns of amaranth.

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Reflections.

Here we are then—at the end of another year—at the end of another volume of Merry's Museum! There is something in the winding up of the year that is calculated to make us look back, and think over the past: something which seems to stop us on the highway of time, and put the questions—"What have you been doing? Where have you been? Where are you going?"

And it is well for us all to answer these questions,—to answer them fairly and sincerely to that inward monitor which thus calls upon us. Have we done our duty, the past year, to our God, our neighbor and ourself? If we have, let us rejoice: if we have not, let us repent and sin thus no more.

I am not disposed to read a harsh lecture to my friends; for, to say the truth, I am much more inclined to make them laugh than to make them cry: I like a round face, far better than a long face. If I have any advice to give—any correction to bestow, I prefer doing it in a story, a fable or an allegory. If anybody wants to be scolded, they must not come to Bob Merry—I do not like to be scolded myself—and I never scold others. Still—still—my dear little friends, let me ask seriously, are we improving in mind, in temper, in graces of all kinds? Are you growing better, more intelligent, more wise, more dutiful, more sincere, more fond of truth, of mankind, and of God? If you are, I am glad of it: if not—my dear young reader, take old Robert Merry's advice—which is this—*be careful every day, every month, every year, to do better than the day, the month, or the year before.* Although it is my design to amuse you—to please you—still, I shall almost feel that my labors are vain, if they do not result in your improvement, mental and moral.

And now, we must say good-bye to the old year, and next month bid a welcome to the new. I hope and trust that those young friends who have trudged along with me for two years, will keep me company for another year, and I promise to give them plenty of stories, lays and legends, facts and fables, songs, anecdotes, sketches and adventures. I have wound up the long tales which have run through two years of our magazine, but others shall be forthcoming. If we have dismissed Bill Keeler, Philip Brusque, Alexis Pultova, and Tom Trotter, still, somebody quite as interesting shall soon be introduced to our readers.

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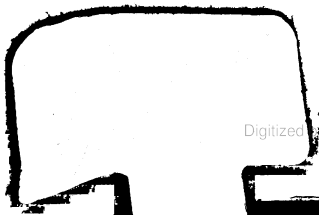
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